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THE HEKIM BASHI:

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF GIUSEPPE ANTONELLI,

A DOCTOR IN THE TURKISH SERVICE.

BY

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THE HEKIM BASHI.

INTRODUCTION.

A FEW months ago an English traveller was detained for some days at the Sardinian town of Pinerolo, and finding time hang heavily on his hands, he sauntered through the streets seeking for some object of interest. Except the cathedral, to which he gave an hour, there was little or nothing to attract the attention of any one in search of the picturesque in this somewhat dull provincial town, so that the stranger found himself on the outskirts without having been arrested by any other object of architectural beauty or antiquity. A large barrack-like building here caught his eye, and on looking over the doorway he saw that he was standing before the Hospital of Incurables.

The first sensation experienced by the Englishman was a shudder of pity and disgust, with a desire to pass on. Overcoming by an effort this very natural feeling, he entered the building and asked permission to inspect the wards, which was readily granted him. A Sister of Charity, one of those beings that no religion but Christianity has yet produced, and who seem to carry in their daily lives the essence of that faith which bids us love one another, accompanied the stranger round the hospital. When he saw the poor wrecks of humanity lovingly nursed, and gentle hands supporting the drooping heads of those who, but for this benign institution, would be slowly perishing in the miserable wards of workhouses, he sighed to think that in no provincial town in wealthy England could he find anything bearing a nearer resemblance to such an hospital than the dull whitewashed sick-room of the workhouse.

While passing through one of the corridors, a Cistercian monk joined the stranger, and explained to him in the clearest manner the nature of the most interesting cases that he met with.

"Surely," said the stranger, "you must have studied medicine."

"I am a doctor of medicine," was the answer, which at once explained the monk's familiarity with

the scientific details of disease. There was something striking about the Cistercian, however, besides his medical knowledge. He was gentle and attentive to the patients, and as he passed through the wards it was easy to see that Fra Giuseppe was a general favourite. Without being gloomy, he yet carried an expression of sadness on his face: this the stranger concluded was the effect of constant attendance on the poor incurables, and after but an hour's converse he felt quite a friendship for the monk.

Before leaving the hospital, the Englishman inquired of the sister how it was that the Cistercian was a doctor of medicine: was it usual for monks thus to be educated?

"Oh, no, indeed," was the answer; "but Fra Giuseppe is no ordinary monk. He has travelled much, and has lived amongst Turks, Jews, and infidels, before he was a religious man; now he is a perfect copy of our blessed Lord: his whole time is devoted to doing good. It is two years since he came and asked permission to serve in this hospital. Poor man! he was then worn to the bone with fasting and weeping; but I believe his good works have allayed the trouble of his soul, and thereby improved his bodily health, for he is better than when he first joined us. But he is a wonderful

man; he lives amongst these poor people, and constantly nurses them. He is a clever doctor, too; he cured one who was sent here as incurable, and he hopes to be successful with another; and indeed I think he will be, for we are told that the prayers of a righteous man avail much with our Lord, and if there be a righteous man it is Fra Giuseppe."

The stranger was so interested in this account of the monk that he called another and yet another day at the hospital, and soon ingratiated himself with the devoted man by timely presents and attentions to the most suffering of the patients, so that in the course of a week there had sprung up such mutual confidence between the two, that the monk put into the hands of his new friend a MS. which contained the confessions of the principal epoch of his life.

"I give it you to peruse," said the monk, "because it may interest you as an Englishman more than a stranger of another nation. The writing of these sad confessions has been to me a source of mixed shame, happiness, and misery; may they interest and instruct you, my brother."

The Englishman took the MS. home with him, and read as follows :—

THE

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF GIUSEPPE ANTONELLI

WHILE IN THE TURKISH SERVICE.

CHAPTER I.

I see a capital, the streets of which are impassable to wheels, and scarcely to be travelled on foot; I see a country without a road; I see a palace of the Sultan's on every promontory of the Bosphorus; I see vast tracts of unoccupied land, and more dogs than human beings.—NASSAU SENIOR.

IN the early part of the year 1858, I landed in Constantinople, in the character of a young doctor seeking his fortune. My father, Giovanni Antonelli, of Naples, was also a medico, my grandfather had been the same; but neither of them had, during their whole lives, emerged beyond respectable poverty. I had read of the East, and heard much of the lavish generosity of the Turks towards their medical atten-

dants, and so I had long since determined to seek my fortune amongst the sons of Osman.

When I landed at the quay of Tophané, on a rotten wooden jetty, full of holes, and was saluted by the snarls of mangy dogs lying on a heap of refuse, my heart sank within me, for this did not look like the wealth I was in search of. A brawny *hammal*, or porter, seized my modest portmanteau (I would rather have carried it myself), and commenced trudging up the hill. Squalid poverty crossed me at every step, and yet I was deeply interested in the new scenes that met my eyes. The varieties of costume and feature, and the savage-looking men, especially the Circassians, that here stalked about, impressed my imagination, and realized much that I had read of. I had not walked many yards before I saw a mosque on my left-hand side; I paused for an instant, to look, for the first time, at Moslems worshipping. The door was wide open; there was a fountain near, at which a Turk was washing his feet. I advanced, and saw sundry figures kneeling and bowing. My eyes ranged over the building, which was as spacious as one of our large churches, and from the roof hung quaint lamps and ostrich eggs. A negro was worshipping near me; he turned his head, and jabbered in some language, not a word of which I understood.

I disdained to notice him, until, to my astonishment, he suddenly started up, and kicked me out of the doorway. Indignant at this unworthy treatment from a black, I rushed into the street, and appealed to a Turk who, wearing a sword and uniform, was, I felt sure, a gentleman who would take my part, and gain for me satisfaction. I addressed him in Italian, he shook his head, and answered in Turkish. I pointed to the door of the mosque, where the negro was standing; the latter spoke also to the Turk, who thereupon rated me ferociously, and threatened me with a riding-whip that he carried in his hand. I need scarcely say, I quickly retired from the neighbourhood of these unmannerly wretches, thankful in having escaped a still worse scrape.

Passing through a motley crowd, composed in part of men selling old clothes and arms, of boys carrying small trays of sweetmeats, of others distributing sherbet and lemonade, and working my way through a mass of human beings apparently doing nothing, I followed my guide through a labyrinth of filthy lanes, lined by wooden houses. I met numerous human beings shuffling along the streets in huge shoes, with bodies enveloped in ample garments, and faces in thick folds of muslin. The slow and waddling steps, betokening, apparently, great weakness, gave

me the idea of invalids, wrapped up prematurely in their grave-clothes. These figures were Turkish women, and they were thus disguised, and hidden from the sight of their male neighbours, in the interests of virtue. I sincerely hoped their husbands and fellow-citizens were repaid the sacrifice, though a longer residence in the country made me doubt it. What a contrast did these poor creatures afford to the gaily tripping maidens of the West, whose presence gives such a grace to every city, whose coquettish ornamentation of the person—so charming, yet so venial—is as blameless of exciting immodest admiration, as the hideous disguise of the East is powerless, when relied on as a preserver of feminine purity. My reflections on this point were rudely disturbed by an angry bark and painful bite from a filthy dog which I had trodden on; there were numbers lying about. I cursed the beast, and wondered to whom all these curs belonged; I did not then know that they were wild, or rather ownerless (for they seemed to be quite domesticated), and were fed by the refuse of the houses. In their general bearing and manners, they bore a remarkable resemblance to their fellow-citizens the Turks; the dogs were equally lazy and improvident as the people, and, like them, churlish, fanatical, and savage towards

foreigners; for, on the appearance of a strange animal, the dogs of the whole quarter would combine to tear him to pieces, and in war their apathy was laid aside, and they fought well, as the Osmanlis do behind walls. There appeared also to be a good deal of infanticide amongst the animals, and lastly, as a point of resemblance, I could not see of what use they were in the world. "Why don't you destroy these savage nuisances?" I asked of a citizen; "of what use are they?" "None that I know of," he replied, "and they are offensive creatures, too; but you see they are there, and we don't like disturbing the existing state of things." The man reasoned like an old statesman of the Holy Alliance epoch. All the houses I passed were built of wood, which accounted for the constant reports of large fires at Constantinople. I saw no merry faces at the windows, they were jealously covered with a trellissed framework; and the streets had, in truth, a somewhat gloomy aspect, though here and there were groups of children playing about. As I passed, these boys saluted me by cries of "*ghiaour*," and other epithets, which I fortunately did not understand. Presently I met a man of rank, mounted on a beautiful Arab horse, the saddle on which was covered with a shabraque of blue cloth and gold embroidery, and the

bridle gaily embossed. A groom in Egyptian dress walked by his master's side, and he was followed by four or five servants, who carried pipe-sticks, portfolios, and other little matters. The shopkeepers, as the great man passed, stood up, and folded their hands before them; the pasha first saluted them, and they reverently salaamed in return. Strange contrast to the custom of the West, where the inferior first pays homage to the superior!

The various costumes I met with, in this my first progress through the streets, were quite puzzling. I could not distinguish Jews from Turks, nor Christians from Moslems. I could not say which man was an Armenian, and which a Greek; nor did I know that a strange figure, dressed in the skins of wild animals, and carrying a battle-axe in his hand, was a Dervish, a man professing no exclusive nationality. I should have thought he belonged to some savage race of Circassians; and when I met another fellow, with sheepskin cap and Mongol aspect, I thought he was from some distant tribe of Central Asia, whereas he was a Cossack colonist of Asia Minor. A grave-looking Moslem offered me toothpicks for sale. He was so decent-looking and respectable, that I could not conceive how he lived by this trade; the value of the whole stock would

not have purchased his turban, made of many folds of cotton; nevertheless he had come from a distant place, from Bokhara, and professed to maintain himself, while travelling to Mecca, by the sale of such trifles as toothpicks.

After climbing a weary hill from the landing-place, I expected we should arrive at the main street, and so we did, but I could not recognize it as such. It was as narrow, dirty, and unlike my idea of a street as any we had come through, so far. At the corner my porter stopped, and I read over an imposing doorway, "Hôtel d'Angleterre." I had been warned against this place, as far too costly and luxurious for my slender means. Had it not been so, the aspect of some beefy, arrogant-looking Britons, lounging at the doorway, would have been sufficient to repel me. These lavish islanders, whose pockets seem inexhaustible, haunt certain hotels, that all others would do well to avoid, unless they are Russian or Wallachian boyards. I paused but for a moment before the portals of this place, and urged my porter to resume his trifling load, and proceed in quest of a locanda to which I had been directed. We were now in the Grande Rue de Pera, or the principal street of the European quarter. I found that nationalities were strictly confined to certain quarters in Con-

stantinople, but the people of Europe were, by the Turks, contemptuously grouped under one head, and styled "Franks;" and here, in Pera and Galata, they all lived, not under the sovereignty of the Sultan, but each individual under the laws of the European state to which he belonged. All this Frankish colony was crowded into a small space of the city, and the consequence was, that the house-rents were enormous, while those of the Turkish quarters were absurdly small, and yet so great is the social repugnance between Asiatics and Europeans, that no member of the latter community was allowed to reside in a Turkish quarter. I believe there was no law against such a residence, but custom was stronger than law, and the few individuals who had ventured to rent and live in a house amongst the Turks, were only too glad to quit it, after an ordeal of constant annoyances from their neighbours. But I am anticipating the details of my experience in Turkey.

In the streets of Pera I saw comparatively little of Asiatic life. All the shops were European, mostly French or Italian, and many people whom I met were in European costume and hat; still a large proportion wore Asiatic garments of some kind, but the ample turban of the old-fashioned Turk had been replaced by the fez, or red cloth cap with silk tassel.

After a weary scramble over the unutterably bad pavement of Pera, I reached at length the small Italian locanda to which I had been recommended. I should assuredly have chosen a cleaner place, poor as I was, had I not been warned of the excessive dearness of everything in Pera.

The house was kept by Signor Tagliagamba, a Neapolitan. I was mortified to find that I could not have a room to myself; I must share one with another signore who had occupied it already a week. Tired and hungry, I was only too happy to concede to any reasonable terms, so I carried my box into a room furnished by two dirty beds, and, after an ablution, descended into the *salle à manger* to breakfast, for it was now mid-day. I was soon perfectly at home. Round a table sat twelve people, all Italians, all compatriots, (for are not Italians compatriots, whether Romans, Neapolitans, Tuscans, or Piedmontese! Viva Italia!) My companions were nearly all artists belonging to the Teatro Naum, in Pera. They were a gay and jovial company, unconstrained by any prudery, and ready to welcome a fellow-countryman to the Levant. We at once became good friends, and ere night set in I was initiated and made free of the Society of the Locanda of Signor Tagliagamba. Need I say that I repaired on the same night to the theatre,

where my tawdry friends came out as bespangled counts and marchionesses, or that I joined in the supper after the night's work, and was voted a galantuomo?

On the following morning I was anxious to reconnoitre the country I had invaded, and, with that intent, I looked over two or three letters of introduction with which I had been furnished. One of these was addressed to Dr. Leoni, a distinguished physician who had been in Constantinople for thirty years, had held sundry places under the government, and was even now physician to the Sultan Validé, or empress mother, who lived in imperial state on the Bosphorus. The other was directed to Signor Scarpa, a military man whose rank I had not ascertained; which was embarrassing, as I knew not how to address him properly. I started at a somewhat early hour on my voyage of discovery. I was not long in finding the house of Dr. Leoni, as it was well known. By the way, one great advantage I had was in the possession of a language so universally understood. I soon discovered that French and Italian were more useful even than Turkish, (which I had yet to learn), in Pera and Galata. French for polite society, Italian for every one. In one of the smallest side-streets leading from the Grand Rue de Pera, I was shown a somewhat

spacious house as that of Dr. Leoni, and I applied myself at once to the knocker. The door was not opened, but I heard the latch lifted by a contrivance inside, and so I pushed open the door and entered. I found myself in a very shabby vestibule, floored with marble. In one corner was a well and a bucket, and the odour of a fœtid drain was very strong. Opposite was a wooden staircase, and hanging over the banisters appeared the figure of a Greek girl, who, when I caught her eye, shook her head interrogatively, after the manner of her country. I asked if the dottore were at home, on which the maiden jerked up her head, which I understood to mean that he was upstairs, so I commenced the ascent. She, however, barred the way, exclaiming, "Ohee, ohee," and at last "no la casa iatros," which I understood better than the Greek negative, and so I retreated from the residence of the great doctor. (1.) I next went in search of Signor Scarpa, who, in early youth, had been a schoolfellow of my father. The search for this gentleman took me more than half the day, and then I found myself before a neat little house at Haskeui, far up the Golden Horn, and close to the Jewish quarter. I knocked at the door, which again was answered by the uplifting of the latch; but this time I heard a voice over head, and looking up I

beheld a bronzed old sabreur leaning out of the window, and asking me in polite terms the object of my visit. I answered briefly that my name was Antonelli, and that I had just arrived from Naples.

"From Naples!" exclaimed Signor Scarpa, for it was he, and at once the head and shoulders disappeared, and I heard him rapidly coming downstairs. He appeared in his shirt-sleeves, for the day was hot, and warmly embraced me as the worthy son of a most worthy father, his oldest, dearest friend: "E come sta il padre?" exclaimed the old man. "Ah! how I love him, even now, the dear boy; but time flies, and he is my age, and I am surely sixty; per Dio! how you resemble Giovanni—and your name?" "Giuseppe." "Giuseppe, va bene—I must call you Giovanni, for you are his image; let me then call you Giovanni: favorisca—sit down here in this cool place," and so, speaking rapidly, he led me into an exquisitely clean little room, furnished with the usual long Turkish divan, with two chairs and a table besides. I handed my host my father's letter, which he read greedily, breaking forth into exclamations from time to time, until at length a tear rolled down his bronzed cheek, losing itself in his large moustache. Just then two ladies entered; one a tall, dark, matronly woman, full of grace and dignity; the other, a

shrinking adolescent girl, of extreme beauty, whose age might be about fifteen. I rose and bowed profoundly, while Signor Scarpa introduced me, in the kindliest manner, as the son of his earliest and best friend.

In the warm and sunny atmosphere of such kindly feelings, it may well be supposed that the tender plant of friendship grew up vigorously. In a distant foreign land, compatriots throw off many of those restraints which people usually impose on themselves when first meeting; thus it was that, at the end of an hour, I quite felt myself a member of the family, and most deeply grateful for so warm a welcome.

I mentioned to Signor Scarpa my embarrassment as to his military rank. "I know you have been for many years in the Turkish army," I observed, "and yet I have never heard your military title, so that I am, even now, doubtful how to address you."

The old man smiled, and answered,—

"That only proves that you know little or nothing of Turkey. I must first inform you that I am a ghiaour, though not a rayah; that is to say, I am a misbeliever from the Mahomedan point of view."

"But what is a rayah?" I asked.

"A rayah is a non-Mussulman subject of the Sultan. I am not a subject of his Majesty, and, therefore, not a rayah; but, being a Christian, I

cannot command Mussulmans, and so have no rank in the army. I am a tahlimji—that is to say, a military instructor. For twenty years I have worked at the instruction of the Nizam, first as a drill-sergeant, latterly in the higher branches, but here I am still simply a tahlimji; there can be no titles for me. I forfeited an honourable career when the hot blood of my youth led me to join the revolutionary societies of my native land. Kismet-dur—it is my destiny," and, so saying, the worthy old man heaved a sigh, and changed the conversation. (2.)

He observed that I had brought with me to Turkey an excellent profession, and asked me whether I intended to practise in Constantinople, or to enter the public service.

"That," said I, "depends upon the value of the public appointments, and the facility, or otherwise, of obtaining them; also upon the opening there may be for a private medico in the city."

"The public appointments are not badly paid," answered the tahlimji, "and I should advise you to try for one. Sometimes great difficulty is experienced in obtaining a nomination, at other times nothing is easier: at all events, if successful, you would have a certain payment of about 1,200 piastres a month, with ample rations, and you would be

acquiring Turkish, which, of course, is essential in any career. You had better invoke the assistance of our compatriot, Dr. Leoni."

"I have already called on him," I answered; "I have left a letter of introduction."

"Bravo! then I propose we both visit him early to-morrow morning, before he starts on his visits; he is a true Italian in his heart, and knows the Turks well, and he will give us excellent advice."

I now rose to depart.

"Nay, stay and sup with us," exclaimed the tahlimji, and the signora added her voice to the hospitable entreaty. But I had already engaged myself to a more convivial party at the locanda, and so I declined, with thanks.

"At least you must conform to our Eastern customs," said the signora; "in one moment coffee will appear."

I then reseated myself, and presently a Greek youth brought a tray, with small cups of coffee, which were handed round. The signorina presently disappeared, and soon afterwards entered the room bearing another tray, on which were sweetmeats and pure cold water.

"You see, Signor Antonelli, that my child Leonora is our slave; that, too, is Eastern."

"We are not waited on, we serve our lords," remarked the signora.

I was embarrassed, and rose respectfully to take the glass of water from the fair maiden's hands, who smiled at the joke, while the tahlimji exclaimed, "Bravo! bravo! what an admirable harem I have! what a pasha I have become!"

Truly, to my eyes, Leonora was a houri worthy of Paradise; I trembled as my hand accidentally touched hers, and the hot blood of youth already mantled to my cheeks, when mine met those large soft eyes, which as yet expressed but pure virgin modesty. I now took leave in earnest, promising the tahlimji to meet him at seven on the following morning at Dr. Leoni's.

I was tired, hot, and weary when I reached the locanda, after so long a walk; but my hopes were high, for I had found a friend, and what treasure can be greater than that in a foreign land? There was no theatre to-night, so my artistic friends were enjoying themselves, and I was one of them, and entered heartily into their fun. The ladies were gay and frolicsome, the gentlemen gallant and humorous, so we passed a pleasant evening, and continued our revels into a late hour.

CHAPTER II.

I VISIT THE PROTOMEDICO ON THE BOSPHORUS, AND AM PROMISED AN APPOINTMENT.—A HAPPY DAY WITH LEONORA, ENDING IN AN UNPLEASANT ADVENTURE.

I HAD to rise early, and to be at Dr. Leoni's house soon after seven. In Constantinople, I discovered that the medicos who had good practice were obliged, in the summer time, to begin their avocations at an early hour. A sick man is always glad to see his doctor at any time, the earlier the better, and so the first visits were paid to the nearest patients, those in Pera and Galata; but, as all the wealthier classes, Turks, Greeks, Armenians, and Europeans, leave their town houses when the heats of summer commence, the chief part of a doctor's work is on the Bosphorus. He is in his caïque as early as eight o'clock, and is rowed many miles up and down the Bosphorus, calling at the *yaalis*, or summer-houses, on the shores of that beautiful strait. I found the kind-hearted tahlimji on the steps of the house as I arrived. "Bravo!" he exclaimed; "exact

to the minute, an excellent trait in a young man." The door was opened, and we were at once ushered into a small room, where Dr. Leoni was taking his early cup of coffee and milk. He greeted the tahlimji with an affectionate empressement, while he gravely bowed to me as I was presented. He was a somewhat stern man, of a rather stiff and dignified deportment, and wore the fez, which showed he was in the imperial service. As the tahlimji pronounced my name, and added some warm expressions of recommendation, the doctor scanned me with the most piercing look I had ever undergone, and which annoyed me not a little, though, to confess the truth, there was no overt act of ill-breeding in it. I thought I detected a good deal of the Puritan in that cold searching gaze, and that is a variety of the human race for whom I have always felt a decided aversion.

"May I ask Signor Antonelli if he intends to practise in the city, or to seek an appointment?" asked the doctor.

I replied that I was ready for anything; but, as I could not afford to wait long for practice, I should certainly prefer an appointment.

"Such is the case with all young medicos," observed the tahlimji; "they should always secure an

appointment, as waiting for practice is too miserable, too miserable; for who would employ the youngsters when we have grey-beards to go to?"

"Well," said the doctor, "let us at once set to work. Since my brave friend the tahlimji recommends you, I shall be only too happy to do what little I can towards giving you an opening. I am at this moment going up the Bosphorus, and shall pass the yaali of the Protomedico, or Hekim Bashi, who lives at Bebek. I will call with you there, and recommend you for an appointment."

"Signor Dottore, a thousand thanks," I exclaimed, "seizing his hand, which I carried to my lips."

"Andiamo—let us go," said the doctor.

"Bravo, dottore, a thousand thanks," said the tahlimji, as he rose to depart.

We were soon on our way, stumbling down the Tophané lane, towards the water side. It was a beautiful May morning, the heat was scarcely oppressive as yet, though every one had donned his coolest garments. Vendors of lemonade, of yoghoort, and of malabi, were on foot, crying lustily, to attract customers. The filthy dogs lay sleeping away their useless lives in thorough Asiatic torpor. Sundry savage Circassians were lounging about the cafés and barbers' shops, and scowled at us as unclean

infidels, while they hunted for vermin in their under garments.

We presently reached the quay, where lay the doctor's boat. He was well known here, and constantly addressed as "Hekim Bashi," which puzzled me.

As we stepped into the graceful caique, I asked how it was that the boatman gave him the title of the Protomedico of the empire. "Oh," said he, "Hekim Bashi is the title of all doctors. The literal meaning of the words is head sage, or head doctor, and this is the official title of one of the Ministers of State, who is not always, or even often, really the head sage of the empire, and who is seldom possessed of any medical knowledge whatever. As a title of courtesy, however, it is of universal application to all doctors, and you will not be many days older before you are thus addressed."

This was my first row up the Bosphorus, and I was enchanted by the fairy scene; surely nothing in this world could be more lovely. On either side the view was bounded by hills, on which were kiosks and marble palaces, in the midst of groves of the orange, myrtle, laurel, and cypress, alternated by the bright green of vineyards. The rich vegetation dipped down to the water's edge, and the blossoms of the

orange and lemon shed an exquisite perfume over the clear blue water, on which we gently glided. As our caique shot up the stream, gulls of snowy plumage, floating on the waves, would scarcely trouble themselves to rise from the water, so perfectly tame were they.

The doctor was amused at my ardently expressed admiration of the scene, which to him had long ago lost its novelty, and he pointed out to me the different objects of interest. "That," said he, pointing to a mean-looking and dilapidated building, "is the mosque which covers the remains of the last great Turkish admiral, Barbarossa, and this large building is the Sultan's palace of Dolmé Baktché. Beyond is the large ungraceful palace of Essmé Sultan, an aunt of his majesty, of whom you may hear something scandalous, that I scarcely dare allude to, but that I know I am speaking to a man of honour."

I hastened to confirm the doctor in this impression, and to lead him to tell me more of Essmé Sultan, but in vain. He changed the conversation.

At last we came in view of the summer-house, or yaali, of the Hekim Bashi. We landed opposite the principal entrance, and walked into a large

court-yard, and then ascended a broad staircase, at the top of which we came upon a troop of servants, most of whom were extended at full length on a divan, others were squatted on the floor playing at dominoes.

Not one of this crew arose, or indeed noticed us, until, as we advanced, an elderly man amongst them raised his head, and exclaimed, "Né istersen—what do you want?"

"The Hekim Bashi," answered the doctor; on which we were told that the Minister was in his harem.

Looking at his watch, the doctor observed that his Excellency must soon be out, and so he would wait. "Meantime let us take a little promenade in the garden—the finest and best kept on the Bosphorus."

We descended the stairs, and turning to the right, soon emerged on a pleasure-ground worthy of a prince. The odour of the orange-flowers pervaded the atmosphere; and from every bush came forth the rich gurgling music of the nightingales, which ravished the ear, while the fountains, the flower-beds, the rose-bushes, and the gorgeous rhododendrons, enchanted every sense.

This garden occupied an entire glen, or gorge, running up between two hills, and we wandered

amidst the loveliest glades, as in a wilderness, until we judged that the Hekim Bashi would be ready to receive us. We then turned towards the house, but, before entering, we were attracted by a large conservatory, into which we stepped to see the exotics. To our dismay we found ourselves in the midst of a bevy of Turkish women, who started to their feet like a covey of partridges, and, hastily covering their faces, rushed into the house, laughing loudly, however, at the adventure. We retired with almost equal haste, and thought it better to lose no more time, so we once more presented ourselves in the vestibule of the salaamlik, or room of audience. Here we found the crowd of servants standing attentive, and engaged in bringing coffee to some guests that were already in the salaamlik.

My guide, the doctor, advanced; a large heavy curtain was drawn aside, and we found ourselves standing in a large room, the windows of which overlooked the Bosphorus. In the corner of a long divan was seated a white-bearded man, dressed in the old Turkish costume, but wearing a fez. He was enveloped in the lightest of fur pelisses, and had his legs tucked under him, and while one hand supported his head, the other played with a string of beads.

Turning his eyes languidly towards us, his Excellency exclaimed—"Oh, Hekim Bashi, bouyoroun, hosh guelden, hosh guelden—Oh, doctor, come along (favorisca), you are welcome, welcome."

The doctor quickly approached, and kissed the garment of the Turk, and then seated himself on the very edge of the divan, while I disposed of myself in like manner.

The Turk stretched out his arm, desiring his pulse to be felt, and then followed a conversation, the purport of which I lost from my ignorance of the language.

Presently the great man asked who I was—at least, I presumed so from the tones of his voice. He talked much with the doctor while I sate silent.

Dr. Leoni, turning to me, said—"His Excellency has kindly promised to appoint you as doctor to the imperial works of Zeitoun Bournou."

My face flushed with pleasure. "Grazie, Eccellenza, mille grazie," I exclaimed, and then kissed the edge of the great man's garment, while I poured forth the warmest expressions of gratitude.

"Bono, bono—come sta? buon giorno, signore," answered his Excellency, wishing to show me his knowledge of Italian.

"If you have brought your diploma," remarked Dr. Leoni, "you had better show it."

Fortunately I had thought of this, and so, unfolding the document, I presented it. The pasha took the paper, turned upside down, and proceeded gravely to inspect it, nodding his head approvingly, and then returning it with the remark, "Guzel, guzel—bono, signor." Presently the servants brought us each small cups of coffee, and, after some more conversation in Turkish, we rose, and took leave.

"Now," said the doctor, "I must leave you here; you will easily find a caique to take you to town, and to-night you can call on me, and we will arrange how you are to be installed in your appointment. The pay is twelve hundred piastres a month, with rations and lodgings; besides this, you may enjoy your private practice."

The doctor cut short my eloquent outpouring of thanks by jumping into his caique, leaving me on the beach.

It was not long before I was swiftly borne down the Bosphorus, triumphantly building castles in the air. "I was now a man of substance, with a regular appointment of twelve hundred piastres a month. In less than a year I could undoubtedly double that sum by my private practice; in course of time I

should distinguish myself by some remarkable cures, such events are repeated from mouth to mouth, and lead to a large and lucrative practice amongst the pashas, who give gold in handfuls when they are pleased; and then, doubtless, I should be called in to prescribe for the Sultan, and so my fortune is made; and what a fortune! The Sultan is all-powerful, and has a treasury to dip into when he chooses. Only the other day a German Jewish doctor received as a fee a large house and grounds, with the Order of the Mejidié, and a regular appointment of personal doctor to his Majesty. (3.) "Pazienza, Giuseppe, all will come in good time. Well, now I must go straight to the tahlimji; that brave man will be delighted at my good fortune, so will be the signora, and why? Because they have marked me for their daughter, the pretty Leonora—ah, well! I might do worse. She has good looks, and if I have wealth the match will not be unequal; but I shall not be caught too easily; no, no, I must look about me, perhaps there are other beauties in Pera or Galata who have money; that is the combination for me, but less beauty will do, provided there be ample compensation, for, after all, what is there in the world like money? All centres in that, it can purchase power, respect, ay, and love itself; and

money I intend to have in one way or another; there is gold in the country, that is certain, and with brains it can be gained." Thus I soliloquized, while my caique approached Tophané. Instead of stopping there, I directed the boatman to row up the Golden Horn to Haskeui, for I longed for the tahlimji to share in my good luck. I found the little family just seated round a frugal breakfast, which they bade me share. Their congratulations were warmly expressed, and both the ladies were indignant with papa when he mildly suggested that in Turkey nothing was certain, that he would be much better pleased when he saw me fairly installed, and still more when I had received my first month's salary.

"But I have the word of the Hekim Bashi," I exclaimed. "He is the head of all the doctors in the empire, and has every appointment in his gift—has he not?"

"No doubt he has, but have you never heard of Haireddin Bey, his son, nor of Manna, the contractor for medical stores?"

"No, indeed, I have not."

"Well, then, I may tell you that both these men have a great deal to say to appointments, and I may add, with regard to the word of the Hekim Bashi, that the promise of a Turk goes for nothing. How-

ever, you *may* get the appointment; I hope you will, with all my heart; but should there be any mistake about this, don't be disheartened, but try for another."

I was petrified with dismay, which was in proportion to my previous elation, and I turned to Leonora with a feeling of gratitude, as if she had brought me real relief, when she exclaimed,—

"Oh! but, papa, it is not possible that Dr. Leoni could so deceive the signore."

"Dr. Leoni asked for the appointment, and the Hekim Bashi promised it, cara mia," answered the father. "The doctor is clear of all blame, let us hope the Turk will be so too; perhaps I am wrong in croaking like a raven when Giuseppe's prospects are so bright; but a long experience of the country bids me give a friendly warning, that he may meet any possible disappointment with greater calm."

I cannot say I felt grateful for the warning, which appeared wholly uncalled for, while it made me feel very uncomfortable. The only consolation I derived from it was in observing the evident interest that Leonora took in my concerns. "I am not indifferent to the little beauty, that is clear; her heart is soon won—I have it already, and, corpo di Bacco! but

there is no doubt about her attractions—she has the face of an angel, with the form of Venus herself. Per Dio! I must win her sooner or later." I was in no hurry to depart, so, after breakfast, I proposed a trip into Asia, which was agreed to. Even now I look back on that day as perhaps the happiest in my life; I longed for nothing more piquant than the innocent gossip of these simple people: and why? —because Leonora had assuredly captivated me. I would not own to myself that I was deeply enamoured, but was determined to choose my future partner in life with great circumspection, securing if possible some more material advantage than a pretty face; and yet the quiet grace, the ineffable sweetness, and the innocent gaiety of this Italian maiden fairly enthralled me. We had a pleasant ramble in the groves of Chengelkeui and afterwards near the sweet waters of Asia. It was Friday, and the green meadows in that enchanting valley were covered with the brightest colours worn by the crowds of Turkish women that there congregated to spend their holiday. These groups seemed in the distance like the gayest flowers in some vast garden. Many of them had arrived in arabas, strange quaint waggons hung with crimson tassels, and drawn by oxen whose trappings were equally picturesque. Each family squatted on

the grass, while close at hand the ugliest black eunuchs kept watch and ward.

Here and there were Wallachian gipsy musicians energetically pouring forth strains of quaint and melancholy music, and then we met with a bear taught to display tricks that in Europe would be thought grossly indelicate, but which were received by peals of merry laughter.

We enjoyed the sight from a distance, not wishing to expose ourselves to the insults that Europeans almost certainly meet with if they come within ear-shot of these harems. At sunset we returned homewards. The air was deliciously warm, a wonderful calm pervaded the atmosphere, the silence being broken only by the warbling of the nightingales and the soft, melancholy whistle of the small owl, the same which is heard on Italian summer nights. As we stepped into the caique beautiful fire-flies flitted round the head of Leonora, making her look like some glorified saint. We glided rapidly, too rapidly, down the stream; the moon assumed her graceful empire; lights flitted about the shore, and all seemed like a delicious dream. Presently my senses, even now enthralled, were raised to ecstasy by the voices of mother and daughter, warbling one of Bellini's melodies. As their notes blended in perfect harmony,

I yielded to the voluptuous feeling of the moment, and drank in those words of love and bliss until I longed to arrest the flight of time. Too quickly did the boat glide down the current. The tahlimji, with cruel politeness, proposed to drop me at the point nearest to my home. I could not but submit, and so this happy fête ended amidst the foul dogs and noisome smells of the quay at Tophané. I dragged myself slowly up the steep hill with reluctant feet, and reached home with a sense of pleasant weariness. The locanda in which I lodged overlooked the small Turkish burying-ground that bounds Pera on the west. From the window of my chamber I looked out upon a dark grove of cypresses, where was heard, all day long, the mournful cooing of doves, which nestled in the branches, and seemed to be lamenting the good and virtuous that were departed. But night had changed the scene, and the gentle doves that flitted over the graves of the blessed during the day, were replaced by hooting owls, hideous bats, and obscene dogs, whose howling made night hideous, and who seemed to hold revelry over the accursed graves of the wicked. Such were the fancies that flitted through my excited brain, as I leaned out of the window, and again indulged in delicious reveries, building enchanted castles, of which the chatelaine

was always the peerless beauty, the queen of my soul, Leonora. I now no longer thought of bettering my position by a moneyed match; I felt I must have this girl; she was essential to my happiness, and all the wealth of Turkey would not compensate me for the loss of one I so ardently loved.

Suddenly my attention was attracted by loud cries for help and mercy in a boy's voice, and I saw what appeared to me a murder taking place under the walls of the locanda. Quick as thought I descended into the street, and there found a zaptié, or policeman, beating a Jewish boy unmercifully. No one interfered, each passenger hurried by, whilst a comrade of the Turk stood quietly looking on. The poor child shrieked, "Aman, aman—mercy, mercy!" but the Turk struck him heavily, and ended by jumping and stamping on his prostrate body. The last brutal act of torture, which seemed to compromise the lad's life, was too much to be borne. I sprang forward, seized the Turk by the throat, and flung him heavily from me, but while I saw him disappear behind a grave-stone, a sudden sensation, as of a heavy blow on the head, took away my senses, and I remember no more of the adventure. (4.)

CHAPTER III.

I AM LAID ON A SICK BED, BUT SOON RECOVER AND SEEK PRACTICE IN AN APOTHECARY'S SHOP—A TURKISH UNIVERSITY AND THE STUDENTS THEREOF—MY FIRST MEDICAL VISIT TO THE HAREM OF A PASHA—A STRANGE BAPTISM.

THE last time I had seen Dr. Leoni was on the wharf, at Bebek, as I parted from him to hurry to Haskeui, and tell my friends of the good fortune that had befallen me. I was then in the height of health, strength, and high spirits, for the Hekim Bashi had promised me the appointment of doctor to the Imperial manufactory of Zeitoun Bournou. When next I met the doctor it was in the exercise of his vocation, and his patient was myself. He was feeling my pulse, and the blood was trickling from the other arm. An Armenian barber was holding a basin, and I caught sight, too, of the jovial face of the primo buffo, Signor Montero, looking strangely grave and anxious, an expression that suited him so ill, that it impressed me with a sense of the ludicrous, so I feebly laughed, and my laugh ended in an involuntary fit of weeping.

"Thank God, he lives!" exclaimed the buffo.

"Hush!" said the doctor; "va bene—he will soon be well again." My arm was bound up by the skilful hand of the barber, and the doctor left me, after giving his orders in a whisper.

Thus I lay, they tell me, for a week, nursed carefully by my friends of the Teatro Naum, who, in turn, administered to my wants. Daily I remember the kindly face of the tahlimji, who looked in for a brief moment, but who rarely came empty-handed, and the little delicacies, suited for an invalid, were never wanting to me. At length a sound and refreshing sleep seemed to restore me once more to vigour of thought; gradually the deafness and distressing buzzing in my ears wore off, and when next Dr. Leoni called he laid aside the character of the doctor, and spoke to me more as a friend. I thanked him warmly for his timely aid, and then asked him what on earth had been the matter with me.

"Have you no idea?" asked the doctor, curious to see how far my memory had been affected.

"Well, I remember a scuffle with a zaptié, on behalf of a Jew boy, and, from my sensations, I should say I had been knocked down, but that I distinctly recollect flinging the fellow over a gravestone."

"Ah, bravo! your brain is all right again, thanks to your youth and a good constitution. The fact is, another Turk came behind you and felled you with the butt-end of his pistol."

"Oh! and that is why my head is bound up?"

"Certainly, and lucky it is that the fellow had not fired his pistol, or used his sabre. I trust this will be a lesson to you never to interfere in a street brawl."

"Caro dottore, this was no ordinary street brawl, the poor boy was being murdered."

"Well, and another murder was nearly committed on an Italian doctor, as well as on a Jewish boy; besides, your help came too late," said the doctor.

"Too late, how?"

"The poor lad was picked up, and carried home to Haskeui, and our friend the tahlimji tells me he died the same night."

"Per Dio santo! and what have they done to the zaptié?"

The doctor shrugged his shoulders, and briefly said, "Nothing."

"Holy Virgin! is it possible? are our lives then in the power of these brutal zaptiés?"

"By no means. Europeans are well protected by their own governments; all they have to do is to

keep quiet, and, above all things, never to interfere on behalf of the natives. Well now, suppose we talk of your own affairs: you are strong enough to bear all I tell you, and I am anxious that you should know exactly your position."

"Be assured, dear doctor, that I will report myself at Zeitoun Bournou without delay; indeed, I am well enough now, and most anxious to begin my duties."

"Gently, my dear friend; I regret much to tell you that the appointment you mention is lost. I can scarcely unravel the intrigue, but the prime cause, doubtless, was your inability to press the matter, and get your name at once enrolled without a moment's delay. Even in that case your success would not have been certain, as I hear that Signor Manna wanted the place for a friend, and he is all powerful. But let not this depress you; on the contrary, let the disappointment only stimulate you to further exertion, and you will yet, probably, succeed sooner or later."

I fear my countenance, despite the brave smile I assumed, betrayed my dejection, for I was thoroughly cast down, my bodily weakness helping to depress me. The doctor spoke cheeringly, and pressed my hand with real warmth of feeling as he departed;

but when he was gone I hid my head under the bed-clothes, and weakly sobbed myself asleep.

Despite this grievous disappointment, however, my convalescence was rapid. The heavy blow, too, had taught me prudence, and I was determined in future to avoid all quarrels, and never to take the part of the oppressed in Turkey, since nothing could be more unwise or Quixotic. True, it was a grand field for a philanthropic Don Quixote, but his was not the career I had marked out for myself, nor was I ambitious of martyrdom. I was now thrown on my own resources for a livelihood, and these were slender indeed. After paying for a fortnight's board and lodging at the locanda, I had but twenty ducats left; these could not last beyond six weeks, at the furthest, and what then? The prospect was gloomy, but inaction was not one of my faults; I turned in every direction for advice and help. I was counselled to form the acquaintance of some apothecary, and to attend his shop daily, to prescribe for any chance patients that appeared. Such, I ascertained, was the custom of the country, which I resolved to adopt. I was accordingly presented in due form to M. Seput, a worthy pharmacien, whose shop was in Stamboul Proper. It is weary work waiting for practice. You cannot hunt for patients, you must

wait for them to come; and when it happens that there are numerous other doctors equally on the watch, and better known than yourself, this waiting is heart-sickening. There was, however, always something to occupy me independently of patients. I had the Turkish language to learn, and I set about that work with a diligence that was daily rewarded by a sensible progress. Every morning, about eight o'clock, my habit was to descend the steep hill of Galata, cross the wooden bridge, and direct my steps to the Baghtchè Kapoosi, where the shop of M. Seput was situated. I was often the first doctor who arrived after the door was opened, and took my seat on a bench expressly provided for the profession. Presently an old Turkish woman would enter, followed by the inevitable negress. "Hani hekim bashi — where is the doctor?" would be her first question. I present myself. "Feel my pulse," she exclaims, holding out her hand; she then launches into a voluble description of her troubles and ailments, and, carefully removing part of the yashmak, or veil, she thrusts out her tongue for inspection. I prescribe for her, but in my ordinance I am forced to recommend a foot-bath, and a small bleeding, or my talents would be held in low esteem, besides which, the barber who bleeds would

lose a job, and we doctors sometimes get an odd patient from the barbers. When I write the prescription, I take care to give the old lady plenty to take, in order to favour my friend the apothecary; moreover, he gives me a percentage on the medicine. The direct fee which I receive is small, as all fees are when given in a shop—about ten piastres, or two francs; however, that pays for my dinner. Presently other doctors arrive, some have come from seeing patients, and look in to give directions about medicines; others are, like myself, in search of patients, and so they come and sit on the bench to chat, smoke cigarettes, and take what Providence sends them. The great doctors, such as my friend Dr. Leoni, are seldom, if ever, seen in an apothecary's shop. Their time is fully occupied in visiting their patients, who live very widely apart, and the streets being unsuited to wheel carriages, much time is consumed in going from one house to another. Happy men! who have no time for gossiping in these rendezvous of the faculty.

My medical brethren were as various in their nationalities as in their acquirements. Italy furnished the majority of the foreigners, France a goodly number, Germany several, and England a few, but these mostly of the highest position. Of natives,

there were a few genuine Turks, enjoying but little of the confidence of their fellow-countrymen. The Greeks swarmed, and some of them occupied the best medical appointments in the palace and the public service. There were also a few Armenians, who did not, however, possess a great reputation, even amongst their own people. These Christian Asiatic nationalities furnished a great number of professors of small surgery; there were numbers of barbers, who were bleeders, tooth-drawers, cuppers, and dressers of wounds. Some years before my arrival in Constantinople, all the doctors possessed of diplomas were foreigners, or natives who had studied abroad, but latterly the Sultan had founded a medical university of his own, and a curious exotic it was. The pupils were clothed, fed, and paid, and yet but few of the Turks would face the horrors of learning anatomy. Moreover, all the lessons were given in French, which the students had to learn while listening to the lectures. The Sultan, however, was determined that the lecture-rooms should be filled, so peasants were captured in the interior, and brought in chains to learn the science of medicine. This plan, however, did not succeed, as the brains of these rustics were found impermeable to both French and physiology, besides which, many of them were only too

glad to settle for life at the school, when they found themselves fed, clothed, and paid, and disliked the idea of leaving it. Compulsory attendance was therefore given up, and (with the peculiar advantages held out) there was no lack of Greeks, Jews, and Armenians, with a few Ottomans, which latter were highly encouraged in their studies, some of them being made colonels as soon as they had passed a very indulgent examination. The professors were, in the beginning, first-rate men, and highly paid, from France and Austria; these were in time gradually replaced by Greeks and Armenians, who neglected their duties, and made a traffic of the emoluments and appointments connected with their posts.

Such is a brief sketch of the medical school of Galata Serail, over which the son of the Hekim Bashi presided, and which sent out yearly a crop of young medicos, most of whom were intended for the army and navy.

I now passed my life almost entirely in the apothecary's shop, vigilantly watching for chance patients. Hunger sharpened my faculties, for fees were a matter of life and death with me. I had left the locanda, and taken a small garret in Pera, just large enough to contain my bed. By watching early

and late I contrived to pick up a few piastres daily, and thus almost, but not quite, to make ends meet. When very lucky, I used to go and dine at the Aquila Nera, in Galata, a Greek eating-house, where I would revel in the luxury of "trippa à la Veneziana," or "polpetti," and drink a glass of Broussa wine, but on the day following I contented myself with bread and cheese. At other times I dined well at a Turkish kebab shop, in Stamboûl Proper, on small fragments of roast mutton, well peppered, with chopped onions. Thus did days and weeks glide away; meantime, I called not unfrequently on Dr. Leoni, to ask what chance I had of obtaining an appointment. I believe the good man was sincerely anxious to serve me, but he had, as yet, obtained nothing but an abundance of promises. I soon found that, unlike European ministers, the Turks would promise anything without hesitation. This resulted from an innate politeness and disregard for truth. They thought it ill-bred to refuse anything, but they forgot their promises as soon as uttered.

My chief friends were the family of the tahlimji. I used to go to them regularly on a Sunday, and was always welcome. I thought it useless, and even cruel, to press my claims while in such utter poverty,

so I contented myself by a silent and secret adoration of my beautiful Leonora. The fever of my soul was past; I was steadily in love, and regarded the maiden, tacitly, as my own, though no words on the momentous subject had passed between myself and her parents, much less between our two selves. She was still a modest, shrinking girl of fifteen, ignorant of the world, ignorant of love, adoring her parents (who were absorbed in their daughter), and, I fondly hoped, she was not indifferent to me. The mother guarded her sacred treasure with a loving jealousy. Never was I left alone with her, even for five minutes; and yet this surveillance was so skilful that it was not felt. I only knew that it existed, because, at the close of each Sunday, I could not recollect that I had ever seen Leonora alone for one moment.

Thus passed my life, and I soon found I had been three months at Constantinople, when one evening, having stayed to the very last moment at the apothecary's shop, I was rewarded by my first case of importance. A French lady of Pera, who earned a good deal of money by frequenting harems, and selling goods, on commission, at three or four hundred per cent. profit, was seen hurrying up the street. I had already made her acquaintance slightly, so when she saw me, she exclaimed—

"A la bonne heure, docteur, how glad I am to have found you! Pray come at once with me to the harem of Ibrahim Pasha; there is a child very ill."

"Madame, I am at your service," I answered, and so we sallied forth together.

We had not far to walk before we found ourselves at the large gates of a pasha's mansion. We entered, unopposed by an old Turk who slumbered at the entrance. There was a curious old Viennese carriage, with tattered hammer-cloth and tarnished decorations, drawn up under the shelter of the great staircase. We ascended to the first floor, and found ourselves amongst the usual crowd of insolent servants. Madame François was, however, well known to them, and so, bidding me wait awhile, she entered a room, and, in a few minutes, returned and beckoned me. I followed her, and found myself in the presence of Ibrahim Pasha, who was crouched in a corner of his sofa, lazily smoking, and fingering his beads.

"Ichté hekim bashi—here is the doctor," exclaimed the lady; "now let me take him at once to the harem."

"Yavash, yavash—gently, gently," answered the pasha; "sen kim sen—who are you?" said he, turning languidly to me.

"Effendim, the dust of your feet is a hekim," I answered, standing in a humble posture, and hiding my hands in the sleeves of my coat.

"Angi milet—of what nationality?"

"Italian, effendim."

"Bono, bouyoroon, ottoroon—sit down," said the pasha.

Instead of seating myself on the divan, I sank on my knees on the floor, saluting the pasha, and still hiding my hands.

"Bouyoroon otour, otour," said his Excellency, beckoning to the seat.

"Usta'fr Ullah—God forbid!" I exclaimed, and then humbly took my place on the very edge of the sofa.

The pasha clapped his hands, and three or four servants appeared. "Kahvé," he said, and coffee was brought, and a cup presented to me while the pasha's pipe was charged. I was not, of course, permitted to have a pipe in the presence of the great man.

Meantime, Madame François had gone into the harem, and presently re-appeared, and, with the privilege of her sex, exclaimed,—

"Pasha, I did not bring the doctor to drink coffee here, but to see your child."

"Guelieur, guelieur—he is coming, he is coming; there is no hurry;" and then, raising his voice, the pasha called "hani, Ahmet."

Ahmet appeared, in the form of a wonderfully ugly eunuch.

"Guidelim," said the pasha—"let us go."

The eunuch preceded us, crying out, "Kimsey olmaz—let no one appear."

We passed through two or three rooms, and then entered the women's apartments. The room we now found ourselves in was suffocatingly hot and unwholesome. Not a window was open, and in one corner a "mangal," or charcoal brazier, was burning. Enveloped from head to foot in thick veils, were three or four women, two of whom had thrust themselves into a closet, evidently making a merit, before the pasha, of their close hiding.

In an elegant walnut cradle, ornamented with silver, lay a child of about a year old, breathing heavily, and a closely veiled young woman hung over its pillow in evident distress. I examined the child, which was muffled up in the most suffocating manner, and found it was suffering from bronchitis. While thus engaged, a woman who stood behind the mother was always ready with a suggestion.

"Try a blister, Hekim Bashi," she said; "a

little blood-letting will be good, Hekim Bashi ; " and at last she offered to assist in taking off part of the babe's garments, that I might auscultate the chest. This movement, however, was evidently not welcome to the mother, who pushed the woman almost rudely away. After a due examination we departed as we came, the pasha leading the way, and the eunuch bringing up the rear.

" Is there any doubt ? " asked the pasha.

The eunuch managed to get behind his Excellency, and telegraphed strongly to me to report favourably. A pasha's feelings must never be ruffled in his own household, and disagreeable truths should never reach his ears ; thus he is constantly regaled with soft and pleasant lies. Now I had reflected on my way from the harem what answer I should make to the anticipated question, Shoophé var mi—is there any doubt? and of course framed the answer most suited to my own interests. There was certainly some danger, though not imminent, and I had every hope that the child would recover, so I answered, " Effendim, doubt there is, but fear there is not." " Nasl, agnamam —how so, I understand you not ? "

" Effendim, in your shadow the dust of your feet speaks the truth ; the disease of the child is severe, but fear not, effendim, I have a sure remedy.

Ilhamdullillah—please God, in a few days the babe will be well again."

"Peki—well, here is paper; write."

I put a piece of the thick Turkish paper on the forefinger of my left hand, and with the reed pen and thick ink I wrote a prescription, and gave ample directions to Madame François, who had undertaken to look after the child, and who, being an European, was regarded as a sort of professor of medicine. In Turkey medicine is considered to belong especially to Franks, nor have a vast tribe of charlatans sufficed to weaken this faith. When I left the pasha's residence, after having received a fee of a hundred piastres, in the pleasant form of a gold Napoleon (for all coins circulate in Constantinople), I felt myself already a made man. "If the pasha does not at once introduce me into good practice, at least he can obtain for me an appointment. I must play my cards well." As I lay down to sleep that night a sense of happiness pervaded my mind, and tinged all my thoughts, and so I slept soundly.

At an early hour on the following morning I was again at the pasha's konag, or mansion. I was conducted into his presence at once, and found him reclining, as usual, on his ottoman, smoking his chibouque, and playing with his beads. He was

dressed in loose "shalwars," and the lightest and costliest of sable pelisses. He had his legs comfortably tucked up under him, and a jewelled snuff-box of value lay by his side. He greeted me with some cordiality as I entered, exclaiming,—

"Ho, Hekim Bashi! bon giorno, ne var ne yok —what's going on? Bouyoroon—come and sit down."

"Under your shadow all is well," I answered; and I knelt on the floor.

"Bouyoroon, bouyoroon," said the pasha, graciously, on which I humbly made myself uncomfortable on the very edge of the sofa.

"Inshallah—please God, the child is better?" I inquired.

"Inshallah," was the answer."

Just then, a pretty little girl of about seven years entered the room, ran to the pasha, and kissed his hand, and then, turning to me, exclaimed, "Guel, Hekim Bashi—come, come to the harem."

I rose up, somewhat embarrassed how to act, and looked humbly to the pasha. He quietly said, "Otoor —stay," so I resumed my seat. Just then coffee was brought, and the pasha said, "Call Ahmet."

The eunuch appeared, and I was told to follow him, and so was conducted to the harem, where I

met again the same veiled figures, and Madame François.

My astonishment, however, was great indeed on seeing a Greek priest with two assistants, who were gathering together some ecclesiastical objects, and taking their departure. I should as soon have expected to meet the Pope himself in a Turkish harem as a Greek priest; however, I could not shut my eyes to the strange phenomenon, but, affecting not to notice it, I turned to the examination of my patient.

I was mortified in finding him much worse in every respect. The French lady was mutely eloquent in signs and nods, which expressed a great deal. To my surprise and mortification I found that none of my remedies had been applied. I was puzzled how to act, and asked Madame François the meaning of the mystery. She nodded, and said in Turkish,—

"Inshallah—the child will be better to-morrow. Now, Hekim Bashi, come into another room, and write a prescription."

She led me into another room, bade me sit down, and then shut the door. "Now, docteur," said she, "I have discovered the whole plot."

"What plot?" I asked.

"Bah! there is always a plot in a harem like

this. Don't you see, this child is the pasha's only son, lately presented to him by his youngest wife, a Circassian slave, a 'present of Abdi Pasha. Before Zernigul came into the harem, the fat woman, who proposed a blister, was the pasha's favourite. She is the mother of the little girl, and madly jealous of Zernigul. She tried to make the latter miscarry, I know, and now is plotting against the life of the child. Last night she made the poor mother believe that a ghiaour's medicines would do the child harm, and so, instead of putting on the leeches, and giving the medicines, a holy Dervish was sent for who put his foot on the child, blew into its mouth, and practised all sorts of absurdities."

"No wonder the child is worse," I remarked; "but what is to be done?"

"Oh! I have it. Tell the pasha that the air of Stamboul is very bad, and that the child never can recover here. Tell him that only the air of Chingelkeui will save its life. The pasha's keyah* has his harem in that village, and so Zernigul can take her child there."

I acted on the advice of the sharp-witted Frenchwoman. I told the pasha frankly the child was worse, that I had discovered something bad in the

* Steward.

air, and that the only means of saving the babe's life was an immediate removal to Chingelkeui.

No objections whatever were made to the proposal, nevertheless I felt sure that the *vis inertiæ* of the Turkish character would assist the intrigues of the fat woman, unless there were some one to push forward the project. That some one was at hand. Madame François engaged to carry out the measure, and so I felt sure it would be done.

Much seemed now to depend on the recovery of the child, perhaps my whole career; for although the Turks never blame the hekim for the death of his patient, deeming that such reproaches would be blasphemous, yet they have great faith in a man's luck, and are inclined to avoid an unlucky doctor. I therefore felt most anxious for the result of the remedies.

On the afternoon of the same day I had a message from Madame François, requesting me to go to Chingelkeui. Accordingly I crossed the Bosphorus, and again visited my little patient in his new abode. I found him in a nice airy room, jealously nursed by his mother, under the supreme direction of Madame François, who bid me remark a decided change for the better even in the space of a few hours. She had now completely gained the mother's confidence,

and the baleful influence of the jealous woman being removed, Zernigul was obedient to every suggestion, and the child got rapidly well.

Addressing my friend, I said, "Tell me, I beg, what was the meaning of the Greek priest being in the harem yesterday morning?"

"He was there to baptize the infant," answered madame.

"Baptize the infant!" I exclaimed, still more astonished; "is the pasha, then, a Christian and a polygamist, too?"

"By no means; he is Moslem, and so are his wives; but when a child is at the point of death, it not unfrequently happens that the mother has it baptized; whether to propitiate Christ, and so aid its recovery, or to ensure for the little creature an entrance into a Christian heaven, in case the Moslem paradise should prove a myth, I cannot tell; but such is the case. Perhaps those mothers who thus have their children baptized belong to the Moslem tribes who are secret Christians; there are many such in the empire."

I thought the last the most reasonable explanation. (5.)

CHAPTER IV.

I CALL ON MADAME FRANÇOIS AND RECEIVE GOOD ADVICE—RAMAZAN COMMENCES—TURKISH HOSPITALITY—I AM PROMISED AN APPOINTMENT AND HAVE TO CONDUCT A DELICATE NEGOTIATION.

AFTER the above successful case, I naturally anticipated a sudden increase of practice amongst the dignitaries of the empire. For a few days I was not inclined to go, at an early hour, to the apothecary's shop. I thought that kind of practice scarcely befitting my dignity. However, as I had nothing else to do, and, moreover, as I had established a sort of rendezvous there, I concluded it was better to continue the habit. Days, and then weeks passed, and, strange to say, there were no more calls to pashas' harems, and I began to despond. Under these circumstances, I sought out my friend Madame François, in order to enlist her more decidedly in my interest, and I thought a call would naturally please her.

This lady lived in a rickety wooden house, near Tatavola, full of bad smells, and built, apparently, to

be hot in summer, and cold in winter. A Greek man-servant opened the door, and, in reply to the shrill question of the lady from above as to who was there, he shouted "Iatros—the doctor." "Oh, docteur, entrez donc. How is it you have not found your way here for a century?"

"Madame, I have been indisposed," I answered, wishing to hide my want of politeness.

"What have you suffered from?" asked madame.

"I have suffered dreadfully from rheumatism," I answered; "otherwise, I should have called here long ago."

"Eh, bien! How is the pasha?" asked madame.

"Well, really, I have not seen him since the child recovered," I answered.

"Not seen the pasha? Diable! But you are a nice doctor for Constantinople. You need not come and see me unless you like, though if you had less rheumatism and more politeness, mon ami, you might have picked up a few more patients; but if you don't go and wait upon pashas, you had better leave this country and return home."

"But what pretext can I find to go and call on so great a personage?"

"Pretext! Allons donc, you are not in Italy. There a great man is always engaged; if he is not

working at his office, he is reading, or writing, or he is with his wife and children. A pasha, mon Dieu, has to get through the time; he is glad to see anybody, everybody, at any time, and without any pretext. Have you not observed that there are no formalities about granting interviews as there are in Europe? You walk in, you find the pasha on his sofa, you salute him, he asks you the news, you tell him something; make up a little history of your own, it will amuse him. If nobody calls, he has to talk to his own servants. You should go every day, and make fun; then they will send for you to the harem. When the doctor is in the house, the women always contrive to be ill, just to have the doctor's visit; only, prenez garde, be prudent, be wise: you understand? Pashas are jealous."

"Oh, yes, I understand; but, madame, I am tired of waiting for practice. Tell me, is it impossible to get an appointment?"

"Nothing more easy, if you wish it; though if I were in your place, I would never quit Constantinople. Here you have all the prizes; you have the wealth of the empire concentrated. What a career you may make!"

"Madame," I answered, "all that may be true; but I am too weary of waiting for good luck, and, to

confess the truth, I am wretchedly poor—I have not always enough to eat."

"Mon Dieu! but that is bad. Well, now, lose no time in calling on the pasha, and repeat the visit as often as possible; meantime, I will go to his harem, and I shall probably get a sight of him, and will speak for you. He could easily get you an appointment,—don't doubt it."

I was somewhat encouraged by this conversation, and determined to follow the good advice given, and adapt myself more to the peculiar customs of the country. The next day would commence the feast of the Ramazan, when all good Mussulmans abstain from food or drink from sunrise to sunset; but at night give themselves up to feasting and merriment. I determined to call on the pasha in the evening, at an early opportunity.

On the following day, Ramazan was ushered in by salutes from all the batteries and men-of-war on the Bosphorus. The rolling thunder of the guns awoke the echoes of the vine-clad hills from shore to shore, the air grew heavy with the sulphurous smoke, and all good Mussulmans ceased to eat and drink until sunset. These are weary days in Islam. The luxurious pasha counts the hours, and sleeps away the day as best he may; but the boatmen and porters

suffer a martyrdom for their religion. Imagine what it must be in the hot days of July and August, often in a sirocco wind, to toil up the dry, dusty, and fetid hills of Galata with huge burdens. The perspiration pours from the haggard brow, the blood becomes thick, the veins congested, the dry, cracked tongue longs for one drop of the cool water that trickles from each fountain, and outraged nature often sinks fainting under the pious mortification of the flesh.

If, however, the sufferings be great during the day, intense is the relief when the evening guns fire, and the feasting begins. Just before sunset may be seen these exhausted labourers sitting in little circles, with food and drink before them, awaiting the glad signal. Their pipes are ready lighted, too, and the pitcher of water is by their side. The setting sun is watched intently, until at last he disappears. Then a moment's pause, and the echoes of the Bosphorus are awakened by artillery. Strange to say, the lighted pipe is first seized, and one or two long-drawn inspirations of tobacco-smoke are taken, followed by a long, deep, ecstatic drink. The Christian bystander cannot but sympathize with his Mussulman fellow-citizen, as he sees him pouring the cold clear water into that parched and burning throat and stomach. Long is the draught, and then the whole man is

changed. But a moment since he was angry, irritable, and exhausted; now, his replenished veins and arteries send new and healthy blood through his system, making glad his heart, and brightening his eye. His food is eaten with a zest only known to the fasting. He overflows with hospitality. As you pass along the streets you hear the "bouyoroon"—the "come and be welcome;" the "hosh gûelden," on every side. The feasting over, every one gives himself up to enjoyment. As you walk along the crowded thoroughfares, you admire the quiet and sober gladness of the multitude. No drunken quarrels are to be heard, even in the midst of all the revelry; for brawling is not among Turkish vices; these are of a quieter nature, and such as can scarcely be hinted at to Europeans. We had better ignore them. Let us give all credit to the Turks for their virtues. The common people are orderly, sober, hospitable, and kindly; some say truthful, but this is contrary to my experience. Everything is relative: perhaps the Turks are more truthful than the Greeks and Eastern Christians, who are undoubtedly a race of liars, as are all down-trodden people.

A day or two after the commencement of the Ramazan, I presented myself at the summer-house of Ibrahim Pasha, who had removed his harem to Candili. The

hour I chose was midnight. I made my way through a crowd of servants to a corner of the garden, and here I found his Excellency seated amongst a number of Turks of all degrees, smoking, drinking coffee, and gossiping. The air was deliciously warm, the fireflies flitted about the bushes, and the melancholy whistle of the little owl, with the soft shrill chirping of the cicalas, filled the air with a peculiar music.

The *al fresco* gathering of the Turks was picturesque, despite the modern costume in which most of them were clothed. I approached in the humblest guise, and knelt on a piece of matting near the pasha's seat. He welcomed me in a kindly, condescending manner, and asked the news. I had a few stories ready to tell him—some of them funny, and peculiarly adapted to Turkish taste. The pasha was amused, and graciously exclaimed, "Aferin, well done, Hekim Bashi." I next adroitly joined in the conversation, and purposely made some ludicrous mistakes in my Turkish, producing double-entendres of a kind unsuited to ears polite. The pasha roared with laughter, the rest joined, I pretended to be covered with confusion, and departed, after having given his Excellency an hour's amusement, and feeling sure I had made a favourable impression.

A day or two afterwards I received a message from

Madame François. I repaired at once to her house. "Eh bien, docteur!" she exclaimed, "I have succeeded."

"Comment—how?" I asked.

"Well, the pasha has promised me an appointment, and you are to go to the Seraskierat to-morrow morning, and see the Minister of War."

My satisfaction at this news was a good deal modified by my experience of Turkish affairs. Nevertheless, I thanked madame most warmly, called her my best friend, and prepared to report myself on the following day.

I awaited on the morrow, with much impatience, the proper time to present myself to the Seraskier. His Excellency, during the Ramazan, did not rise early, so that one o'clock was the hour I chose. Even then he had not arrived at the Seraskierat; and I sauntered, for some time, about the court-yard of that big wooden building. At last, the tramp of horses' feet was heard, the guard turned out to present arms, and a fat pasha, mounted on a beautiful Arab, preceded by two chiaoush,* and followed by a mob of servants, entered the portico, and laboriously dismounted at the foot of the stairs.

* Chiaoush, a subordinate officer answering to the British orderly. The name is derived from the well-known Chiaoush of the Lower Empire.

I followed in the crowd, and waited in an ante-chamber, while his Excellency was preparing to receive and answer numerous applicants. I soon got an audience of but a few minutes, and was told to call at the Galata Serail School of Medicine at noon on the following Wednesday.

"At last, I am surely provided for," I exclaimed, as I descended the hill of the Seraskierat, musing on the struggles and difficulties inherent in the career of medicine. "In all civilized communities, our profession seems to be overstocked, and uncivilized races are too poor and barbarous to support a doctor, even if life among them were endurable. Then, as to private practice, well has it been said that 'the doctor begins to earn his bread when he has no longer teeth to masticate.' But courage, let me not give way to these desponding thoughts. If once I gain a regular appointment, all my anxieties cease."

During the three days that intervened between my visit to the Seraskierat and my appointment at Galata Serail, I suffered great anxiety. From some unaccountable cause, the little practice on which I had depended for bread had almost entirely ceased; and for some time past I had been driven to great straits. I was even reduced to the necessity of making calls on my friends about the hours of meals,

in the hope of receiving invitations; nor was I often disappointed in obtaining a good dinner, when my pride allowed me to have recourse to this plan. My clothes, too, had become alarmingly shabby, and I had neither money nor credit to replace them. My visits to Haskeui had ceased. I would not demean myself in the eyes of Leonora by calling at meal times; and I dreaded to be seen in my threadbare clothes.

At last, the much-desired Wednesday arrived, and, armed with my diploma, I repaired to the medical school. I there met Haireddin Pasha, an obese Turk, who acted for his father, the Hekim Bashi; Opisthotonos, a professor of the school; and Signor Manna, the pharmacien-en-chef of the empire. I showed my diploma, which was carefully inspected: and I was asked sundry questions as to my parentage, nationality, and education. To my horror and astonishment, I was told that my diploma was not admissible.

"But, Eccellenza," I answered, "it is from the university of Naples."

"That may be," said Opisthotonos; "but we only recognize the universities of Vienna, Berlin, and Paris."

"A thousand pardons," I exclaimed; "but I have met doctors here, both in the military and civil

services, without any kind of diploma, and that of Naples is one of the highest."

"Sir," said Signor Manna, "we did not call you here to discuss imperial regulations. We are bound by them. Your diploma may be a good one, but, if it be not admissible, there is an end of the matter. Nevertheless, as we are unwilling not to afford you a chance of entering the service, we propose that you should submit to a medical examination. Do you agree to that proposition?"

"Most willingly," I replied; "when can I be examined?"

"You will be sent for in a few days; meantime you can leave your address."

I handed my interlocutor my card, and arose, and took my leave.

Vexed, harassed, and full of anxiety, I threw myself on my bed, bitterly cursing the day that ever I set foot in Constantinople. How should I fare in this approaching examination? What medical theories might have my strange examiners? Why on earth would they not accept a Neapolitan diploma? For the Turkish army, too! where the lowest quack has been, and is admissible, provided he has interest. Thus, I bitterly mused, until wearied nature sought repose in sleep, in which I forgot my

troubles, and dreamed I was a stately pasha, pacing the streets of Pera on an Arab horse. But I was presently awakened by the unusual phenomenon of a knocking at my door. I hastily arose from my bed, just as the door was opened.

"Bon zour, docteur," said a voice, speaking French with a strong Greek accent; and a small man, in a fez with a brass plaque, denoting the military service, entered without further ceremony, and sat down on the only chair I had.

My visitor was wholly unknown to me, and still I thought I had seen the crafty, mean-looking face somewhere before; and then it flashed across me that it was at Galata Serail, in attendance on the pharmacien-en-chef, or ezadji bashi; so I saw the necessity of being very polite.

"Mille pardons!" I exclaimed; "you see I have but a poor place to receive you in, and I scarcely know if I can obtain a cup of coffee; but I will try."

"Merci, non—no coffee for me; I never take coffee; I smoke instead:" and so saying, he took from his pocket a bag, and proceeded to make himself a cigarette.

"Are you prepared for your examination, docteur? they are very severe at the Galata Serail," said M. Costaki.

"I am prepared," I answered. "I can but do my best; and I believe I have passed quite as strict an examination before I came to Turkey. But tell me, Monsieur Costaki, how is it that I have to pass an examination, when so many men are admitted without either diploma or examination?"

The expression that came over my visitor's face was curious. He pursed up his mouth, smiled, and winked mysteriously, and then said he knew, but did not like to say.

"Well," I answered, "I cannot understand the mystery; I am unconscious of having offended any one."

My visitor slowly rose, opened the door, and looked out to see if any one were within earshot, and then said,—

"Docteur, I have a great regard for you, and so will tell you. It is evident that Haireddin Pasha has a *protégé*, whom he wishes to put in the place intended for you, and so he will have you rejected. A wink from him to the examiners will be enough."

"Per Dio Santo!" I exclaimed; "then I won't present myself to be subjected to this humiliation."

"Doucement, doucement, mon cher docteur! I will manage it for you, if you like."

"You manage it!—how?"

On this, the little man deliberately drew from his pocket some papers. The first he showed me was a firman, in Turkish, with the Sultan's *toughra*, or signature, attached to it.

"This," said he, "is your commission, duly made out, and only requiring a few lines that I am prepared to add at this moment. And here is a receipt for six months' pay, which, if you sign, will cause the commission to be handed to you complete."

"I understand you not," said I, quite puzzled.

"So much the worse for you, then," said my friend, proceeding to fold up the documents.

"Stay!" I exclaimed, "pardon me, for I am quite confused. Am I to understand that you have brought my appointment—that I am, in fact, appointed?"

"You are if you choose to be so; that is, if you will sign the receipt for six months' pay."

"But where, then, is the money?" I asked.

On this the little man went off into so hearty a peal of laughter, that I could not but join him, though I scarcely appreciated the joke.

"Well, now, that is good!" he exclaimed. "Monsieur plaisante."

At last the truth flashed across me. I had heard much of Turkish peculation, but it had never been

brought home to me; but now I recognized it. I was to pay for my place, and pretty heavily, too. I remarked to my visitor that I had no time to reflect on his proposition, that I was very poor, and, if I did not receive any pay for six months, how obtain an outfit, how live?

"Nothing more easy," he answered. "I will arrange all that for you, too. See," said he, producing a heap of bank-notes; "take one, two, or three months' pay. I will lend you the money, and that will be an arrangement between ourselves. Besides, you will always draw your *tain*, or rations; and many officers live for months on these, and what they can pick up besides."

"You are very good, Monsieur Costaki," I answered, "and I would most willingly do precisely as you wish, but I fear to embarrass myself by debt; and I don't see how I can repay you in any reasonable time, if I am not to see any money for six months; by that time, too, the interest will have accumulated. May I ask what interest I am to pay?"

"Well, as you can give me no security, in case of your possible death (which God forbid!), I must needs have some little interest, otherwise you should have had the money for nothing; but I am not a greedy Armenian saraff, I am moderate, and I will

ask you no more than ten per cent. a month—and that is most reasonable."

"If I could but see how I could earn any money during the first six months," I answered, "I would accept your terms; but I presume I shall have to go into the interior, and there, I am told, the people are too poor to pay a doctor."

"Allons donc, cher docteur, you have no courage, and you are ignorant of the country. Once in the Sultan's uniform, there is always money to be made. Now listen to me, and I will send you to a gold-field. You shall be appointed to a regiment of Shishaniji,* now recruiting at Salonica; you shall have the examination of the recruits. I can manage this for you—it is a happy thought; only you will, of course, send me a douceur over and above the principal and interest of the debt."

"Is, then, the pay of a recruiting doctor so very high?" I asked.

On this, the little man went off into another laugh, and then exclaimed, "Pardon, docteur, you are so innocent! Well, really, I must explain. You see, no recruit likes to be drawn in the conscription; and when he is so drawn, he generally complains of lameness, blindness, and other mili-

* Riflemen.

tary incapacities. The doctor decides on the reality of these ailments; and it is extraordinary how invariably the sons of the richer members of the community are found really, that is, *medically attested*, to be the victims of such ailments. It is very odd, is it not, docteur? Ha! ha! ha!" and here the little man laughed merrily.

"I will not detain you longer," I answered, "I accede to your terms."

M. Costaki forthwith drew from his pocket an inkstand and case of pens, and opening out the firman, added some Turkish words to it, and then handed it to me. He then presented for my signature a receipt for six months' pay, and lastly gave into my hands two thousand four hundred piastres, or about five hundred francs, and took his departure, after directing me to appear in uniform, and report myself at the Galata Serail at noon on the following Thursday.

So now I was launched as full hekim in his Imperial Majesty's military service. I could not read my commission, but I had no doubt it was all right. I carefully locked it up in my box, put the "caimés," or bank-notes, into my securest pocket, and set out to pay a visit to a tailor, for I was impatient to appear in uniform.

CHAPTER V.

I LEAVE CONSTANTINOPLE, AND IN ROUMELIA LEARN HOW TO TRAVEL À LA TURQUE—I MAKE SOME MONEY AND SEE TURKISH PROVINCIAL LIFE.

How glad I was to leave Constantinople, that city where I had suffered real hardship, moral and physical! Before I sailed, however, I had the satisfaction of appearing amongst my friends, in the neat and elegant uniform of the Imperial service. The good old tahlimji welcomed me joyously, and predicted a brave career for me; and I felt sure that Leonora regarded me with a certain degree of respect, as well as interest. I was no longer the mere adventurer, struggling for a precarious existence. I was a regular commissioned officer of the Imperial army, and, as such, felt more worthy of her notice. As yet my fortunes were too uncertain to justify me in offering my hand and heart to this fair young creature. I was in debt, and plunging into a service the discomforts of which I could guess at, and the uncertainties of which I had had proof

of already. I nevertheless looked upon Leonora as my future wife, though not with the confidence of one who had gained her heart. I was forced to content myself with hope, and form plans for the future. She was yet quite young, she saw scarcely any eligible young men, and so it was more than probable that there was time enough to work out my plan, which was briefly this—to serve with distinction in the provinces for a few months, to lose no chance of ingratiating myself with people in power, and so obtain a fixed appointment at Constantinople, where, in time, I did not doubt to form a flourishing practice, and call Leonora my own.

In my conversation with the tahlimji, I thus spoke of my plans, merely hinting at the matrimonial part of them. I could detect no aversion to my projects on his part; on the contrary, he spoke but words of kindly friendship, said that nothing would please him more than to see me settle at Constantinople, and that a good spouse was doubtless the best thing in the world for a young man; that he owed everything to his Linda, who had been an admirable wife. That there was certainly a sort of prejudice amongst Europeans against the women of the Levant, but that some of the best women he had ever known were Levantines. "Not that you are obliged to

choose amongst the ladies of this country; why not pay a short visit to Italy, and find a pretty girl at Castellamare or Naples?"

"No," said I; "such a visit would be wholly unnecessary. Constantinople, I trust, contains my future wife."

"Well—well," he answered, "work hard, get a little money, and there will be no difficulty in finding a wife anywhere."

This little conversation was our last, as we stood on the bridge at Galata. A boat was waiting for me, my luggage was already on board the *Tair*, and the steam was up.

"Addio, caro mio!—addio! addio!" we exclaimed, and then folded each other in our arms as we kissed affectionately; and so I left the tahlimji, the father of my beloved one.

Arrived at Salonica, I was soon actively engaged in my duties. I was the hekim, or doctor, of the regiment now recruiting. Besides myself, there were attached to the regiment three jerachs, or surgeons, one a Jew, the other two Turks, or Osmanlis, as they call themselves. These surgeons hold a far lower rank, and draw much less pay than the hekims, or doctors, as they are wholly uneducated. They are, in fact, barbers, and their duties are to bleed,

cup, draw teeth, dress wounds, and perform the numerous and useful duties of what the French call "little surgery." Their pay averages five hundred piastres, or one hundred francs, a month. I had been but a short time installed in a little room in the barracks when I was required to take a journey to Monastir, to examine a number of newly-caught recruits.

A jerach, or surgeon, a mulazim, or lieutenant, and our soldier servants, in all including eight persons, formed our travelling party. A muleteer, who plied between Salonica and Monastir, was engaged to take us. As the officer of chief rank, I was allowed a horse for myself, and one for baggage and servant; the mulazim was allowed the same, the jerach had but one sorry jade for himself and baggage, and the rest had to walk, or find horses for themselves.

The thorough gipsy life, the beautiful scenery, the quaint manners and customs of the natives, were all new and charming to me. The fatigue of riding eight or nine hours a day soon wore off, and I had the satisfaction of a ravenous appetite; nor did we lack the means of satisfying our wants. When we arrived at a village, we gave ourselves the airs of pashas, and were pretty well served as

such. There was a general hunt for fowls, the whitest rice and cleanest butter were produced, and we drank *yoghoort* and water in abundance. At first my European notions of morality stood in my way, and when the poor peasants, with tears in their eyes, solemnly assured me that they had no rice, that their last *oka* of butter had gone to the farmer of tythes, I was ready to put up with *burghul*, or boiled corn, and a little black bread; but I was under an instructor, and he was Osman Effendi, the lieutenant who accompanied me, and he taught me how to act in cases of difficulty like this.

We had arrived at the end of our second day's journey, and saw in the distance the village of Elankeui, where we were to stay the night. Osman Effendi came riding up to my side.

"Hekim Bashi," said he, "ichte—yonder is our resting-place; by your leave I will send Abdullah on to prepare us a place. Abdullah guel—come here! What village is that, Islam or ghiaour?"

"Ghiaour dur, Effendim."

"Peki—that is well. Run on, my child, and bid the pezivenks prepare for us—run!"

"I go, Effendim;" and off ambled Abdullah, at a good swinging pace, on his baggage pony.

Before he arrived, however, there was a commotion

in the village; the women all disappeared incontinently, the men ran hither and thither; the place seemed as though it were invaded by robbers. (6.)

We presently reached the village, and were met by a deputation of black-turbaned Christians, dressed in very ragged clothes, and looking as humble and abject as mortals possibly could do, under any circumstances. They came forward as we approached, and kissed our stirrups, and then walked alongside us, leading us to the largest house, or rather hut, in the village.

Here, as I dismounted, I found Abdullah superintending the cleaning of the rooms: he was brandishing a *courbatch*,* which he seemed to have used pretty freely, as one lad was sobbing while he swept, and a grown-up man had a large wheal across his face. The room being swept and sprinkled with water, and the best bedding to be found having been arranged in the corner, the mulazim and myself took off our boots, lighted our pipes, and made ourselves comfortable. We had not been seated long before we heard a good deal of noise outside, and I proposed to go and see what was the matter. "Bir shei yok," said the lieutenant, "it is nothing."

He had just uttered the words when a grey-bearded

* Courbatch, a heavy whip, made of rhinoceros' hide.

old man rushed in; his head was bare, the turban having fallen off; his forehead was bleeding, and his clothes were dusty and torn. He threw himself prostrate at my feet, exclaiming, "Aman, aman—mercy, mercy; Effendim, mercy! I am your sacrifice; on my head be it. I am your slave; but I cannot create what does not exist—there are no fowls. Ziah Pasha passed through here last week, and ate them all. Wallah, billah!—by God and the Lord it is the truth."

Abdullah was close behind with his terrible courbatch, and looked to the lieutenant, rather than to me, for orders. I was glad he did; for what on earth could I do? I would not, and could not, interfere with the customs of the country—the zaptié at Constantinople had given me a lesson which I had not forgotten—so I was silent and uncomfortable, and looked at Osman.

The latter sprang to his feet, exclaiming, "Haidi chick pezivenk, ghiaour—be off, you pimp of an unbeliever!" and sent the old man to the far end of the room with a push of his foot. Abdullah then seized the poor Christian by the beard, and dragged him out from our presence. I heard the fierce cuts of the courbatch, and the yells of agony, but I was glad to see no more, and soon all was silent.

Abdullah was a most useful provider, however; for he contrived to extract hidden treasures. Rice was forthcoming, and so were some good fat fowls, which had betrayed themselves by cackling in their hiding-places. We made an excellent supper, being waited on by these recusant Christians, whose inhospitality deserved some punishment. We paid for our entertainment by a teskéré, or written receipt for so much food and forage; we had consumed, say fifty piastres' worth. We gave a teskéré for one hundred piastres, and made the *tchorbaji** pay fifty for it, which he did at once, to escape a beating. Abdullah had richly earned the fifty piastres, but the lieutenant made him give up twenty-five. The teskéré was for presentation at the local treasury; but a Christian would scarcely like to travel to Salonica, and present himself with any such demand, so he would sell it to an Armenian for, perhaps, eight piastres. (7.)

On the following morning we prepared to continue our journey. I lit my cigarette, and strolled into the village, while my servant was loading the baggage-horse. Wherever I went I was shunned by the villagers, doors were shut, no women were visible, and the men kept out of my way. Suddenly my ears caught a low wailing cry, as of a woman in

* Tchorbaji, the head man of the village.

distress. I listened, and heard sobs and moans come from a house opposite to where I stood. Thinking some one was ill, and anxious to offer my professional aid, I pushed open the door and entered. Two women were crouched on the floor, rocking themselves and wailing; while a young girl was stretched on a bed close by, apparently in deadly sickness. I approached unperceived, and then gently said, "Né var?—What is the matter?" The women started, the young girl feebly shrieked, and, shuddering, hid herself in the bed-clothes.

"My soul," I said, addressing myself to one of the women, "I am a hekim, tell me, what is it?"

The woman, reassured, looked up and said—

"Are you an Osmanli?"

"No," I answered, "I am a Christian."

"Vai, vai!" she answered; "alas, alas! I am burnt to cinders, my heart is dried up, the Osmanli has ruined my daughter."

The dishonoured maiden groaned. I turned and departed.

We mounted our horses and pursued our journey.

"Osman Effendi," I said, "we have been rather hard upon those poor people; don't you think so?"

"Haidi bosh lakridi!—what nonsense are you

talking! they are ghiaours; they are born to eat dirt; it is their kismet."

"Well, but could we not get all we want without beating them so?"

"Without beating them! What are you talking about? They would give us nothing, they would starve us—the unbelieving hogs."

"Well, but suppose we offered them money, don't you think they would give us food for it? How do Franks travel? they are never starved."

"Money, indeed," answered Osman; "what are you saying? Our padishah seldom pays us; how are we then to give the peasants money? But don't you see we give them teskérés? Let them go to the treasury, and ask for the payment."

"Do you think then they would be paid at Salonica?" I asked.

"Allah bilir—God knows," said Osman, shrugging his shoulders.

We had sent on our baggage and footmen half an hour before we started; we now overtook them, and, to my surprise, I found our infantry mounted. Each had borrowed a horse or ass from his entertainer, and each animal was attended by its owner, who trotted ruefully by the side of the mounted Osmanli. Osman laughed heartily at the joke, and the big

Abdullah kept all the cavalcade at a good pace by means of his mighty courbatch.

Thus we journeyed on, until, in four days, we arrived at Salonica, where a number of recruits were collected for medical examination. We passed some on the road, bound by cords, and looking very miserable at the prospect of a military life.

Once installed at Monastir, my duties began. The tricks that were played by the conscripts put my medical experience to the test. Some feigned blindness, some deafness, some paralysis; while others had, purposely, more or less mutilated themselves.

Osman Effendi, though without any professional knowledge, volunteered to assist me in my examinations. His friendly aid was not quite disinterested, as will be shown. The fact was that money was to be made by the doctor of a recruiting party, as I had heard at Constantinople; and Osman had a wonderful scent for "groush," or piastres. Seeing that I was quite new to the Turkish service, he naturally supposed he could victimize me as well as the conscripts; and he was right.

On the first morning I examined a dozen recruits, and only passed five; the rest I certified as having varicose veins, tumours, and sundry other incapacities. I may as well confess that out of the five that I passed

two were somewhat blemished; but they were both poor as Job. Of the seven rejected ones, three were affected severally with varicose veins, short-sightedness, and idiotcy; the rest were perfectly sound, and we made them pay pretty highly for their certificates of incapacity. Osman took the lion's share, but, of course, did all the hard bargaining. A keen man he was, and seemed to know intuitively when the subject was worth a long, hard bargain, and when time and his talents would be thrown away. Well do I remember one gray-bearded man, who accompanied his son; the stay and support of his old age (for his other boy was weakly and stupid). The old man spent an entire day in trying to soften the obduracy of Osman; but in vain. The old father was bereft of all his savings. He departed, weeping, to sell his last yoke of oxen; but he had saved his son from the conscription.

Another of the seven trusted to his talents for malingering, and had nearly succeeded in imposing on my experience. He affected to be quite blind. His eyes were wide open, and there was some affection of the pupils, produced by a well-known herb, which rendered them, for a time, to a certain extent insensible to the alternations of light and darkness.

The floor of the room in which we sat was divided into two parts, of different levels, the lower one where the domestics stood, and the upper where their masters sate. I had the supposed blind man led quickly from the lower to the upper end. Had he stumbled at the little step, the experiment would not have been conclusive, as any one might have done the same; but as he raised his foot, and stepped over the impediment, I at once detected the fraud, and made him pay well for his attempted deception. I was delighted with Monastir as long as I was well employed in the profitable duty of examining recruits. I thus earned money to pay the interest and some part of the principal of my debt to Costaki, the secretary of the chief apothecary. What might I not have made had I been free from the copartnership of Osman Effendi, who absorbed at least two-thirds of the moneys which were justly my due, and then treated me with more than Moslem arrogance!

The worst of these irregular proceedings is, that they put you in the power of your partner. When I refused, on one occasion, to accede to a very unjust demand on the part of Osman, he called me a ghiaour, vilified my respected mother, and said he would certainly complain to the pasha of the extortions he had discovered me to be guilty of. What

could I do? I was powerless, and so yielded; and, by dint of the most abject blandishments, I turned away his wrath; but I always dreaded the man.

The sensation of earning, or rather acquiring money, was so pleasantly new to me, that I did not rigorously inquire into the means I was using to fill my pockets. It did occur to me, occasionally, that I should have preferred a more legitimate mode of extortion; but I silenced my conscience with the fact that I was but pursuing the custom of the country; that if I did not wring money from the peasants, others would; and lastly, that I should probably employ it better than these poor people, since I had heard that vast sums, after having been buried for years, are constantly lost to the world by the death of the owner, whose secret perishes with him.

While I was thus agreeably employed, a circumstance occurred which gave me a new experience of life in Turkey. I had hitherto seen the peasantry submit to every extortion in the most abject manner; I was now to see that such resignation was not invariable. One afternoon, as I was strolling about the town, I came into the open space opposite the pasha's palace, and here I saw a large crowd gathered. With

eager eyes and ears I pushed forward, to learn the cause of the commotion. I presently saw several dismounted horsemen, whose steeds appeared at their last gasp, from exhaustion. One poor animal had already sunk to the ground, and his rider was busy in dragging off the saddle and bridle from his stiffening carcase. On looking closer, I found the poor beast had been stabbed in the belly. The horsemen, too, looked as if they had barely escaped with their lives from some sharp conflict. They were covered with dust and perspiration, their clothes were torn, and two or three of them were marked by blood; while one, leaning against a wall, with a pale face and bandaged head, seemed to be seriously wounded. I eagerly asked of several by-standers the cause of these ominous appearances, and received varying reports: all agreed, however, in the fact that there had been a fight at Bashkeuf, a large village about eight hours distant. While thus inquiring, I met my servant, who was in search of me: I was summoned to the hospital, to attend to some wounded men. I hastened to my post, and was occupied some time in dressing the wounds of four or five bashi bazouks, who had been engaged in the fight of Bashkeui. On inquiring of them as to the cause of the disturbance, I heard various and conflict-

ing accounts. All that was certain was that the mudir, or governor, had been fighting with his own subjects, and had got the worst of it, and that the Pasha of Monastir was about to take the matter into his own hands, and march some troops against the rebellious village.

After my hospital duties had been despatched, I strolled out into the town, and, seating myself on the floor of a Jewish corn-dealer's shop, I entered into conversation with him, and, from his lips, had a clear account of the origin of the disturbance of Bashkeui.

The Jew, after carefully looking up and down the street, to see that no Mussulmans were near, told me that the village of Bashkeui was a large one, containing nearly one hundred families; about one-fourth of these were Christian Bulgarians, the rest Moslems. "About two months ago Haji Bey, the governor, took, in excess of the legal taxes, about 50,000 piastres' worth of corn, and 25,000 piastres in cash. The people of the village sent a deputation to the Pasha of Monastir, complaining loudly of the exaction; and the pasha presently recalled Haji Bey, and detained him in the city for some weeks. The time of his suspension was diligently employed by the offending governor in allaying the anger of the pasha, and ingratiating himself with every one of in-

fluence in the place. He was so far successful that, after having sacrificed the greater part of his spoil in bribery, he was allowed to return to his village, with 200 irregular troops as body-guard. The people were so indignant at this treatment that they rose in rebellion, and absolutely refused to admit the tyrant into their village. Haji Bey, relying on the dearly-bought support of the great men of Monastir, at once assaulted the rebels, but met with a resistance he had scarcely counted on; and, after about an hour's conflict, was driven off, with the loss of twelve of his delibashis.* He returned to Monastir to reinforce himself, and then again attacked the village, and yesterday suffered a still worse repulse."

"And what will be the next step?" I asked.

"The villagers are doomed," said the Jew. "They had better have given up every gold coin on the heads of their maidens than have resisted Haji Bey's troops. He will now send some cannon, and knock their houses about their ears; there is no hope for them."

Just as we were speaking, the tramp of horses and men was heard, and we saw a crowd of people coming up the street. They were troops convoying

* Delibashis: literally mad-heads, the bravest of the irregular soldiers.

about thirty Christians, who were on their way to the pasha's palace. Leaving the Jew, I followed and learned that these were the chief men of the Christian community of Bashkeui come to make terms with the pasha. I watched them defile into the palace-yard, and lost sight of them as they wound up the large staircase. I loitered about, and gathered further details concerning the affair from some men who were connected with the village. In about half an hour from the time the deputation entered, I saw its members return, but with still more dejected faces; their hands were bound with cords, and they were marched off to prison.

"But surely these men came to treat with the pasha," I exclaimed, to a Christian standing by.

"Yes; and this is what they have got for their imprudence," he answered. "They would have done better had they taken to the mountains, and become haiduks." *

On the morning following this conversation, I watched a force of infantry, with two guns and 300 bashi bazouks, march out to the doomed village. We were not long kept in suspense as to its fate. On the third or fourth day it was reported that all was quiet, and the troops returned. I saw many of

* Haiduks, brigands.

them laden with plunder; but a still sadder sight was a troop of prisoners—men, women, and children —weary and wayworn, both Moslems and Christians. They were soon marched off to a large building, and kept as close prisoners; and, from time to time, for some days afterwards, I heard of men and women being released, and others detained; but it was reported that the pasha intended to make an example of the rayahs, who had taken up arms. It was a monstrous innovation, he said, that Christians should begin to learn the use of arms, and he would not lose this opportunity of reading a lesson to all the Christians in the empire.

I heard from others that the Christians had not resisted, but, from the first, wished to submit to the governor; but there appeared to be some doubt in the matter. A few days after this event we were ordered to return to Salonica; but just before our departure, I learned that the rebellious rayahs had been sent away somewhere—banished, as I supposed. (8.)

CHAPTER VI.

WE OVERTAKE SOME CHRISTIAN PRISONERS AND MAKE THE ACQUAINTANCE OF PADRE ANTONIO—I AM SNUBBED BY THE PASHA.

OUR journey back to Salonica was unmarked by events, until we were within two days of our journey's end. Being mounted on a lively Bosnian pony, I gave him the reins, and, tired of the gross and stupid conversation of my Turkish friends, I rode on alone, indulging in meditation, and allowing my thoughts to range freely over the past, as well as to form schemes for the future. Since my arrival in Constantinople, I had kept up a regular correspondence with my parents. I bethought myself that I had with me my father's last letter; so I searched my pockets, and brought it out, and indulged myself by reading over again the affectionate outpourings of a loving paternal heart. He rejoiced that I had at last gained an appointment in the Turkish service. "Alas, that the sons of Italy should have so limited a career at home! but

courage, there is yet hope. Your position now is most respectable. Europe is losing her old idea of the Turks; they are no longer bigoted barbarians, who tyrannize over Christians. No; all Europe rings with the glorious reforms of Ali Pasha. Never has history recorded so wonderful a transformation in a nation. Mussulmans and Christians are now brethren, dwelling together in peace,—all glory to the beneficent monarch Abdul Mejid, and to the enlightened and reforming Ali Pasha. Carissimo figlio, write to me often; open thy heart to thy loving parents; hide not thy misfortunes when they arrive, and let us also share thy joys. Thy mother longs to embrace thee, best of sons. A thousand kisses. Addio! addio!"

I closed the letter of the dear old man, and sighed when I thought of the stately palaces, and the glorious bay of my beloved Naples. Just as I replaced the loving missive in my pocket, I saw, about three hundred yards in front of me, what appeared to my eyes, at first, to be a small flock of sheep. On riding on, to my astonishment, the supposed sheep proved to be vultures and eagles, evidently engaged on the carcase of some animal. My love of sport made me long for a gun. I had, however, a pistol; so I rode as near as possible,

and then, just as some of the birds spread their enormous wings to take flight, I fired. It was not a bad shot, for although I did not hit a bird, I certainly frightened one monster, as the ball struck within a few inches of him. I expected to find a dead sheep. I approached nearer, and was horrified on seeing the corpse of a young girl, apparently nine or ten years of age. The vultures had already made an otherwise fair face a revolting object. The body was strangely attenuated, and seemed to have been subjected to great hardship before it met with its mysterious fate.

I stood gazing with a professional eye at the ghastly spectacle, trying to divine the cause of death, until Osman rode up, exclaiming, "Né var—what is the matter, Hekim Bashi?" I pointed to the corpse; he looked at it, and then said, "Lesh dur—it is a carcase, let it alone;" and so we rode on.

"Lesh" is the Turkish word for a carcase, and is applied to the dead body of a beast and of a Christian indiscriminately. "Jenazé" is the Turkish for corpse, and is only used in speaking of the dead bodies of Mussulmans. From the ragged clothing that still covered this body, Osman knew that it was the corpse of a Christian.

"How can the girl have met her death?" I asked.

"God knows," said Osman.

"She cannot have been starved," I remarked; "she cannot have been travelling alone; and if she had been taken ill suddenly, and died, her friends would have buried her. I cannot understand the mystery."

"What are you talking about?—one ghiaour the less in the world; what matter?" said Osman.

I was silent, and so we travelled on, the only remark during the next half hour being one from Osman, who exclaimed, "Sijak dur—it is hot," as he wiped the perspiration from his face.

"Ichté—look, there is a caravan ahead," said Osman.

"Where?" I asked; when he pointed out a number of people, most of whom were on foot, travelling in the same direction as ourselves, but at a much slower pace. A hill presently hid them from our view; but in the course of half an hour we came up with the hindmost.

Even at this distance of time, I can scarcely relate the scene I then witnessed without an overpowering sense of horror and indignation. I was new to Turkey, new to scenes of cruelty, and though my

heart was daily hardening, it was far from having gained the induration necessary for a quiet life amongst these Asiatics.

A mounted zaptié, armed with a heavy courbatch, was driving before him a Christian woman, who from time to time stopped, and looked back; then, as the heavy whip fell on her shoulders, she hurried on, rapidly speaking in a language unknown to me. I remonstrated with the zaptié, I entreated Osman to interfere, I cried, "Aib, aib!—shame, shame! it is a woman you strike."

"Ne yapaim—what can I do?" said the zaptié; "she won't go on, the hanzeer—the pig."

"Why don't you go on quietly?" I said to the woman. The poor creature turned a blank woe-begone face, and jabbered incoherently; the light of reason had for ever fled from those dim, glazed eyes; she seemed acting under some strong instinct or delusion.

"She won't go on—curses on her!—ever since we left her daughter on the road;" and again the courbatch fell heavily on the woman's shoulders.

Just then a negro came galloping up; he was the officer in command.* He screamed out, "Vefik,

* Negroes are often commissioned officers in Turkey.

you dog, you son of a dog, I spit on your beard! Why don't you come on, you son of a burnt father?"

"Effendim, what can I do? This she-ghiaour won't come on."

"Then leave her," said the officer.

So the woman was left.

We presently joined the main body, who had now come to a halt at a small coffee-house by the wayside. There were about forty men, women, and children —a herd of human beings in the very last stage of suffering. Some were tied on the backs of asses and ponies, others walked, all were wasted and ghastly from famine and ill-usage. "What can these be?" I said to myself. "They are prisoners and Bulgarians; and, if they were all men, I could understand their position—they might be the worst of malefactors, but here are women and children. Holy mother of God!" I exclaimed aloud, in my own language, "what can this be?"

A voice, hoarse and feeble, answered, in good Italian, "For the love of Christ, if you are a Christian, come here, and let me speak to you."

"Who are you?" I asked, as I approached a man in a different costume to the rest.

"I am Padre Antonio," he answered; "for the love

of God loosen these cords, they are eating into my flesh."

This poor priest was tied on a miserable hack, and the cords were so tightly bound that his hands were swollen enormously, and almost shapeless, while his feet were fastened under the animal's belly.

Without pausing to think, I drew out a knife and cut his bonds, while he exclaimed, "The blessing of Christ Jesus be upon you, my son," and crossed himself. At that moment the zaptié rode up; but, before he could open his mouth, I slipped a dollar into his hand, and said, "Look here, if you treat this man well, you shall have two dollars at Salonica—do you understand me?"

"On my head be it," he answered.

I then turned to the padre, and said, "Tell me, I pray you, good father, what is the meaning of all this?"

The priest raised his eyes to heaven, muttered a silent prayer, and then, throwing himself into my arms, he sobbed, "Alas, alas! we suffer for our holy religion;" and then, recovering himself, he exclaimed, "Let me go to my children."

He painfully descended from his horse; but before he had gone many paces he staggered, and would have fallen, had I not caught him in my arms. As

soon as the poor people around saw the priest descend, the strongest of them came and knelt before him, asking his blessing. He spoke to them in a Sclavonian dialect, and then, turning to me, and changing his language to Italian, entreated me, for the love of God, to fetch some water for his dear children. The Turkish guard and our own people were now congregated at the coffee-house, so I went amongst them, and, selecting two of the conscripts, bid them take water to the poor fainting Christians, promising the men baksheesh for this service. I also purchased some bread, which was devoured greedily by all to whom I distributed it. The Padre Antonio had now recovered the use of his limbs; and it was affecting to witness the entire devotion of his flock, and the marks of love and reverence that followed his footsteps. He walked from one group to another, carrying water to parched lips, and pouring into fainting hearts words of divine consolation. To more than one poor dying woman he administered the sacred rites of the Church, while their famishing babes lay pining and dying on the dried-up fountains of exhausted nature.

My own party had begun their march; the guards were rousing their wearied prisoners, so I mounted my horse.

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"Un momento," cried the padre, "you have shown the heart of a Christian. Do me one more service. I am an Austrian subject; the treatment I have undergone is against international law; I pray you tell all you have seen to the Austrian consul at Salonica, or, if he be absent, to the English consul. I know him—he is a galantuomo."

"This I promised to do, and so pressed the padre's hand, and departed. I trotted after my party, whom I presently overtook, and entered into conversation with Osman.

"Banabak—look at me, Osman," I exclaimed, "who are these prisoners, and what have they done?"

"They are Bashkeui rebels, don't you see that?"

"From Bashkeui, are they?" I answered; "but all these are Christians; where are the Moslems!"

"The Moslems are at Monastir, I suppose, and the Christians are sent on to Salonica, Their offence is much worse than that of the Moslems: the latter are expected to fight now and then, but it would never do for Christians to learn such a bad habit."

"But there are children and sucklings amongst these poor creatures," I said; "surely they did not fight."

"Who knows?" said Osman; "they screamed, no doubt, and they are all the breed of ghiaours."

My temper would no longer allow me to converse with the brute, so I turned away, and left the Turk to his pipe.

The rest of my journey was dull enough. I had begun to detest my comrades, and loathe my position. I had not even the consolation of earning money to any amount as yet, since I had been robbed of six months of my regular pay, and Osman had filched my irregular earnings. My companions had not an idea in common with myself, their jokes were gross, they gave the lie to each other constantly, and seemed to have no sense of honour; and yet I had chosen the career, and I could see no means of escape. I had begun as a doctor in the Imperial service of the Sultan, and as such I must continue. One thing I determined to keep in view, and that was to settle in Constantinople, where, at all events, I could have the society of Europeans, while I gathered the gold of the Turks.

On arriving at Salonica, I waited on the governor of the town, Salih Pasha, a man of whom I had heard the Franks speak as a favourable example of his order. He was reputed to be gentle and charitable, and a strict observer of the moral principles of the Koran.

I presented myself to him after his morning devotions, and stood with my hands folded on my stomach,

looking as humble as possible. The pasha, a mild and benevolent-looking man of fifty, was gracious and condescending, and hoped my journey had been pleasant.

"Under his shadow everything was pleasant," I answered.

He then called for coffee, bidding me sit down, to which request I answered, "God forbid," and knelt near him. When the coffee came, the pasha became somewhat talkative, and asked me questions about Frangistan, and what people eat in England. I humbly answered that his slave had not been in England, on which he said he thought I was an Englishman, as he had met more than one hekim of that nation; but he supposed that the Italians and English had but one "kral," or king. I answered that his Excellency knew much better than I did—perhaps it was so. He then bid me feel his pulse and look at his tongue, and desired me to give him some medicine to strengthen him — "something stronger than the glands of the beaver."

"On my head be it," I answered.

He then pulled out his watch, and told me it would not go, and bid me examine it. I asked his Excellency's permission to take it home with me, and examine it more effectually.

"Peki—very well," said he, and then intimated that I might leave him.

On this I kissed the hem of his pelisse, and said, "Your slave has a request, a little affair to speak about."

"Speak," said the pasha.

I then, in the humblest tone of voice, told him what I had seen on the road, and begged him to give orders that the poor prisoners might be better treated. I saw a cloud gather over the pasha's face, and felt sure he was angry with the brutal zaptiés; and that gave me more courage, so I described the worst of the barbarities I had witnessed, which at first I had omitted; I then mentioned that the Padre Antonio was an Austrian subject.

"And of what nationality are you?" asked the pasha.

"Your slave is Italian."

"Have you a consul here?"

"There is no Italian consul here, Effendim," I answered.

"Then why do you undertake to be a consul, and come and spit on my beard? Haidi chick—get out, you pezivenk," he roared, "and never come here again, you ghiaour."

I slipped out like a whipped dog, trembling with

fear. What had I done? what dirt had I eaten? what folly had I again been guilty of, and thus ruined myself?

I walked home, dizzy with anxiety and vexation, and as I stumbled along through the narrow streets, I saw, over the door of a large house, the well-known arms of Austria. Here, then, lived the Austrian consul. I remembered Padre Antonio, and thought that if I were ruined with the Turks, I could do myself no worse injury by carrying out the commission of the padre; so I knocked at the door, having previously looked up and down the street, to see whether any Turkish officers were in sight.

The consul, M. Markievitch, was in the house, and I briefly told him my story. Without a moment's delay he called for his horse, thanked me for the information, and rode off to rescue, at least, the padre, who was an Austrian subject. The pasha had a very different man to deal with in the consul, who bearded him with the indignant courage of one who was in the right, and who was armed with the terrors of a strong Government. As for me, I thought I had done enough for humanity in one day, and so I went to my quarters, and there remained until night brought sleep and alleviation to my anxieties.

CHAPTER VII.

I GAIN AN INSIGHT INTO TURKISH CUSTOMS AND SEE THE INSIDE OF A PRISON.

ON the morrow of my interview with the pasha, I awoke from an uneasy slumber, with a heavy sense of weariness and misery. The impending loss of place, which I dreaded as the consequence of my humane imprudence, was agony to me. I had already found how difficult a task it was to make a living in Constantinople—that focus of doctors—and I had no money to carry me home, if, indeed, there were any hope for me there, or any chance of doing aught but hang on my father, who could ill afford to support me. "Perhaps, however, the pasha will think no more of the matter," I said to myself. "Why should he? I did but ask a favour, and he refused it; and if he were annoyed at my asking it, he surely had satisfaction enough in the rating he gave me."

There is no relief to the troubled mind half so efficient as employment, so I presently repaired to the hospital, and half forgot my anxieties in reducing an interesting case of compound fracture. Having performed my professional duties for the day, I strolled out into the town, and during my promenade strayed into the shop of an intelligent Christian barber, to whom I offered my chin to be shaved.

He was at that moment engaged in giving the last touches to the head of a Bosnian Moslem, so he begged me to sit down on the bench, and take a pipe and cup of coffee, while he finished with his present customer.

As I had not long to wait, I excused myself the coffee-drinking, but lit a cigarette, and seated myself until the brawny Bosniac had resumed his turban, paid his fee on the little circular mirror, and departed.

I then put myself in his place, and the barber fixed under my chin his brass vessel, holding it with his left hand, while with his right he rubbed my face with a piece of wet soap, previous to applying his razor.

I opened the conversation with the little man by asking him if he had seen the Christian prisoners enter the town?

"Prisoners," he answered, "perhaps I did. I

saw some country people enter the town; perhaps they were prisoners."

"It was easy to see they were prisoners," I answered; "they did not look like free travellers."

"Pardon, Effendim," answered the barber, "you are a Frank, are you not? Are you English or French?"

"I am neither," I replied; "I am an Italian. You are a Greek, are you not?" (9.)

"No, Effendim, I am a Catholic. I was born in Smyrna. The poor creatures I saw were prisoners. God knows what has happened! I am told these are rebels; but Christians don't rebel in this country until ruin overtakes them, and then they are off to the hills and forests, and become 'haiduks.' (10.) The police never take so many 'haiduks' as there were prisoners yesterday, with their wives and children, too. They must have been caught in a village, and God knows what their crime has been; but they are Christians, and that is enough."

I then told the barber the story of Bashkeui, on which he became so excited that I half regretted I had not waited until he had finished shaving me, as he brandished the razor about in so fearful a manner.

"Anathema, anathema to these vile Turks," he

exclaimed; "when will the hour come when we Christians may rise as one man, and drive these barbarians from the country! These poor Bulgarians will be sacrificed; they will be kept to rot in prison; they will be treated as those poor creatures of Scopia were a few years ago."

"Who were they?" I asked, "and how were they treated?"

"Has the signore never heard of the prisoners of Scopia!" exclaimed the barber; "then, if he will take a cup of coffee, now that the shaving is over, I will tell him the story, though it makes my blood boil and simmer while I tell it. You know, signore, that in Roumelia, Albania, and Bosnia, there exist numbers of *soi-disant* Mussulmans, who are, in reality, disguised Christians. Close upon the borders of Christian Servia lies a district called Scopia, inhabited by a tribe of supposed Albanian Mussulmans. From this tribe, about fifteen years ago, some young men were drawn for the army, and served in Constantinople. While there, the *tanzimat** came out, and with it the decree for full religious toleration, issued at the instance of the British ambassador. This decree was naturally much talked about amongst

* Tanzimat, the Turkish reform bill, which came into operation in the early part of the reign of Abdul Mejid.

all classes, and when it came to the ears of two young men, recruits from Scopia, they at once claimed their discharge from the army on the ground of their being Christians, since no Christian can serve in the army, and hitherto these young men, with doubtless many others, had passed for Mussulmans. Their declaration excited both astonishment and alarm in the minds of the authorities. The men were examined, and it was discovered that the whole tribe from which they were taken were really Christians, though professing Mahomedanism. The two recruits were at once discharged, but measures followed of part of which I was an eye-witness.

"On the feast of All Saints, the district of Scopia was surrounded by soldiers, the people driven into the village, bound by cords, beaten, kicked, and buffeted, their houses plundered, their cattle hurried off, and one hundred and sixty prisoners driven down to the coast with every cruelty that brutal fanaticism could suggest."

"And what reason did the authorities give for this conduct?" I asked.

"Oh, signore! the Turks don't trouble themselves with reasons, and I never heard they gave any on this occasion; or, if obliged to answer any remonstrances of European Powers, it would be easy for them to say

that the people were rebellious, that they had neglected to pay their taxes, and that the local authorities had exceeded their instructions."

"Well, and what was the end of this dismal story?" I asked.

"The end of it was that the British ambassador heard of the affair, and sent down one of his subordinates to inquire into it. He found a very small remnant of this Christian population, which had been removed into Asia, numbers having died in prison and on the road, and these survivors were in the last stage of human suffering; but some of these were saved by European charity. Had it not been for this timely interference, not one would have been left." (11.)

"You astonish me!" I exclaimed. "I am newly arrived from Europe, where the papers are full of the toleration of the Sultan, and the liberality of his decrees. I came here expecting to find that the Christians enjoyed the same privileges as the Moslems."

The Greek laughed, and said that the press for some years past had been diligently worked by the Turkish Ministers as a means of influencing European public opinion. "But," he added, "we have daily proofs of the malignant feeling still harboured against

the rayahs: Some time since, a Christian farmer in this neighbourhood had frequently suffered from the depredations of midnight plunderers in his sheep-fold. To apply to the police would be a remedy worse than the evil, so he bought a gun, and laid in wait; nor had he to wait long, the robbers revisited him, he fired in the dark, and shot one. The morning light showed a Mussulman corpse. The farmer went and delivered himself up to the authorities. The pasha said, "Aferin—well done, the earth is well rid of a 'chapkun,'* and then wrote to Constantinople to ask for instructions in the case. The answer was, that the Christian having killed a Mussulman, death must be the penalty. The Christian was forthwith beheaded; I saw his execution." (12.)

I was horrified on hearing all this, which dispelled many of the illusions with which I had entered on my career in Turkey. I next asked the barber if consular protection were as efficient as had been represented.

"That," said he, "depends both on the consul and the power he represents. The English and French subjects are well protected; the Americans, few as they are, better still, since they have no European

* Chapkun, villain.

policy which might induce their Government to overlook the minor claims of individuals. The Russians, too, are well looked after; the Austrians, not always so; while the numerous minor European Powers are often unable to secure justice for their subjects."

"Are you then under the Turkish flag?" I asked.

"God forbid!" answered the barber. "I have Greek protection, though a Catholic. I tried to get a British passport, as my mother was born in Corfu; but I failed. I offered the consul five thousand piastres, but he turned me out of his office; I suppose I did not offer enough."

"I think the Turks don't like having so many foreigners, and even natives, living in the country under the protection of foreign ambassadors," I remarked.

"No, indeed," said the barber; "nothing can be more galling to their pride, and they have often made attempts to have the capitulations* reconsidered; but when every Turkish judge is venal, and every authority cruel and unjust, how can foreign Powers entrust the lives and property of their subjects to them? My friend Xenos, of Smyrna, affords an example of what would become of foreigners if the

* Capitulations,—the common name for that part of the treaty with the Porte which puts Europeans in Turkey under the laws of their respective States, as administered by the consuls.

protection of their Governments were withdrawn from them. Just before the Russian war he was living in Smyrna, under Russian protection. When the war commenced, he was ordered either to quit the country or renounce his foreign allegiance. He chose the latter alternative, as it would have been ruin to him to leave Smyrna. No sooner had he become an Ottoman subject than, at the instigation of the authorities, claims which had been settled in former years were brought against him by Turks and others, and he was condemned to pay them, even though, in some cases, the claims had been previously examined and rejected. In short, the Ottoman authorities never ceased persecuting him, until they had compassed his ruin. (13.)

"Hush!" continued the barber; "here comes the zaptié bashi. See, he is coming this way. Thank God, I am not a rayah! I have only Greek protection; but it is better than nothing."

The zaptié bashi entered the shop, and, without noticing the barber, addressed himself to me, briefly saying, "Hekim Bashi, you are wanted."

My heart leaped to my throat, and my legs trembled under me so much that I could scarce obey the mandate.

"What am I wanted for?" I fearfully asked.

"Haidi—come along," was the answer; and the officer took me by the hand, and thus led me through the town.

Salonica is not a large place, and so my torturing suspense was not of long continuance. Near the pasha's palace stood a low building, which I had noticed before, but had never entered. This was a prison, and toward it we bent our steps. A sallow-faced Kurd stood at the entrance, with his belt heavily weighted with pistols and yataghan. On our arrival he opened the door of the building, and I was pushed in.

The sudden change from the brilliant light of day to comparative darkness made it difficult for me at first to distinguish objects; but the first sensation experienced was that of a horrible, overpowering stench, a compound of villanous odours, the result of crowding together a mass of unclean human beings. The clank of chains, too, fell on my ears, accompanied by moans, and the hum of human voices. I soon could see distinctly the details of the room I was in, and the forms which peopled it, for a broad streak of light fell direct from the court-yard through a good-sized aperture in the wall.

A row of planks, raised about two feet from the ground, formed the sleeping-place for the prisoners,

and some of these had a heap of dirty rags on which to lie; the greater number had to content themselves with the bare boards. There were about forty prisoners in a room scarcely thirty feet square. The ceiling being high, saved us from rapid suffocation; moreover, the ill-fitting door afforded us some air, as did the hole which admitted light; nevertheless the want of ventilation and cleanliness was horrible.

I stood as one stupefied for some time, not knowing what to do in this terrible situation. I could scarcely believe I was a prisoner; I had been accused of nothing; being a foreigner, any detention was illegal. Alas! I knew too well that Naples had no consul at Salonica; moreover, my country was but a feeble one. If the Turks had a few years before imprisoned and bastinadoed an Englishman in the very presence, as it were, of his ambassador, and had only indemnified their victim, on the threat of war by a powerful State, what would become of me, whose nation had scarcely been heard of by these ignorant and besotted Mussulmans! Thus I mused, and my heart sank within me as I sat down on the edge of the common sleeping-place of the prison. I had never before been deprived of my liberty, though I had sometimes visited prisons profession-

ally; and on such occasions I had been shocked by ribald oaths, and even coarse mirth. Here no sound but wailing was heard, mostly in the feeble tones of young infants. My eyes wandered over the mass of human beings—men, women, and children, huddled together in this foul abode, and I soon discovered they were the sufferers of Bashkeui, the innocent causes of my present imprisonment.

I had scarce been half an hour in this horrible den, when the rattle of keys was heard, causing every one to turn his eyes to the door, which presently opened, throwing a dazzling light into the place for a moment, when two men entered, and quickly locked themselves in. I was roughly summoned to stand up, and these ruffians proceeded to fetter me with heavy chains. This was too much to be borne: I struggled, shrieked, and fought, and then by turns implored and cursed these functionaries. I had better have remained quiet, for I was soon knocked down, and severely bruised; and when tightly chained, was robbed of every little valuable on my person, and then left to ponder on this outrage, chained to a wretched Bulgarian, filthy and diseased. Fortunately for me, the poor creature was lethargic, which disposition suited me well, as I could do nothing, in my utter despair, but crouch

by his side, and try to render myself as mentally torpid as possible.

Never shall I forget the horrors of that first night in prison. I tried to sleep—I prayed to God for slumber—but in vain. My fetters galled me, and caused my feet to swell; the bruises on my body were agony to me as I turned on the hard boards, and the constrained posture made necessary by my comrade's position, was a wearying torture. Add to this, the minor torment of irritating vermin, which swarmed over me, and infested all my clothing, making me loathsome to myself,—and I have given cause enough for sleeplessness, independently of an unquiet mind.

The next day was passed in absolute torpor—I could scarcely be roused to take the prison fare, an abominable soup, smelling of rancid oil. Little of this food did I swallow.

Another night followed, more terrible than the last, for I now suffered from a racking headache, and my partner had a diarrhœa. Towards morning I enjoyed about an hour's slumber.

I awoke feverish and wretched. The gaolers were removing some dead bodies, three of which were those of tender infants. The shrieks and wails of the poor mothers went through my heart, absorbed

though I was in my own miseries. I was filthily dirty, my body swarmed with vermin, the stench of the prison was horrible, my strength was rapidly giving way, and I longed for that death which was thinning the prisoners.

But why should I continue the dreary story of my sufferings? Thank God, they did not continue long. On the tenth day, to my delight and astonishment, the gaoler and blacksmith appeared, knocked off my fetters, and released me. How can I express the voluptuous pleasure of a bath and clean clothing, or the luxury of a decent meal? I was allowed two days to refresh myself, and then was summoned to the terrible presence of Salih Pasha.

I repaired to the salaamlik with less dread than I had anticipated, since I felt that I had surely expiated my crime (if such it were) by my terrible imprisonment. Nevertheless I was uneasily curious to know what the pasha could want with me. Perhaps it was to discharge me from the service, though that might have been done with less formality.

I was very weak and nervous as I ascended the broad stairs leading to the salaamlik, on which were lounging picturesque groups of Albanian irregulars, bearing arms of costly and elaborate workmanship.

My knees smote together as I once more found myself standing before the *purdeh*, or curtain, which separated me from the dread presence, while a servant had passed in to announce me. I overheard the word *bouyorsoon* ("let him enter"); the purdeh was held aside, and the servant beckoned me.

Once more I was standing in an attitude of deep humility before the cruel tyrant, awaiting with dread his first utterance. As if gloating like a cat over my sufferings, the pasha calmly took two or three whiffs of the pipe, and then in a soft voice bid me come near him. I approached, knelt, and kissed the hem of his garment. He spoke kindly to me, and bid me feel his pulse.

"Korkma—fear not, Hekim Bashi," he said; "the past is past; my anger is over. Inshallah, you will meddle no more with what concerns you not?"

"God forbid that I should," I answered; "your Excellency's commands are my sole business."

"Hai hai," said the pasha, clapping me on the back, "you are a good hekim; I have my eye on you. Inshallah, you will do your duty well, and our Padishah will make you rich."

"Effendim, under your shadow I am content to be poor," I answered.

"Kefim yok—I have no health," said the pasha, in a plaintive voice; "look at my tongue."

I examined the organ, and longed to hit the brute smartly under the chin. I saw nothing the matter, and so said,—

"I see what it is, Pasha Effendim, it is weakness of the loins."

"That is it, no doubt," he answered, "so give me some strong medicine. Stay, don't give me any of the stuff you have here; boc dur—it is filth; you shall go to Stamboul, and find me something first-rate. Go to the ezadji Calleja,* and tell him to send the very best drugs in his shop."

"On my head be it," I murmured, in utter astonishment, not feeling sure that the pasha was not playing on me some unpleasant joke.

"Bana bak—look here," said the pasha; "you have seen those Bulgarian ghiaours, have you not?"

"Your slave has seen them," I answered.

"Some Elchie† at Stamboul has been complaining that they were badly treated in prison, and even that some were dead. The Elchie has heard lies, has he not?"

"All lies, Effendim," I murmured.

* Ezadji Calleja, the druggist Calleja, a well-known pharmacien of Pera.

† Elchie, ambassador.

"They are well fed and well cared for, are they not?"

"It is even so, Pasha Effendim."

"You see these people are robbers, every one of them. We must shut up robbers, or what would become of honest men? Now, as you are going to Stamboul to get me some medicine, I shall entrust you with these despatches for the Grand Vizier; and you may tell him how well these Bulgarians are looked after; and, as you are so good a hekim, I have recommended you for better employment. Inshallah! the Sadrazam will make you his own doctor—why not? and then you will live in the shadow of the Padishah, and get rich—Inshallah! Inshallah!" and so saying, the pasha rose from his seat, and giving me a packet of despatches, gently pushed me away, saying, "Oughr Ullah—God speed you! Ahmet Agha, come, take the Hekim Bashi to Stamboul. Haidi!"

I was thus put into the hands of a tatar, or courier, and bid to prepare myself instantly for my journey, as the steamer was to start that night.

CHAPTER VIII.

I REVISIT CONSTANTINOPLE AND SEE THE SADRAZAM, OR GRAND VIZIER, AND TELL HIM MY STORY.

WHEN I embarked on board the Turkish steamer for Constantinople, I was sorely puzzled to know in what capacity I was sent. I was not childish enough to suppose, for a moment, that I was taking a journey to the capital solely in search of some strengthening drug for the pasha. Nor yet did I dread any further outrage. Constantinople is not a safe place for the persecution of an European; since it is the residence of those ambassadors and foreign ministers who enjoy as much, and in some instances more, influence than any of the native officials, and who have, moreover, entire authority over the subjects of their respective States.

I was more than half inclined to appeal to my own Minister, Baron Castello; but I never was one of those who prefer revenge to profit, and I pondered well the advantages and disadvantages of such a

course. On the one hand, I might gain a handsome compensation; and, if I could have been indemnified as some injured Europeans have been, I should, assuredly, have not delayed one moment in throwing myself on the protection of Baron Castello, and making the most of my wrongs; but I knew full well that no Power but a great and aggressive one, such as Russia, France, or England, would ever be listened to by the Porte, and after months of delay, during which time I should find it difficult to make a living, my claims would probably be rejected, and my country unable to enforce them. And then, where should I be? — ruined and starving in a foreign city. On the other hand, by condoning the injury, I should be ready to take advantage of any new opening to fortune. Such were my reflections, as we steamed up the Dardanelles against a cold north wind, the *Poraz* (Boreas), so dreaded by Black Sea navigators in the winter, so welcomed by the dwellers on the Bosphorus during the hot days of summer.

As we reached the Golden Horn, we were met by a snow-storm, for winter had now set in, and I landed amidst the foulest street-puddle I had ever experienced. My first instinct was to go straightway to Pera and Haskeui, to hunt up my old friends, but

Ahmet Agha reminded me that I was entrusted with despatches, which did not admit of a moment's delay, and so recommended me to accompany him at once to the konag* of the Sadrazam, or Grand Vizier. The tatar spoke not without a tone of authority, and I felt it would scarcely be safe to differ with him on this point. Accordingly, landing at the southern end of the Galata bridge, we each mounted a hired horse, and proceeded to the large wooden mansion of the Grand Vizier, in the Quarter of St. Sophia. There was no hesitation in the manner of Ahmet Agha, as we dismounted amidst a crowd of menials, cavasses, and officers civil and military. He took charge of me, and led the way through the ante-rooms, until we arrived at the precincts of the audience-chamber, where, even now, his Highness was engaged in discussing grave affairs with the Minister of War. Ahmet Agha, with the privileged boldness of his class, was about to invade the presence without further ceremony, but was quietly stopped by a grey-bearded old domestic, who seemed to have supreme authority over the ceremonies of this all but regal court.

Ahmet, unaccustomed to brook delay, exclaimed, "My soul! I come with despatches from Salonica."

*Konag, a mansion.

"Yavash, yavash—gently, my lamb, there are graver things that pass in Stamboul than in Salonica. You must wait, comrade."

"Peki! then wait I must:" and, nothing loth, he seated himself on the ample divan, and I followed his example.

The greybeard then called for pipes and coffee, and began a little gossip on his own account.

"You have some troubles in Salonica, I hear," said the old man; "some movement amongst the ghiaours—is it not so?"

"Bir shei yok, Effendim—it is a mere nothing," answered Ahmet.

"So I supposed; but the Elchies are making a fuss about it. The English Elchie has been here twice this week, and the Terjuman* more than once. What may it be, ghalibé?"† asked the greybeard.

"Some ghiaour pezivenks have revolted, I suppose, and been put into prison. What else should it be?" said Ahmet.

"The Austrian Elchie, too, has been here more than once; are any of the ghiaours Austrians, Ahmet Agha?" asked the greybeard.

* Terjuman, dragoman or interpreter. He is a very important and highly-paid officer of the foreign embassies.

† Ghalibé; difficult to translate, but constantly used at the end of an interrogation.

"Who knows? They may all be Austrians, or English, or French: what does it matter? A ghiaour is a ghiaour—hep bir jinz—they are all of one race. I defile their graves. What matters it if you can't understand the movements of these Frank Elchies; 'whether the thighs be white or black will be shown at the crossing of the ford.'"

"Sahi—true, Ahmet; but there is no harm in asking questions."

"What stuff are you talking?" observed a clerk, joining in the conversation. "There is no question of British subjects in the matter; but Salih Pasha is the friend of the English Elchie, who got him his place; and so, when the pasha maltreats an Austrian subject, and is in danger from the Austrian ambassador, the English Elchie is bound to protect him." (14.)

"English Elchie, Austrian Elchie, French Elchie—hep bir boc—they are all filth," said Ahmet. "They are ghiaours, and the sons of burnt parents. I defile their graves. Vai vai, what is Islam come to, that we should care for such dogs as these, and allow them to bark in the shadow of the Caliph?"

"There is no remedy, Ahmet Agha," said the greybeard. "It is our kismet, and we must make the best of it, and thank Allah that he has given

us the wit to set these dogs to fight each other. This can always be done by an Osmanli."

While this conversation was going on, I was reflecting on the best course to pursue when summoned by the Grand Vizier. I regarded myself as fortunate in having been brought to the presence of so high a dignitary, and I determined, if possible, to profit by it. It was not for me to take the part of persecuted Christians. Were I able to be of effective service to the poor wretches, it would be another matter; but what could I do but injure myself? Besides, probably the poor victims of Bashkeui were all dead by this time. Most of them had perished before I left Salonica; and though hardy mountaineers can endure much, yet Turkish prison treatment will soon overcome the strongest. No, I determined to look solely to my own interest; and if that could be forwarded by any efforts of mine, they should not be wanting.

The conversation between Ahmet Agha and the greybeard was cut short by the latter being summoned from the room. We had been waiting a long time; and I was wondering how long our suspense would continue, when Ahmet strayed out of the room to seek a light for his pipe, and I was left quite alone. Presently, I heard loud laughter in the

audience-chamber, which sounded strange to me, as my mind had been dwelling on the weighty affairs of State, which, I doubted not, the two dignitaries were discussing. The laughter ceased and again broke out. I was curious, and there was but a heavy purdeh, or curtain, separating me from the presence; so I gently approached this obstacle, and pushed it a little aside, so as to see well into the next room. I was scarcely prepared for the singular scene that presented itself. The Grand Vizier and the Minister of War were squatted on the divan, while before them were a mute and a buffoon, amusing them by an exhibition which it is impossible to describe, but which the two Ministers of State enjoyed with evident relish. I quickly withdrew from the curtain, just as Ahmet re-entered the room. My movement, however, had caught his eye, and so he immediately took my place at the curtain, and enjoyed the disgusting spectacle with true Turkish gusto. (15.)

When the supposed ministerial consultation had ended, I was summoned, with Ahmet, into the presence of the Grand Vizier. I was both surprised and pleased with my reception, Tanzimat Pasha being of the new school, and a highly civilized man, whose reforms (carefully and constantly prepared for the

European papers) had made him famous throughout the world. He spoke French with perfect fluency, and showed not an atom of fanaticism in his bearing towards Christians. As I entered, I put myself in the usual posture of humility required of all Christians when approaching Turks in authority; but, to my surprise, his Highness rose to receive me, and shook hands. I was utterly astonished and overcome by this amount of condescension.

"You have got despatches for me, have you not?" said his Highness, in French.

I immediately produced the documents, while the Minister of War arose to depart, and Ahmet was told to wait outside. The Grand Vizier read through the despatches most attentively, and then, putting them aside, said,—

"You are an Italian, are you not, monsieur?"

"I am Neapolitan, Highness," I answered.

"Bien. The Neapolitans are brave people—ils sont des braves gens. How long have you been at Salonica, and how have you been employed?"

I answered by giving him a short history of my career, and thought it well to mention my imprisonment; but no sooner had I done so than I half repented it; for his Highness started, and again ran his eye over the despatch.

"And were you really imprisoned for speaking in favour of these poor people?" said his Highness.

"Indeed," I answered, "there could have been no other cause; for I never had any charge brought against me."

"What an imbecile Salih Pasha must be! Really, monsieur, I must apologize for such inhospitable treatment; but you see we have to do with some officials who are not half civilized; and this pasha is one of them. Hélas! monsieur, in spite of all our efforts, we have very hard work to overcome this accursed fanaticism and brutality, of which I am truly grieved you should have been a victim; but it is still in our power to recompense you for your sufferings. You would probably prefer some post in the capital: and I should myself much like to have the services of an educated man like yourself within reach; for my own health is but weak. But of that by and by. Well now, you have seen these prisoners of Bashkeui—have the goodness to tell me all you observed regarding them."

Encouraged and delighted beyond measure, I opened my heart to his Highness. I forgot I was talking to a Turk, for indeed, he was wholly unlike one, and I spoke to him unreservedly. When I told all I had heard from the Jewish corn-merchant,

his Highness interrupted me for a moment to ask the Jew's name, and when I said I did not know it, I was requested to give the name of the street in which he lived. When I had finished the dismal story, the Vizier said :—

"Well, it is sad indeed that these men should be so rough with prisoners, but the Jew was misinformed as to the cause of their detention : the fact is, that these Bulgarians were notorious brigands, who had infested the neighbourhood for years. The women, I suppose, had insisted on following their husbands—women always are troublesome. Had not these brigands been Christians, we should have heard nothing about the affair ; but the foreign ambassadors here are but too ready to ascribe everything to Turkish fanaticism. We poor Turks are always in the wrong. Well, I won't say that we don't deserve many of our reproaches : our provincial authorities are often tyrannical (your case, monsieur, is one against us) ; but we are sometimes, nay often, wrongly accused, as in this instance. Now to-morrow I am to receive a visit from the Austrian ambassador on this affair, and I wish you to attend, and give your evidence as to what you have seen. You need not, of course, be as confidential with the ambassador as you have been with me ; indeed, it would scarcely be worth your

while. You know these poor people have not, on the whole, been badly treated; indeed, I think I heard you say there were no women or children in the prison, as prisoners; they were allowed to see their husbands every day, of course; and were well fed and cared for. The men, as brigands, were strictly confined, that is true, and so they ought to have been. You will then tell the ambassador, in my presence, the real state of the case, and so refute these horrid stories of fanatical brutality; and, mark me, you will not regret the little service you will thus render me."

"I am at your Highness's service," I answered; "when shall I wait on your Highness?"

"To-morrow at twelve; and put aside your fez and wear a hat when you come," added the Grand Vizier, as he rose, and politely bade me adieu.

As I left the presence I felt highly edified by the pregnant hints that had been given me. It was clear that I must be most careful of my tongue on the morrow, that the Austrian ambassador should hear nothing that would tell against the Turks. I felt half inclined to call on him secretly, and tell him all I knew; but such a step would have been perilous in the extreme; and though it would have led to the discomfiture of Tanzimat Pasha, it would assuredly have done me no good, even had I escaped the

Turkish vengeance by a timely retreat. I closed my ears to the suggestions of vengeance, and looked with a single eye to self-interest.

It was not long after my interview with the Grand Vizier that I found myself at Haskeui. With a palpitating heart I ascended the little hill on which stood the house of the tahlimji. I knocked at the door, entered, and found the family exactly as I had left them. In foreign countries compatriots cling to each other with far more affection than at home; thus it was that I was welcomed back to Constantinople as an absent son. I received a loving embrace from both father and mother, and I was permitted to imprint a passionate kiss on the small white hand of my beloved Leonora, whose glorious eyes beamed forth a loving greeting. Once more seated at the frugal, but ever hospitable, table, I was overwhelmed with questions from the tahlimji and his wife, while my answers were eagerly listened to by Leonora. Although resolved to preserve a most diplomatic caution, I could not forbear throwing out hints of future good luck and greatness, which were eagerly caught up by the worthy family. At last, led away by vanity, I told them I had just come from the presence of the Grand Vizier, and that I was to attend again to-morrow.

"Corpo di Bacco!" exclaimed the old man. "I knew it would be so, I knew right well that our Giuseppe would succeed sooner or later. 'Coraggio,' I always said; did I not, Giuseppe mio?"

"Indeed, you did," I answered, "and your words are fulfilled. I am to be made doctor to his Highness; he told me so not an hour ago."

"Santa Vergine, what a fine position! and you will next be doctor of the Sultan, and will have boundless wealth;" and the old man's eyes wandered towards his daughter, and so did mine, and the gentle girl blushed with the rosiest blush of pudency, while the proud mother's face beamed with delight.

I had no desire that day to hunt up any other of my friends. I stayed with this family until a late hour; but long before my visit was over I had been closeted with the father and mother, and had formally demanded the hand of the sweet maiden, and as formally been accepted by them as their future son-in-law, provided Leonora approved. Need I say that I won her tacit consent ere we parted, and imprinted on those ripe lips a long and passionate kiss, which alarmed the maiden, and made her for a moment shrink from the side of her adorer? but anon she hid those loving eyes on my yearning breast, and we silently drank the sweet draught of

pure virginal love, for language was all too weak to give full utterance to our vows of mutual trust and faith.

As I indite these recollections of my past life, I would fain linger awhile on these oases of the desert, and drink again of the sweet fountain of youthful love. I was not wholly abandoned, my heart at least was fresh and impressionable. I loved passionately, and the object of my adoration was pure and lovely as was ever a poet's conception of the Holy Virgin herself. Though selfish in most things, I yet could feel for the wrongs of the oppressed, and often longed to relieve the misery around me. But as time passed on, the few principles of religion instilled into my youthful mind became weakened, an evil philosophy prevailed, which confounded right with wrong, and which justified all the lusts of the flesh by specious soul-destroying arguments; and so I fell from bad to worse, and became the adopted child of the Evil One.

On the morning following this day of intoxicating excitement I was early at Haskeui, to greet my betrothed one, and talk with joyful anticipation of the grand appointment that awaited me. The tahlimji hazarded sundry conjectures as to the pay and duties involved, and had even found me a three-paired

caique, which he recommended me to bargain for, if not to purchase, at once. The two ladies were deep in secret confabulation, the nature of which was scarcely doubtful. Time fled quickly, and I presently rose to depart, as I was anxious to be in good time at the Grand Vizier's konag. The tahlimji accompanied me, when, just as we reached the Galata bridge, I recollected his Highness's injunction to come in plain clothes, and with a hat. I mentioned this to my companion, who was both surprised and troubled at the strange idea. Luckily, we had started in very good time; so that leaving the tahlimji in the boat, I hurried into Galata, and quickly effected the required change in my costume. As we crossed the Golden Horn the tahlimji kept referring to the Grand Vizier's direction as to costume, and at last said he feared all was not right. He feared I was required for some dirty work, and he knew I was too galantuomo for any Turkish intrigue; and yet, if I were unwilling to do as I was bid, I might suffer. At the landing-place I bade adieu to my companion, promising to return to Haskeui as soon as possible, and let him know the result of my interview. As he bade me adieu I saw a cloud of anxiety on his countenance, which no longer expressed the exultation of the morning.

I had intended to be punctual to the minute, and yet I found the Austrian ambassador had already arrived at the konag. There were his horses with European saddles, his grooms, and his cavasses. I was eagerly seized on by my old friend the grey-beard, who told me I had been asked for, and who at once led me to the presence of the Grand Vizier. He rose to receive me: and as I cast my eyes round the room I observed, besides the Grand Vizier, three Europeans, the eldest of whom, a distinguished-looking grey-headed man, was evidently the ambassador; the next was the dragoman, and the younger one I presumed to be an attaché. When we were seated, the Grand Vizier at once introduced me to the ambassador.

"Excellence," he said, "behold an European doctor, who has just arrived from Salonica, and who knows as much about this affair as any one, since he has actually seen the prisoners. I accidentally heard of his arrival yesterday, and so I have sent for him. I beg of you to ask him any questions."

The Grand Vizier then, addressing me, said,—

"I am told, sir, that you have seen certain Christian prisoners of Bashkeui, now confined at Salonica; is that the case?"

"Such is the case, Excellency," I answered.

"And pray, in what state were they?" asked the ambassador.

"They were much as the other prisoners," I answered; "some looked a little pale from the confinement, and one I recommended to the hospital, in consequence of a varicose vein in the leg."

"And how were the women and children?" asked the ambassador.

"I saw no women and children," I answered.

"This is all a farce," observed the ambassador, waxing hot. "This gentleman cannot have been at the same prison. I know positively there were women and children confined with these poor Christians; and, moreover, there was an Austrian priest, a certain Padre Antonio, brutally treated by the jailors."

"The prisoners were visited by their wives and children," I remarked; "indeed, I remember now that I saw some in the prison; but they certainly went in and out while I was there."

The ambassador looked vexed and puzzled, and then, turning to me, said,—

"And pray, sir, may I ask what were you doing in the prison?"

"I was sent there, Excellency, by the British consul, to visit some Ionian malefactors."

"And it was then you saw the Bulgarians?"

"Yes, Excellency."

"Are you aware of the cause of their imprisonment?"

"Certainly; they are brigands."

"Did you see Padre Antonio amongst them?"

"I never heard of him, Excellency."

On this the ambassador arose, bowed to his highness, and, in a voice that trembled with emotion, said,—

"I have the honour to bid your Highness adieu; but, before I go, I may as well observe that when any Turkish pasha maltreats Christian subjects of the Porte, he only follows his instincts and the traditional policy of his Government, and, I must permit myself to add, he thereby outrages civilization; but when a subject of his Imperial Majesty, my master, is thus treated, he will know how to resent the insult. The Padre Antonio will be here to-morrow, and I shall then claim the privilege accorded to an ambassador, of demanding a personal interview with the Sultan."

So saying, his Excellency bowed to the Grand Vizier, turned his back upon me, and stalked out of the room.

I remained standing until the Europeans had departed, and then turned to Tanzimat Pasha for his orders. He silently beckoned me to be seated;

and for some time observed a profound silence, which I was careful not to disturb. He then clapped his hands, and two mutes appeared, who charged his pipe.

"Ahmet Agha char,—call Ahmet Agha."

In a moment my old travelling companion the tatar appeared.

"It is probable," said the Grand Vizier, addressing me, "that I may want you again to-day, or even late in the evening, so you had better be within call. I purpose sailing up to Buyukdéré in a steamer, and you will accompany me; so I have directed a cabin to be got ready for you on board the *Feizi Bahri*, which is anchored in the Golden Horn. You can go now with Ahmet; and I beg you will keep this as a token of my good will."

So saying, his Highness handed me a diamond ring of value; and I took my leave, thanking him profoundly.

CHAPTER IX.

I TAKE A VOYAGE AGAINST MY WILL AND AM LANDED AT TREBIZOND.

I was a good deal annoyed that the orders of the Grand Vizier gave me no opportunity of hurrying back to Haskeui. However, I controlled my impatience as well as I was able, and wrote a letter to Leonora, which Ahmet Agha promised to send. As the day wore on, and no summons came from the Grand Vizier, I began to be impatient, and, towards evening, I proposed to Ahmet that I should go to my lodgings, as it was not likely that I should be wanted after dark.

"Ustafr Ullah—God forbid," exclaimed Ahmet; "you would be sent for the moment your back was turned, and your absence would anger the Sadrazam. Make up your mind to sleep on board the vessel; there is a comfortable cabin; there is plenty of good food: what more do you want?"

"But I have no night clothes," I answered.

"That is true; I will send for a few things for you."

So saying he called a petty officer, and described to him my lodgings, and despatched him. The officer was away about an hour, and then appeared with the whole of my baggage. I was vexed at this stupid mistake, but when the boat came alongside Ahmet Agha jumped into it, and then called me to come after him.

"Ichté, the Sadrazam has sent for you at last," he said.

"Indeed, I never saw the messenger."

"He signalled for you: look, he is on board that vessel with the steam up—make haste. Haidé check—pull, pull, my children," he added, addressing the sailors.

We speedily rowed alongside the vessel indicated. I mounted, and gazed around me, looking in vain for his Highness.

"Oughr Ullah—God speed you," cried Ahmet Agha, waving his hand as he rowed off.

"Where is the Sadrazam, Effendim?" I asked of the fat captain.

"Geuliur, geuliur—he is coming, he is coming," answered the captain.

I saw there was no trace of any great personage

on board the vessel on which I now found myself. All my baggage had been thrown in, the anchor was just raised, and we were steaming up the Bosphorus.

I felt sure all would soon be explained, and supposed I should be landed at some house on the Bosphorus, so I found myself a comfortable seat, and awaited events.

We gradually passed the Sultan's palace at Tcheragan, then Bebek, and Candili, then the castles of Europe and Asia, Stenia, Therapia, and, lastly, Buyukdéré. "Here surely we shall land," I said to myself. But no, we passed Buyukdéré, and the vessel's head was pointing straight towards the Black Sea.

Like a wild animal that first becomes conscious that he is inveigled in the toils of the hunter, I was seized with a panic. I started up, rushed to the captain, and peremptorily demanded to be put on shore.

"Yavash, yavash—gently, gently, my soul; go ashore? hitch olmaz—that will never do."

"Do you know what you are doing?" I exclaimed. "I am no rayah, I am a Frank, I am a Frenchman; take care what you are about, and set me at once on shore."

"Yok, yok—no, no, be quiet, you will go on shore some time," said the Turk.

I again began to storm, when the captain, starting up, said,

"Peki, you shall swim ashore then; here Osman, Abdullah, throw the ghiaour overboard."

Two sturdy sailors seized my arms and legs, and rushed to the side of the vessel. I felt I was in the hands of men who obey implicitly, and never joke; in another moment I should be overboard, so I called lustily, "Aman, aman!" and, at a signal from the captain, the sailors loosed me. I became quiet and tractable, the captain bore me no grudge, but, half an hour afterwards, asked me to dinner.

We squatted round a little tray, and the first dish brought was a fish. The captain put his fingers into the greasy mess, and then invited me to follow.

"There, Hekim Bashi, you are eating fish; it is better than that the fish should eat you, eh?" and he chuckled at the joke, which I duly appreciated. The anxiety and alarm had, however, somewhat spoiled my appetite, and the rude wit of the officers gave me no pleasure, so that I soon retired, and spreading my bed in a corner of an empty cabin, I cried myself to sleep like an infant, for I was exhausted with the contending emotions of the last few hours.

In the morning I awoke with the old sore feeling of oppression, so often experienced in the waking up to affliction, before the sleeper is yet quite conscious of all the reality of his position. It is a feeling akin to opening a half-healed wound. The rippling of the water nearest me, the shuffle of feet, and the throb of the engine, soon recalled to my mind all the events of the preceding day. I again buried my head in my pillow, and endeavoured to invite gentle sleep to soothe my sorrows; but in vain. Nature had been satisfied, and the sore smarting of my soul forbade the indulgence of mere voluptuous sleep. I presently arose, and stumbled up on deck; but it was dark, the few sailors I met repelled me by short and brusque answers, when I asked where we were going, and so I returned to my bed to pass the few hours preceding day-break.

Bitter were my reflections. To be torn from my beloved Leonora at a moment when I anticipated the full enjoyment of unmixed happiness, and to feel my confident hopes of a brilliant career at the capital dashed to the ground, were bad enough, but the uncertainties of the future were, if possible, worse. I had already experienced a short but frightful imprisonment, which, if prolonged, would undoubtedly have cost me my life—I had felt how precarious

was the protection afforded to an European by the treaties, at least to one who was not a subject of a powerful State; and I was now conveyed a prisoner, I knew not whither; perhaps to some dismal banishment, perhaps to some dungeon equally terrible with the last. As I pondered over these things in the dark and gloomy cabin of a Turkish steamer, without one friend to seek counsel of, my heart entirely sank within me, and I groaned aloud, and bitterly repented the selfish cowardice that had prompted me to make myself the instrument of the Grand Vizier, instead of boldly throwing myself on the protection of the Neapolitan Minister, and denouncing the brutal and illegal treatment I had undergone. I might, perhaps, not have obtained solid satisfaction, as the subject of a great and powerful State would have done, but, at least, I should have added one more protest to the barbarism and cruelty of a bloodthirsty government.

I lay for two hours in gloomy meditation, and then again ascended the ladder and greeted the daylight. We were in the Black Sea, but whereabouts I knew not. Presently my eyes caught those of the captain, who was seated on a carpet on the poop, enjoying his morning pipe and coffee. He beckoned me, and I approached. "Well, Hekim Bashi," he exclaimed,

with perfect good humour, "have you slept well?"

"Yok, Effendim—no, sir, I have not slept well."

"That is a pity, but it is not every one who sleeps at sea; one must be accustomed to it. Bouyoroon, come and sit down; Banabak Zarif, bring a pipe and coffee for the Hekim Bashi."

I was thankful for the bonhomie of him who was now my master and jailer, it augured well for me, and soothed my chafed and troubled spirit, and I determined, like a wise man, to make the best of circumstances, and the most of the captain's good nature.

The pipe and coffee were brought, and we entered into a conversation on things in general. Fortunately, the sea was perfectly calm, and so the captain's duties were not troublesome. I ventured presently to say, "Allah seversen—may God love you, captain, where are we going to?"

"Where are we going to? Why, to Trabzun; did you not know that?"

"No, I knew nothing about it."

"Adjaib—astonishing! why, I thought you were the doctor of Hafiz Pasha, the governor of Trabzun. I was ordered to take him a doctor."

"Were you indeed? then I suppose I am, but I

never knew until this moment where I was going to, or why I came on board."

"Zarar yok—never mind, Hekim Bashi; kismetin dur—it is your fate: last week I did not know I should be here, I don't know where I shall be next week, who does know? God alone. God is one."

"That may be true," I answered, "but I had formed plans which required my presence at Constantinople, and I was going to be married."

"Well, and why not marry at Trabzun? there are plenty of pretty Greek girls there, or, if you have taken a great fancy to one at Stamboul, send for her; the distance is trifling."

"All you say, Effendim, is good, but as yet I don't know what I am destined for. You say I am the doctor of the Pasha of Trebizond. It may be so; still, I am not sure even of that. I hope my fate will be no worse, though but a few hours ago I should have despised such a position."

The captain took pity on me, and cheered me as well as he could by his stock phrases on the goodness of God, and the vanity of fighting against fate. "You Franks," said he, "are always trying to be more than you are, you strive to make the world over again, and give yourselves and your neighbours no peace. What folly to weep and lament because

you cannot stay at Stamboul! What do you want more than you can have at Trabzun? You may there eat of the fat of the land, and, being an unbeliever, drink wine at your desire. Why do you pine and fret, Hekim Bashi? much thinking will not create you a double belly. At Stamboul you cannot eat two dinners, and women are to be found in all lands. Be content then, my friend, submit to your kismet, do no evil, and be happy."

I cannot say that this Mussulman philosophy did me much good, though the intended kindness of the speaker was a real solace to my wounded feelings. On the fourth day we arrived at Trebizond, where I was to learn my fate, and see whether the worthy captain's anticipations were correct. He allowed me to keep my cabin until I heard how I was to be disposed of, so I landed, soon after the arrival of the vessel was reported, and made my way straight to the palace of the governor. I was at once admitted to the presence of Hafiz Pasha, and found my friend the captain seated with him, enjoying the coffee and pipe. I was received with kindness and condescension, and told that I was appointed doctor of the quarantine station, at a salary of twelve hundred piastres a month, in fact my pay was to be just what it had been at Salonica. I was provided

for, certainly, but that was all; I was no nearer wealth than before, and all my ambitious projects were dashed to the ground. The question that arose in my mind was, would Leonora come out and marry me? I felt certain of her willingness, provided she had her parents' consent. But this was doubtful: and the doubt made me miserable. I soon installed myself in Trebizond, and at once put my name on the lists for *tain*, or rations, and pay. The former I began to draw at once, the latter was more difficult to get at; it would come irregularly, and was liable to sundry little deductions and losses in passing through the Armenian paymaster's hands. I received the money in paper, and the difference in value between the metallic coinage and the caimés was made the most of before the money reached me, and the pasha and paymaster of course gained considerably by these transactions. However, I was, on the whole, thankful that I was no worse off, and thought it better quietly to make the best of my position.

My very first impulse was of course to write to Leonora, and to her parents, asking their consent to our union, and entreating the tahlimji to bring his daughter, or allow her to be brought to Trebizond. Love made me sanguine and eloquent.

I had first to explain, as well as I could, my sudden disappearance; to account for my present position, and reconcile the comparatively miserable appointment of doctor of quarantine at Trebizond with my former aspirations.

My task was not an easy one. I was afraid the tahlimji would think I had deceived him, and to avoid that, I invented an elaborate story to account for my change of fortune. On reflection, however, I thought the wisest plan would be to tell as much of the simple truth as prudence would allow. I was sure that the story of being deceived by a Turkish pasha would at once be believed, and account for any strange conduct on my part, so I wrote as follows :—

"Caro Amico,—When last we were together in the Golden Horn, and you were told that I had been directed to change my costume, I observed on your part an unaccountable anxiety, while I was gay and full of hope. Your sage experience, my dearest friend, foresaw danger, while my youth heeded not the signs of it; I would tell you all, I would show you the inmost recesses of my heart, and take counsel of your grey head, were it possible; but in so doing I should be betraying State secrets, and consequently be straying from the path of duty.

Thus far I may mention, that I was peremptorily sent off to this place after my interview with the Grand Vizier, without being allowed to communicate with a single European. The cause of this is evident; I am in possession of information which the Turkish authorities are anxious to suppress, and so I am sent out of the way. When the Grand Vizier spoke of appointing me as his personal doctor, I fear he deceived me. He has, however, given me an excellent appointment here; I receive twelve hundred piastres a month, besides *tain* for myself, two horses, and two servants, and I have the liberty of private practice. Trebizond is a beautiful place, the climate is delicious; there are several Italians, besides some rich Greek merchants, and European consuls. I can, then, offer a happy home to your adorable child.

"Dearest friend, turn not a deaf ear to my urgent request. Obtain a short leave of absence from your duties, and bring my own Leonora to me, that you may secure a protector for your treasure and mine. Life is short, you are no longer very young, you will be happy in the thought that you have a son-in-law whom you know and esteem; accede then to my proposal. I shall count the days and hours until your answer arrives. If you cannot come, the signora

can. The distance is short. There are but four days between us. Dearest friend, you cannot refuse me."

Having prepared this letter, I next poured out my whole soul to Leonora. How I entreated her to fear nothing, to regard me as her father and mother in one, to make light of difficulties and to cherish her affection for me as the one hope and end of my existence! "Come then with thy father or mother, come to thy home, come to the arms of one who adores thee, who will cherish, love, and honour thee as the very crown and jewel of his existence. Leonora, come, dearest object of my heart, come! without thee I die, without thee life is worthless, without thee the brightest spot in this world is but dismal, with thee the darkest dungeon would be as paradise. Leonora, Leonora, if thou lovest me, come. Addio."

I carefully enclosed in this packet the diamond ring the Grand Vizier had given me. To confess the real truth, I parted from it reluctantly. It was worth about a hundred ducats, and I might some day want the value of it. However, I felt certain that the parents of my Leonora would not hesitate to accede to my plan, and thus the ring would ere long return to me; meantime the very fact of my being able to

make so costly a present would, I felt sure, tell greatly in my favour, and at once weigh down any scruples against our union under my changed fortunes.

Having, then, carefully prepared my packet, I sought out my friend the captain. I told him how anxious I was to send a letter to my betrothed wife, and when I added, that it was directed to the tahlimji, he exclaimed with warmth, "Oh, Tahlimji Scarpa, I know him well! tatlu bir adam—he is a sweet man; doghroo dur—he is honest. Fear not, Hekim Bashi, I will take the letter myself. I will go and take a coffee and pipe with him, and give it into his own hands, and, Inshallah, I will bring you back his answer."

"Inshallah, inshallah," I answered.

"Who knows?" said the captain. "I may bring the cocona,* and the virgin (her daughter)—ha, ha! that would be much of a thing, eh, Hekim Bashi?"

"Inshallah, Captan Effendim; inshallah, and may your voyage be prosperous," I answered, and so bade adieu to my first Turkish friend, whose acquaintance with me had commenced in so strange and stormy a manner.

* Cocona: the Levantine word for a matron.

CHAPTER X.

A Provincial Governor—A Letter—I leave Trebizond.

My duties at Trebizond were easy and not unpleasant. The lazaretto consisted of a range of buildings on a promontory jutting out into the sea. Here all travellers from the interior were confined for ten days. On their arrival at a certain post, about a mile from the town, their papers were examined, and they were put in charge of an officer, who marched them through the town to the lazaretto. Once installed there, I would visit them, to see if they were infected with any dangerous disorder, which, as they had travelled so far, was not likely. I then left them until the ninth day, when I officially gave them their discharge.

I was happy, too, in having found a pasha who treated me well. Hafiz Pasha was what might be termed an average Turkish pasha. He was fond of money, and as unscrupulous as the rest in obtaining

it. Indeed, he could not have been honest, according to the European standard, if he would. He had given a large bribe to Tanzimat Pasha for the place, and to furnish this present he had borrowed of Lutfi, the Armenian, at twenty per cent. interest. His pay would barely keep up his provincial establishment, and he had a harem at Constantinople, the head khanum being a daughter of Tanzimat Pasha, and therefore a lady to be feared and indulged. During the last two months officers of the Sultan's palace had arrived on special missions, one to inquire and report upon some copper mines near Baiburt, the other to examine into the finances of Bagdad. Both these men were to be propitiated, and so (besides a lavish hospitality to them and their suites) the pasha felt obliged to give each a heavy present in gold. The pasha thus was forced to squeeze the taxes out of the poor peasants three or four times beyond the due amount; and in this he was aided by a number of subordinates, who of course had a share in the plunder. The amount of presents in poultry, lambs, butter, &c., that were given by the villagers to a host of subordinate officials used to astonish me, for I could never understand how the poor people managed to live under such extortions. I suppose, a very rich soil, and a thin population, and in some cases the

remoteness of the villages and the want of roads, afforded some compensation to the peasants, and some protection against these parasites and blood-suckers. The condition of the Mussulman was bad enough, for, in addition to the extortion of the authorities, he was liable to the conscription. The Christian escaped this most terrible of all evils, but on the other hand he was liable to be fleeced by his own bishops, who were the most depraved set of men, owing their appointments to Mussulman influence, and consequently Turks in all but name; moreover, as Christian evidence was not received in the Turkish tribunals, the property, and even the honour of the Christian families, were much at the mercy of Turkish ruffians. (16.)

The pasha was making a good deal of money, too, by sundry sly monopolies, in which, however, he did not openly appear. The Circassians, who managed to run the Russian blockade with cargoes of slaves, were always hospitably entertained and treated by him, and he was in consequence more than suspected of being personally interested in their commerce. He certainly always had in his palace a fine assortment of the choicest specimens of the Caucasian race, both boys and girls, and he frequently sent these off to Constantinople as the most valued

presents by which to conciliate the Powers on the Bosphorus. It was whispered that the Sultan owed to him the favourite beauty of his harem. Hafiz Pasha himself had been originally a Circassian slave.

Although apparently a petty despot, the pasha was much controlled by his council or midjlis, which was composed of the notables of the place. Any one of these could have been crushed by him, but the combination was formidable. They combined to farm most of the taxes, and thus the unfortunate peasant found oppressors in those who ought to have been his protectors. They regulated the prices of commodities, themselves being traders, and shared with the pasha in monopolies. Sometimes it happened that the latter interfered to protect his subjects from outrageous spoliation on the part of the members of the midjlis, and on such occasions the latter at once got up a "masbata," or round robin, signed by every member of the council, praying the Sultan to remove his Excellency. As the latter well knew that there were, at any moment, a number of applicants intriguing for his place, and that a masbata offered an excellent opportunity to the Government to please some candidate, Hafiz Pasha would yield, and artfully come to terms with his rebellious council,

after having corrupted one or two of the most prominent. (17.)

As time passed on, the pasha gradually took me into his confidence, and I became very useful to him in conducting little transactions—negotiations, by which I also reaped considerable profit. This intercourse gave me an excellent position in the city, so that I soon came to be looked upon as a man of influence, and was often entreated by merchants and traders to persuade the pasha to confer favours, and by the relatives of prisoners and those in disgrace I was employed to ask for pardon. I need scarcely observe that nothing is done gratis in Turkey; gold is the agent of persuasion, so that I had a considerable amount of pickings in all these negotiations, which I flatter myself I managed with skill. But I am anticipating, and giving a résumé of the history of the winter I passed at Trebizond. With the spring came a change in my destiny, but of that anon.

The reader is impatient to hear what answer I received from Constantinople. I waited with intense impatience for a fortnight, during which time sundry steamers arrived from the capital. Suleiman Captan, the commander of the *Mahmoudie*, was daily expected, and I felt sure that the tahlimji would entrust his answer to him, and not to the uncertainties of

the post. To confess the truth, I nourished the hope that my betrothed would be brought by her mother or father, and with that view I had done my utmost in furnishing a small house, and in fitting out a little nuptial chamber, and had thereby deeply indebted myself, having borrowed money at twenty per cent. of Lutfi, the Armenian. At last the *Mahmoudie* was signalled. She came to anchor in the roads; I was climbing up her sides almost before the chain had run out, and as I stepped on deck my eye scanned every corner for a glimpse of a female garment, but in vain. My old friend Suleiman Captan came forward to greet me.

"Kuzi guetirmèdim—I have brought you no virgin," he said, "but here is a letter instead; ichté, it is yours, is it not? I don't read Frenkjé."

I seized the letter, and retired into a corner of the vessel to devour its contents. It was from the tahlimji. He said—

"I seek not a great alliance for my child; I am content that you should marry her, and none else, but not just yet; she is still very young, and somewhat delicate, and your own good sense must see that there is a vast difference between her espousing a doctor living in the capital, where we also live, and one whose duties at present call him into a bar-

barous province; a man, too, whose position seems to be uncertain, and who may, at any moment, be called upon to undertake the roughest journeys into the interior of a savage country. I readily gave my consent to the match, when you told me the Grand Vizier had appointed you his doctor. I am now free to withdraw that consent, given as it was under a misunderstanding; but as I esteem you, and as my daughter loves you, I am content that you should both consider yourselves affianced, until a brighter fortune allows of a more intimate alliance.

"You will, my dear friend, appreciate the prudence of a father, interested as he is in the destiny of his only child. My Leonora is my brightest jewel; she is the apple of my eye, the child of my old age. You know how beautiful she is, but you cannot as yet know her goodness; she is a little saint, ready for Paradise. You must wait for her, my Giuseppe; you are both young; be prudent, save a little money, but, above all, be galantuomo. I had rather give my child to a poor but honest man, than see her decked in jewels bought with ill-gotten wealth. Alas! how much of that there is in this unhappy country; where can you point me out a rich honest man, Turk or Christian?

"I must not forget, my dear friend, to return you

the diamond ring. It is too costly for my poor child to keep now; she accepts it gratefully, but begs you to take care of it for her, so my friend the brave Suleiman will deliver it to you. Addio, my brave Giuseppe; coraggio, time flies, you will soon return, and fix yourself in Constantinople, and then we will all live happily together."

A few lines on the same sheet of paper were added by mother and daughter. The former said, "Coraggio, Giuseppe; be not angry, nor yet desponding; you are still young, and Leonora very young; be not impatient, and think of us with affection." And Leonora added, "Canst thou doubt my constancy? Be true to me, as I am ever to thee; my own Giuseppe, addio."

I could not gainsay the prudence of this arrangement, but I was intensely mortified and disappointed, so much so that I could not trust myself for a long time to reply, and when, a fortnight afterwards, I acknowledged the receipt of the joint letter, I did so very briefly, and I fear coldly, by a letter to the father alone, and so our correspondence ended.

Early one morning in April a steamer arrived from Constantinople, with a flag at the fore, announcing the presence on board of a personage of rank. Scarcely had the boats of the vessel touched the shore

when groups of people were whispering together in the market-place and streets, as if discussing some exciting news. I was not long kept in suspense; my servant Stavro came open-mouthed into my room, and announced that Hafiz Pasha was *azl olmish*—discharged, and that a new pasha, whose name was Fuad, reigned in his stead.

I hastily donned my best uniform, and buckled on my sword, to pay my respects to the rising sun. As I issued from my room I met all the notables, and sundry office-holders, in their brightest garments, proceeding to the shore on the same errand. I joined some of them, but before reaching the boats, a cavass from the palace overtook me, and said, "The pasha wants you." "The pasha, which pasha?" I asked; "there are two now, it seems." "Janum—my soul, Hafiz Pasha wants you immediately." I hesitated, for it was important that I should not be the last to congratulate the new man in authority, and I conjectured that the shock of the news had been rather too much for Hafiz, and that he was ill in consequence, and so I might be detained in treating him. However, I thought I had better have done with him first, so I turned and accompanied the cavass.

I found Hafiz Pasha almost alone, resting on a

divan in the midst of despatches. He was quite well, and greeted me cheerily. "Ah, Hekim Bashi, is that you? Hosh guelden—welcome, come and sit here, I have a word for you." I seated myself with due respect, and then the pasha astonished me by the information that he had been named to the government of Mosul, which he considered far better than his present post, and he offered to take me with him.

I humbly asked what employment I should have, on which he said—

"Wait till we get there. How can I tell what may be vacant? But what is an appointment, after all, compared with the money we may make otherwise? You are a sharp fellow, you are, and worth a dozen of these asses I have about me, and that is why I ask you to go with me. Fear not, Hekim Bashi, but pack up, and come along. I start to-morrow."

"Give me an hour to reflect, Pasha Effendim," I answered.

The hour was readily granted, but in half that time my decision was taken, and I was ready to start on the following morning.

It has been said that the Turks have never yet divested themselves of the habits of a nomad people, which they brought with them from Central Asia,

but although now living in houses, and professing to cultivate the earth, they are more at home on the march and in the camp than when dwelling in walled cities. True it is that they are excellent travellers, not that they pride themselves in enduring privations, but on making themselves comfortable on the journey.

We were a formidable company proceeding to Erzeroom. The pasha was wrapped in furs, his legs encased in boots, and his head so enveloped in turbans that it would have been difficult to make out what manner of thing it was mounted on a very strong roadster, whose peculiar, swift, and easy amble was called "rachwan," and rendered him priceless to the wealthy traveller. His Excellency was accompanied by his "keyha" or steward, his "defterdar" or accountant, his "muhurdar" or seal-bearer, his "haznadar" or treasurer, his "imrahor" or master of the horse, and myself and sundry domestics, the latter young and good-looking men, who watched to anticipate the slightest wish of their master, and who themselves aspired to fill the offices just mentioned, while the present officers hoped to be pashas, sooner or later. Time was when Hafiz Pasha would have been accompanied by a much larger retinue; but customs change, even in Turkey, and pashas are no

longer what they were; they are more numerous, and far poorer; indeed, the country is so much impoverished that the same amount of gold cannot be extracted as formerly from any given province.

Hafiz Pasha rather prided himself upon travelling in a simple manner, so that, with tents, baggage, and servants, we did not muster, in this part of our journey, more than forty horses and mules, and this was thought very moderate. Everything was well arranged; the cooking tents and the bulk of the baggage were always sent forward some hours before we started; and when we mounted we had with us a "shemseeah" or umbrella tent, and a "kahvéji" or maker of coffee, and a "calioonji" or bearer of the water-pipe, for the delectation of his excellency, at sundry times and places on the road.

Thus we loitered, each and all of us doing our utmost to render ourselves agreeable to the pasha. When we arrived at a particularly pleasant place we would gently suggest a halt, the tent would be pitched, a carpet and cushions spread, the narguileh lighted, and a fire made for the coffee, while we carefully helped the pasha to dismount, and led him to a nicely cushioned seat under the cool shade of the shemseeah, with a rippling brook a few paces off. His Excellency would beckon one or two of us to sit

beside him, while the rest of the party, officers and servants, stood silent and watchful around.

When towards the close of the day we approached our camping-ground, we could see in the distance our tents pitched in some pleasant spot, and our numerous servants, with the villagers, busy in preparing for the arrival of the great man. As we came near, all the principal people of the unfortunate village would come out in solemn procession, to welcome the pasha, and offer him all they had, some of them already bearing marks of ill-treatment from their guests. The village was, of course, swept of fowls, rice, bread, and every conceivable necessary; the women contrived to hide themselves in the darkest recesses of their huts, while the men were employed in waiting on our numerous servants, and, if the villagers were Christians, they received what they expected—an abundance of blows, kicks, and curses.

Occasionally the pasha found his tent too cold, in which case the best house in the village was instantly cleared out, carefully swept and carpeted, and his Excellency's bed conveyed into it.

Besides our own cavalcade, I must not forget to mention a smaller one, that was following about three or four days behind, and this was the very

small and select provincial harem of the pasha, carefully guarded by Mehemed Agha, the head eunuch, and Mustafa Effendi, a grey-headed old retainer. This little travelling affair was composed of two Circassian beauties, whom the pasha would bestow on some of his officers when he was tired of them, for his Excellency was fond of change.

On the eighth day of our journey we arrived at Erzeroom, and here some days were spent in a ceremonious exchange of visits with the authorities, and in preparing for a journey through a somewhat disturbed district.

We learned that a Kurdish chief in the neighbourhood of Bitlis had revolted, and, gathering a number of wild mountaineers about him, had attacked and cut to pieces a small detachment of regular troops. The reports were extremely vague, but they sufficed to make us uneasy as to our future progress, and to detain us some days. However, the Pasha of Erzeroom, anxious to conciliate Hafiz Pasha, and, moreover, equally desirous to get rid of us, put at the service of his guest two hundred Bashi Bazooks as an escort, and then we prepared to start on the following day.

Just as we were mounting our horses, a courier from Bagdad, who had passed through the disturbed

districts, brought word that the rebel chief had been captured, and that all was quiet. On this, the pasha dismissed one hundred of the Bashi Bazooks, keeping only half the force, comprising the best mounted and armed, and with this escort we recommenced our journey very late in the day. Our first halt was at Galay, a small village three hours from the city. We were accompanied thus far by the principal officers of the Pasha of Erzeroom, who, having dined with us, now took their leave.

On the morrow we resumed our journey, over a mountainous country where not a tree or shrub was to be seen, and scarcely a trace of animal life. We travelled nine hours, and only saw two horsemen, who turned and disappeared at our approach. About five in the afternoon we halted at Gundi Meeran, a miserable Kurdish village, whose inhabitants were so poor and barbarous that nothing but milk and corn could be got out of them, and little of these. Our Bashi Bazooks had to disperse for provisions, nor did they reassemble until the middle of the following day. The country through which we travelled on this our third day from Erzeroom seemed all but depopulated. Occasionally we saw in the distance the little mounds and inequalities, with a small patch of green flax, which denote the site of a village, and

we longed for the "libn," or sour milk, which was so grateful to hot and thirsty travellers; but when we came nearer we found but a heap of ruins, the people having disappeared some years ago. The very names of such hamlets were forgotten long before the walls had fallen, or the wells were filled up; the next village could not, five years afterwards, tell the cause of the ruin and desertion of their neighbours. The vast plains over which we rode seemed, as they really were, capable of feeding millions of sheep and cattle, but I saw only an occasional flock of bustards, while the streams and marshes were covered with wild-fowl.

The scenery was wild and magnificent, and our little army of irregulars, arrayed in their brilliant costumes, and armed with lances decked with ostrich feathers, with battle-axes and silver-mounted sabres, formed a fine mediæval picture, backed by the snow-capped mountain of Subhan Dagh, which reared its majestic form against the clear blue sky. When will an Italian be insensible to the beautiful? I revelled in the scenes of nature through which we daily rode, though I could not but be shocked at the desolation caused by the destructive genius of the Turks, who, for four hundred years, have systematically ruined the fairest regions of the world.

On the evening of the fourth day from Erzeroom we halted at the Armenian village of Karakol, by the side of a small mountain lake, and on the fifth day we reached Piran. From here we rode to Achlat, on the northern shore of the magnificent lake of Van, rivalling that of Geneva in size. Achlat was once a thriving town, protected by the most beautiful mediæval castle I had yet seen, and which, though deserted, can scarce even yet be termed a ruin. Besides this, there were now but half a dozen huts, and, hard by, a few families living in caves and tombs in a ravine.

This miserable remnant of a population is surrounded by a tangled wilderness of deserted gardens and orchards, attesting by the luxuriance of the vegetation the richness of the untilled soil. A crystal stream at the bottom of a deep ravine formed cascades and torrents, fringed by blushing oleanders, while its sloping banks were clothed with gorgeous rhododendrons, flourishing in the wild luxury of untrimmed beauty. The rocks above nourished in their fissures fragrant and delicate flowers, amidst which the noisy nuthatch or the busy wryneck searched for their insect prey. As I rambled along the banks, the deep quiet pools, reflecting masses of green moss and curious ferns, over which trickled glittering

drops of water, would be rippled by the rising trout, and beyond these pools the current, breaking amongst stones, led away to lonelier scenes, still peopled by the lively waterousel, dipping amongst the rocks. Then the stream would be overhung by the foliage of wide planes and poplars, in the shade of which gleamed the emerald green of the solitary kingfisher, only rivalled by the metallic hues of gigantic dragon-flies.

Absorbed in the study of the natural beauties of the country, I wandered for more than a mile, and rested from time to time on the lichen-covered rocks, until hunger led me to return to the village, and once more mix with my Moslem comrades.

The tithe collector had but lately visited this place, so that we had much difficulty in squeezing from the people the commonest necessaries for ourselves and horses, but remembering the Persian proverb, "when the beard is plucked out there is still the skin on which it grew," our people zealously applied themselves to the task of collecting the remains of corn and provender, and as the peasants did not choose to gather fire-wood, asserting that they used nothing but "tezek," or dried cowdung, we took off the doors of their huts to cook with, for the pasha must needs have his dinner.

After the meal I strolled away from the camp to enjoy a good view of the magnificent scenery of the lake, and to admire the fine Saracenic castle on its shores, and the exquisitely carved tombs, which spoke of a far more flourishing epoch in Asia Minor.

I sate on a promontory, and watched and mused for nearly an hour. How beautiful are the solemn sunsets in these Asiatic highlands! The air, clear and rarefied, obstructs not the finest and most ethereal rays of refracted light, but a thousand tints of anomalous colour, unknown to human language, and scarcely perceptible to our mortal senses, colour with fleeting beauties the dark stern mountain masses, while the lake, in all beauty, calmly reposes in its gigantic cradle of primæval rock, undisturbed, save by the passing wing of the white pelican.

On the following day we were riding through the singular ravine leading to the town of Bitlis, which is built on the rocky sides of the gorge. The hoarse but musical murmur of the mountain stream accompanied us, above which was heard the loud rattling note of a species of nuthatch, like the beating together of two stones, and high overhead the shrill cry of the falcon. The khans we passed were numerous: at some parts of our route but a

few hundred yards apart, but all were in ruin. I asked why so many had been built here, and was told that the snow-storms in this gorge are fearful, and constantly engulph travellers, who, however, are often saved by the timely shelter of the khans, which formerly were in good repair, and afforded to the belated traveller food and shelter. The buildings are now crumbling with time, and no efforts at reparation are made, so that in a few years the road will be impassable in winter.

CHAPTER XI.

BITLIS—THE KURDISH REBELS AND CHRISTIAN SUFFERERS —THE HALT, THE NIGHT MARCH, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

I FOUND Bitlis truly a mountain capital: the houses were built like the nests of sea-birds on a cliff; the doors of some looked over the roofs of others, while the streets were zigzag ascents. The rush of mountain streams was heard through the gorges, and the picturesque and variegated costume of the Kurd stood in bold relief against battlement and cliff.

I strolled about the town and its environs, and on the meidan* I came upon a vast number of sheep and cattle, guarded by soldiers, and surrounded by a crowd of people. I inquired to whom did these belong, and was answered briefly, to Abdi Pasha. I looked, for a long time in vain, for some one more communicative, to whom I might address myself; but the gloomy and savage Kurds, whose faces were shaded by the monstrous turban, met me everywhere,

* Meidan, an open space.

and these people could scarcely speak Turkish. At last I came upon a group of men, miserable and abject in appearance, unarmed, ragged, and wearing black turbans. These I addressed in Turkish. At first I was answered in Arabic, but presently one came forward, and, to my astonishment, spoke to me in Italian. (18.) This was so strange that I asked the man who he was, and how he came to know Italian?

"I am a Catholic Christian of this country," he answered, "and was taught Italian by one of the Propaganda of Rome, Il Padre Matteo, of Rass-el-Ain."

"And who are these people, and what are they doing?"

"Woe is me, signore! we are Christians, and nearly all these cattle are ours; the soldiers have driven them off from our villages, and this is not the worst they have done."

"But why? are you then rebels? did you join in the insurrection?"

"God forbid, signore! but Ezdinsheer Bey, the rebel chief, who rose against our lord the Sultan, occupied our district: he beat, robbed, and cruelly treated us; we had to feed all his host, and our young maidens lay in holes and cellars, and even

wells, lest evil should befall them. At last came Abdi Pasha with his Turkish soldiers, and then there was a fearful struggle. We Christians hid ourselves as much as possible, but numbers of our brethren were found and killed; the soldiers took off their heads, for the pasha gave baksheesh for Kurdish heads, and who can tell the difference between the head of a Christian and of a Kurd? At last the Kurds were entirely routed, and pursued into the mountains; we came from our hiding-places and entreated the mercy of the conquerors; but they said we had harboured and fed the rebels, and so they burnt down our villages, and carried off our cattle; and lo! we are come to see if even a remnant can be saved, if it be but a few yoke of oxen, wherewith we may plough our fields."

The tears coursed down the cheeks of the poor man as he told his tale of woe; the rest of his comrades were squatted on the ground in a state of listless apathy. I briefly bid him be of good courage, and passed on. I was morbidly afraid of becoming compromised in these disagreeable affairs, and so determined to have nothing more to do with my newly-found Christian friend, or his comrades. (19.)

After a three days' halt we resumed our journey

southwards, through a magnificent ravine. Never shall I forget the picturesque beauties of this day. Our road lay along the sides of the gorge, at the bottom of which ran a brawling mountain river, broken into cataracts. Our brilliant array of horsemen defiled with long lances, glittering caparisons, and gay turbans, over more than a mile of mountain road. The kettledrums kept an incessant beating, so that stragglers might be directed, and the few Kurdish muleteers from time to time raised their voices in wild mountain songs, which rose and fell in musical cadence above the hoarse diapason of the tumbling cascades.

Amongst my travelling companions I had found one far more intelligent and agreeable than the rest, and with him I conversed most of the day. He was the imrahor, or master of the horse, and his name was Moosa.

"Hekim Bashi," said he, "I never see you say your prayers: don't the Christians pray to the holy Jesus, and to Miriam, as well as to God? How many gods have you, by-the-by? I suppose you have so many that you neglect them all, as people do who have too many creditors?"

"May I ask you, Moosa Effendi," I replied, "to change the conversation, and, before you insult my

religion, to wait until I insult yours? We shall, then, never touch upon the subject."

"Don't anger yourself, Hekim Bashi, or you will spoil your digestion, I did not insult your religion, for you have not got one."

"How so? I am a Christian."

"Are you, and what do you get by calling yourself by that name? no good surely in this world."

"But there is a better world to come," I answered; "and we Christians believe that none but Christians can enter into Paradise."

"Mashallah! that is just what we Mussulmans believe, only the names are reversed. Now, who is to be umpire? We are coming to a Yezidee village soon, suppose we ask the priest to decide. Wallah, I think his religion is the best after all."

"And what is the faith of the Yezidees?" I asked.

"Why, you see they have around them thousands of Mussulmans and Christians, each damning the other; and they see nothing but lying, thieving, murdering, and villany going on, every man trying to overreach his neighbour; the Mussulmans cutting the throats of the Christians; these again cheating the pig-headed Mussulmans. They hear all these appealing to God, though doing the devil's work,

and so the Yezidees say, 'Surely the devil must be the strongest, let us try to propitiate him,' and this they do. They never lose a fair opportunity of sacrificing a Mussulman, and they treat the 'sheitan' (the devil) with great respect."

"And do you, being a Mussulman, approve of this strange worship? why, then, not call yourself a Yezidee?"

"Oh! that would not do. I was born a Mussulman, I live amongst Mussulmans, I must needs be called a Mussulman. If I lived in Frangistan I should call myself a Christian."

"It seems to me, Moosa Effendi, that you are not what is called a good Mussulman; indeed I have never seen you say your prayers."

"I am not an ass, Hekim Bashi. I am neither better nor worse than other people, though I am neither cruel, rapacious, nor false. Above all, I am no hypocrite. I don't pray five times a day, and then rob and murder, as most of our muftis do. I am called a Mussulman, because I am an Osmanli, but I am a bektash." (20.)

"A bektash, what is that?"

"What you Franks call a *philosophe*. The bektashes love wisdom rather than religion. Indeed, we regard all religions as much alike, and pay more

attention to morality; we are a large body in this empire."

"And does your government allow you to exist without interference?"

"What has a government to do with men's consciences? We pay our taxes, we serve the State, we even call ourselves Mussulmans; what more can we do? The government is too wise to stir up mischief, and make us dangerous martyrs; besides, some of the greatest men in the empire are bektashes, and they are the best men too."

"Have you, then, no religion? Do you not believe in Mahomed? Do you not believe in God?"

"We do not *dis*believe in God. But what is poor finite man, that he should impiously try to comprehend the incomprehensible—that he should, like the Greek Athanasius, babble incoherent nonsense about the person and persons of the infinite, intangible, great cause and centre of the universe? We confine ourselves to the comprehensible, and as for Mahomed, we regard him as a great man, and so far the apostle of God that he waged war on the worshippers of idols, and brought his sword amongst a depraved race. Wallah! we want another Mahomed. As for our religion, I tell you it is philosophy, and whoever speaks the words of truth and morality, he is one of

our priests, be he Mussulman, Christian, or pagan. Can you find fault with that, Hekim Bashi?"

"You appear to me," I answered, "very much like the Protestants of Europe; men who, calling themselves Christians, have separated themselves from the pope, the vicar of Christ, and, led away by man's erring private judgment, have broken up into a thousand warring sects."

"But, Hekim Bashi, who was the first Protestant who set the example? Was it not the bishop of Rome who rebelled against the patriarch of Constantinople? Did not he and his people use the right of private judgment? Wallah! you Christians are just like the Mussulmans: you have your Greeks, Catholics, and Protestants; they have their Sunnees, Sheahs, and Wahabees, their Shafiees, Hanifees, Malikees, and Hanbalees; and so it will be to the end of the world. From time to time a great man arises with a touch of the deity in him, with a large brain and strong will, and he speaks out loud to all his neighbours. At first they scout him, then they listen, some believe in him, others quarrel with these, and so new religions or new sects are formed, and from these other sects, and each damns the other, while we, from the outside, watch curiously these bootless struggles, and believe in nothing but what we know

and feel to be good for ourselves and our neighbours. Hekim Bashi, why do you come and live amongst us, and call yourself a Christian, whereby you are despised, and spit upon? What do you get by it? why not announce yourself a Mussulman and become thereby one of the ruling race?"

"God forbid!" I answered in horror; "I should be still more contemptible, being a renegade."

"The envious would affect to scorn you," said Moosa; "but you, man, have brains, and brains are wanted in this country, and you would soon be in a position to look down on your enemies."

"But how could I reject the religion of my youth, how trample on the Cross by which I am saved, how profess to believe in Mahomed? God forbid! No, Moosa Effendi, I will live and die a Christian."

"Then you will live and die an ass, unless you return to Frangistan. What stuff you talk about rejecting the religion of your youth, and about trampling on the Cross! What emptiness is that? You would have to do neither. The sum total of your conversion would be to declare that God is God, and Mahomed the apostle of God. What say you? Do you deny that God is God?"

"Of course not; that is a truism."

"Then you are half a Mussulman already; now then, add that Mahomed is the apostle of God."

"That I fervently deny; he was an impostor."

"Hush! Hekim Bashi, are you mad? Il hamd ull illah!—that Kurd behind you understands not Turkish, or you would at this moment have been a dead man."

"Amaan," I exclaimed, "I utterly forgot where I was; thank God you are a bektash; let us change the conversation. Look! what a magnificent eagle; see, he has a hare or a kid in his claws."

"Yes, but you know I am a Mussulman as well as a bektash, and I deny that Mahomed—God favour and preserve him!—was anything but an apostle of God. He waged war on idol-worshippers, and on the luxurious vices of the age, and if you and I were to do the same, we should also be apostles of God. Therefore, in this sense, no sensible man need shrink from uttering the words, 'God is God, and Mahomed is the apostle of God.' This, with circumcision, will make you one of the lords of the land, and take you from the degrading position of one whose oath even cannot be received in a court of justice; and if you have any superstitious qualms remaining, why you may cross yourself to your heart's content, and pray to all the saints in your

calendar in private. There are thousands and thousands of good Christians in Albania, and Herzegovina, and Bosnia, who are Mussulmans in public, and Christians in private. They are sensible, and secure a good place for both this world and the next."

"I will think of all you say, Moosa Effendi, but, my lamb, let us talk of something else whilst we are amongst the savage Kurds. It would be worse than folly to make ourselves martyrs to these thick-skulled fanatics."

"You are right, Hekim Bashi, and I hope to see you soon a good Mussulman, and a bektash as well."

"God forbid!" I murmured, "and show me a safe way of escape from these perils of body and soul."

About eight hours from Bitlis we halted near a Christian village, which had recently been burned and plundered by the victorious troops of Abdi Pasha. There was nothing to be had beyond water, but we were prepared for the nakedness of the land, and had brought with us every kind of provision for four or five days. We were soon encamped, and found ourselves sleeping comfortably in the wilderness, our horses feeding on the young barley which had been sown before the rebellion of Ezdinsheer Bey.

The next day we rode through a valley, in which were growing, in neglected fields, small crops of rice, cotton, and maize. We presently reached another village, or rather the remains of one, for the houses were levelled with the ground, and the foul odour of corpses issued from one part. As I rode past I looked into the mass of ruin, and started two jackals, feeding on human remains.

We had but skirted a corner of the rebellious district, and this was the last trace of it that we saw. After riding some hours farther, we encamped in a lovely valley, sending most of our Bashi Bazooks to seek their supplies at a village a few hours distant.

On the following morning we soon issued from the long ravine, which we had traversed ever since we left Bitlis, and entered an open country. After riding about seven hours we encamped near Hamkie, a village of Yezidees. It was not without much curiosity that I observed these singular people. In feature, dress, and language, they were Kurds; but they wore the black turbans, which in most parts of Turkey indicate the inferior position of the rayahs or non-Mussulman races. Their bearing betokened none of the abject humility of the Christians, for they have ever carried on an exterminating war with the persecuting masters of the country, and have them-

selves, in consequence, nearly disappeared from the face of the earth. In this village I observed none but old men, and very old women, who did their utmost to conciliate their evidently unwelcome guests. The younger people of both sexes had contrived to be absent before our arrival.

Thus did we journey on, over a country both new and interesting to me. Moosa Effendi was my pleasantest companion, and, although he spoke but Turkish and Arabic, he could read French, and had profited by this accomplishment so as to acquire far more information than most of his countrymen possessed. We did not again discuss any religious question, but Moosa never lost an opportunity of sneering at any peculiar form of faith, or of denouncing fanaticism. He never prayed openly, as Mussulmans are in the habit of doing, and I have seen him even make a grimace when any of our companions have interrupted a conversation to say the "namaz." On such occasions Moosa often was guilty of letting off a joke to disturb the devotion of the worshipper, who not unfrequently answered a remark in the midst of his prayer, which he then resumed.

The pasha, too, often called me to his side to amuse him. He was a shrewd man, and had evidently taken a fancy to me, and this partiality I did

my best to cultivate by the most adroit flattery, any amount of which he would swallow with impunity, and by administering to his Turkish taste for very gross forms of pleasántry. I observed that, though a vigorous man, capable of bearing any amount of fatigue, Hafiz Pasha had yet adopted the Constantinopolitan fashion of seeming to be too feeble to perform, by and for himself, those little necessary acts in which none but a very sick man ever requires aid. When we arrived at the end of our day's journey, his Excellency was literally lifted off his horse, and supported by two attendants to the cushioned corner of the tent. His pocket-handkerchief, snuff-box, and beads were all put within his reach, until the pipe and coffee were brought. Did he wish to quit his tent for a few minutes, he was raised from his seat, and accompanied to where he wished to go. Every morning he was dressed and washed as a child; every evening he was undressed and put to bed. He never unbuttoned a single garment, but passively allowed this to be done by attendants. Himself, when a Circassian slave, had done these offices for his master.

When, after five days' farther ride from Hamkie, we reached the Kurdish village of Jerobone, an entire change in the nature of the country was evident.

During the last nine hours we had descended from the high lands, and were now on the vast plain through which flow the historic rivers of the Tigris and Euphrates. I enjoyed the magnificent spectacle of lands famous in the earliest records of the human race. On my left were the grand snow-capped mountains of Kurdistan, harbouring wild, semi-independent races, who have never been entirely subdued since the days when these Carduchi harassed the retreat of the ten thousand Greeks. On my right, marked by a belt of the greenest verdure, ran the river Tigris, and on the Mesopotamian plain, where Abraham fed his flocks, was the singular mountain of the Sinjar, rising from the vast level like the back of a whale from the surface of a calm ocean.

We were gazing on the seat of former empires, upon plains once covered with a teeming population, who had cut irrigating canals, had built bridges, and made roads from city to city; now, the whole country fed but a few semi-nomadic people, who themselves were being exterminated by the worst government the world has yet seen. The intense heat of the sun, and the dryness of the soil and vegetation, showed that we had reached a different climate. We were now in Arabistan, the country of the Arabs, and here I first heard the harsh gutturals of their language.

I was no longer called "hekim." by the people, but "hakeem," the original Arab word of which hekim is but a Turkish corruption. The costume of the people, too, was no longer Turkish or Kurdish, but Arabic, and consisted of a long cotton shirt, and a yellow and chocolate-coloured shawl, bound round the head by a camel-hair fillet. The division between the two nations of Kurds and Arabs was sudden and distinct at the foot of the mountains, notwithstanding the few Kurdish villages scattered here and there, both on the hills and plain.

At Jerobone we halted to rest our wearied animals, as well as to refresh ourselves. The first cry was for water; our head muleteer had promised us an abundant supply for the animals at Jerobone; and now, to our disgust, there was scarce any to be had. He had talked of a canal full of cold pure water; the canal was dry, and this necessary of life only brought to the village from the distant river, in greasy skins on the backs of donkeys. On inquiry we found that a fine stream, collected by a subterranean canal, formerly supplied the place, but since this advantage caused Jerobone to be the favourite halting-place for troops, the people had actually destroyed the canal to escape the intolerable exactions and lawless violence of the Imperial soldiers. (21.)

Here we sought for information with regard to the possible dangers of the road, for this district had a somewhat evil repute. The wandering tribes of Mesopotamia, never yet subdued by the arms of the Sultan, sometimes extended their raids over the plain that we had to traverse, and although the amount of our escort, well armed and mounted as it was, would be sufficient to deter an ordinary plundering party from attacking us, nevertheless, at times, a large expedition from Mesopotamia would scour the country, and be prepared to meet a force much stronger than was ours.

The mudir and head men of the village were called into the awful presence of Hafiz Pasha, and asked if there would be any danger to his Excellency in crossing the plain, and if his hundred Bashi Bazooks were likely to be a sufficient protection.

"O Pasha! we are your sacrifice," replied the spokesman; "surely the Arabs, the sons of burnt fathers, durst not lift a spear against your Highness."

"Look at me, pezivenk," replied the pasha, "and answer me directly. Is there any tribe within twelve hours of this place?"

"Wallah! Pasha Effendi, we know not for certain, but Faruk is said to have crossed the river with two hundred horsemen the day before yesterday; but

doubtless he has gone again, since he must have heard of the arrival of your Highness, and he would then shake with fear; wallah! is it not so?" said the mudir, turning to his comrades.

"Ee wallah," was echoed by the others.

"Look at me, jenabet, you unwashed cuckold," said the pasha, "who is this man of canine maternity, this Faruk?"

"He is the sheikh of the Shammar, Pasha Effendim," replied the villagers in one voice.

"The sheikh of the Shammar," echoed the pasha, looking grave. "Haidi git—go along," and the men of Jerobone disappeared.

The pasha sat for some time in grave meditation, and then called a council of war. There was, in truth, a cause for deliberation. Faruk, the Arab chief, was the sheikh of the large tribe of Shammar, who fed their flocks from the head waters of the Tigris to the centre of Arabia. He was said to rule over twenty thousand families, and could on any great occasion call out ten thousand spears. His predecessor, Sofuk, had assisted materially in repelling the Persians, and years ago Faruk himself had been of great use to the English in their Persian war in 1856-57. He frequently scoured the country with a band of five hundred horsemen, driving off the

cattle from those villages who would not or could not pay black mail, and plundering caravans without mercy. The late pasha of Mosul had waged an irregular warfare against him, and had decidedly got the worst of it.

The question now was, whether to push on, running the risk of an encounter, or to wait at Jerobone for some days, sending for some troops from Mosul.

We all declared that, with the aid of our well-armed Bashi Bazooks, we could cut our way through ten thousand half-naked Arabs, but possibly the pasha might get hurt, and a scratch on his finger would outweigh the victory over the whole tribe of the Shammar; so we inclined to safe counsels, and recommended that an escort should be sent for.

"Perhaps," suggested Moosa Effendi, "the Topji Miralai * has already sent an escort from Mosul, and we may meet it. He surely ought to have done so."

"And if the cuckold has not done so, he shall surely eat dirt when we meet," said the pasha.

Orders were now given to wait at Jerobone until the arrival of the escort, and two trusty messengers, one three hours before the other, were despatched with orders to the Topji Miralai to bring two field-

* Topji Miralai—Colonel of Artillery.

pieces, and a hundred and fifty shishanajis or riflemen. "With these," said the pasha, "we may defy all the Arabs that ever were born of burnt mothers."

The first day was passed by the pasha and his officers in the diligent smoking of chibooks, and the consumption of vast quantities of sherbet; the flies swarmed, and two of his Excellency's attendants were diligently employed in keeping them from his sacred person. The sparrows, too, were numerous and noisy, and he ordered them to be killed, as were all the poultry, for they made an infernal cackling. The village children were hushed by being crammed into the darkest recesses of the mud-built labyrinths of Jerobone, and still the pasha was fretful and impatient.

He had already got to the frontier of his pashalik, and he found a greater authority than himself, who imprisoned him in a miserable Kurdish village.

Towards the middle of the second day a traveller from Mosul was announced; a simple Arab camel-driver, who, passing by, being asked where he came from, said "from Mosul," and so he was at once seized, and brought to the pasha.

As he entered the hut, I was struck by his fine open countenance and the singular boldness and

ease of manner with which he came into that presence where most people trembled with abject humility.

"Salaam aleikum, Basha," he said, and stood in a cool, unembarrassed manner before the great man.

Moosa Effendi, a good Arabic scholar, was summoned as interpreter. "Ya Arab," said he, "when did you leave Mosul?"

"The day before yesterday."

"And did the city know that the pasha had arrived here?"

"Ee wallah, every one knew, and the soldiers and cannon are even now on their way to meet the basha."

"Il hamd ull illah!" exclaimed the pasha, when this was interpreted; "then we shall not be long in this jehennum—hell."

"Do you know where Faruk is?" was next asked of the Arab.

"Faruk, sheikh of the Shammar? Oh! he has gone towards Arbela to look after the Persian caravans. I saw the tribe moving ten days ago; they were like the cranes in multitude when they leave us in the spring."

"Ha!" said the pasha, "listen to the man; and

those sons of loose mothers have kept me in this jehennum for twenty-four hours. Ahmed! Abdullah! where are you? Take those sons of dogs, the mudir, and the other two, and make them eat stick till their toe-nails fly off; and banabak—look at me, get a couple of guides, and let us march at once. Haidi!"

All was now hurry and bustle: the mules and pack-horses were quickly loaded, the tents struck, and the poor village elders soundly beaten, while the pasha, laying aside the fashionable languor and helplessness of his rank, superintended with energy the preparations for departure. The guides were soon found. The Arab who had given us the welcome information had volunteered for this service, and he was now most useful in helping to arrange the order of march for the baggage animals. He was joined by a comrade, who turned up just as we were about to start.

We left Jerobone about five o'clock in the evening, the pasha having given orders to march the greater part of the night, and not to halt for more than a few hours until we reached Telkef. We expected there to find what we now regarded as our useless escort. We journeyed over a monotonous plain covered with the camel thorn. The sameness was,

however, broken here and there by herds of beautiful gazelles, who would stare at us for a time, and then bound away, fleet as the wind.

The air of the desert is proverbially fresh and inspiriting, and we all felt its influence as the sun went down, and a delicious breeze came from the mountains. The moon, in her first quarter, was appearing. We travelled closely together for some time, with the baggage in our midst; but the superior horses of the pasha and his escort after a while carried them on in front, while the baggage was left behind, and with it myself and Moosa Effendi, who were engrossed in a very interesting discussion.

"How is it, Moosa Effendi," I asked, "that you Turks allow the Arabs to beard you under the very walls of your strongholds? Here is a case in point. Had it not been for Faruk's journey to Arbela, our pasha would have been obliged to wait some two or three days in that Kurdish village, and then march through his own territory with an escort of soldiers to protect him from his own subjects."

"How can you imprison water? how can you fight air?" answered Moosa. "These Arabs never oppose us, so our valour is worthless; and if we go to seek

them they march us off our legs, mounted as they are on their swift dromedaries and high-bred horses."

"Well, but why not have military colonies, as the Austrians have on the Danube, and so keep the Arabs to their own deserts?"

"I believe," answered Moosa, "that those military colonies are half starved in Austria; what would they be here, where every pasha would be squeezing them of the little substance they might raise during their intervals of military service?"

Just then my eyes were dazzled by the flash of a pistol on my right, followed by a sharp report, and then a loud yell. Moosa fired his pistol in the direction of the first flash, I followed suit; yell after yell was raised, with loud cries of "Dushman Aduww! Arab, Arab! Faruk!" and then more reports of firearms from our motley company.

Far away in front cries were heard, and then an irregular rattle of fire-arms, shrieks, and, loud above all, the Arab war-cry, and the word, "Faruk, Faruk!" and shrill yells, and fresh volleys.

All the baggage animals rushed into a heap, and the muleteers crept under their bellies. I put spurs to my horse, and madly galloped to the front. I was soon clear of the pack-horses and mules, and then

saw that the pasha and his attendants were careering wildly over the plain, their course traced by the irregular fire of the escort. I spurred desperately after them, when a sudden shock through my whole system, with sparks dancing before my eyes, told me that my horse had fallen into a nullah, and I was lying helplessly on a heap of dust.

CHAPTER XII.

WE CONTINUE OUR MARCH, BUT FALL IN WITH THE ARABS—A SICK SHEIKH AND A PEEP INTO NOMAD LIFE.

FOR some time I remained where I had fallen, stunned and unable to move; but after awhile I heard a voice near me calling, "Hekim Bashi!" and presently I saw the indistinct form of Moosa Effendi stooping over the chasm in which I lay. This roused me, and I felt if any bones were broken; happily, all were sound, though I was dreadfully bruised and stunned. However, I felt myself recovering every moment.

Presently I lighted a lucifer-match, and Moosa Effendi dropped me a taper, by which I was enabled to examine my horse. He lay quite dead, in a position that showed his back must be broken. By the help of my friend, who tied the taper to the end of a stick, and held it near me, I was enabled to recover my saddle and bridle—most precious to me, as I could not ride with any comfort on an

Asiatic saddle. Moosa then called to some muleteers, and by their help I was soon hauled out of my prison, not very much the worse after all, save a severe headache and a few sore places.

"How did you escape the Arabs?" I asked of Moosa.

"Arabs?" said he. "There were none. The whole affair was a false alarm. I certainly thought some one had shot at me, and so I returned the compliment, just to show I was armed. You next fired, and these cowardly muleteers began to shout that the Arabs were upon us. Once the firing had begun, every one thought himself bound to discharge his pistol and shout, and then followed the stampede. The pasha's escort, having no idea of discipline, fired wildly, and in every direction. The Bashi Bazooks left with the baggage discharged their guns at those with the pasha, who again responded, until, I suppose, they had an irregular running fight amongst themselves, and so they followed their instincts and galloped off—nothing could stop them. Nothing can arrest a body of terrified horsemen; the horses themselves take the panic very quickly, and become unmanageable. The cavalcade is at Telkef by this time, and probably some of them are killed and wounded by their comrades, for every

one would think the man behind him an enemy, and would either fire at him or cry, 'Aman! aman!'"

"But," I asked, "who raised that unearthly yell we heard?"

"Oh, that," said Moosa, "is the Arab war-cry, which our two guides would instinctively raise when the firing began. They are probably both safe and fast asleep now near the baggage; as they were not mounted they would not run far."

"Well, and what is now to be done, Moosa Effendi?"

"Why, nothing," said he, "until daylight, which we shall have in an hour, and then we must resume our march, and in an hour or two we shall probably find the escort coming to meet us. Let us, in the meantime, lie down and rest; you see all the baggage is safe, and the muleteers have already taken off the loads, and are fast asleep."

This was sensible advice, so we each of us stretched our wearied limbs on the ground.

I seemed to have closed my eyes but for a minute, when I felt some one shaking me. It was the "katurgi bashi," or head muleteer, who told me the sun would soon rise. "Shall we not start, Effendim?" he asked.

"I awoke Moosa Effendi, who agreed that we

should mount at once; the muleteers were already loading their animals, and I was just in time to direct them to distribute the loads so as to give me a spare mule. My saddle and bridle were quickly put on the weakest of the drove (which was doubtless well satisfied with the exchange), and I was surprised at the alertness of the muleteers, especially at that of the chief, who formerly required the attentions of the courbatch to quicken his movements. We were all ready and on the march in a few minutes.

I observed to Moosa Effendi that all the bells had been taken off the animals; so he asked the katurgi bashi the meaning of that.

"I don't wish the Arabs to hear us," he answered. "Allah seversen!—God love you, Effendim! let us push on quickly, and then, inshallah! we may escape these Bedouins."

"Eshek adam—you ass of a man!" answered Moosa; "did you not hear that Faruk and his Bedouins had gone, ten days ago, to Arbela? The road is now as safe as between Trabzun and Erzeroom."

"Bey Effendim, you have listened to lies. Who told you that Faruk had gone?—the Arab who joined us last night: and where is he now?—gone;

where is his brother?—gone. They will be here soon with a hundred horsemen. I knew those Arabs would play us a trick. Vai, vai!—I shall lose my mules!"

"Ustáffer Ullah!" said Moosa. "God forbid! But why, O father of asses! did you not tell us your suspicions last night?"

"Bey Effendim, if I had done so, I should have had to eat stick, and so I held my peace."

We journeyed on in anxious thought, our muleteers driving the harassed animals with cruel haste, and keeping their eyes watchfully to the rear, and, indeed, to every point of the compass, as on one side they expected the Arabs, and on the other the escort.

At last, one of the men, ghastly pale with fright, exclaimed, "Bak, bak! Arab! Arab guelieur!"* We quickly looked to the rear, and saw, indeed, some figures moving; but the quick eye of the katurgi bashi detected them to be gazelles; so we were relieved, and jogged on in silence.

Again was that silence broken by myself, who exclaimed, "Surely those are horsemen in front!" We all looked intensely at the moving figures on the sky line of an eminence that lay in our path. They

* Look, look! the Arab! the Arab is upon us!

might be Arabs that had intercepted us. The katurgi bashi made a halt, and then mounted with his feet on a laden mule; and long and anxious was his scrutiny, as that of the sailor when looking at a strange sail in a dangerous sea.

"Bizim Bashi Bazook — they are our Bashi Bazooks," at length broke from his lips, and a shout of exultation followed. We were saved, "Ilhamdullillah!"

"Ilhamdullillah!—glory to God!" was echoed throughout our company.

Presently we heard faintly the welcome sound of the kettledrum. "There are but few of them," I remarked, as we watched them winding down the slight descent.

"The pasha," said Moosa Effendi, "would not think it worth while to send more than a score of them, just to bring us in; he thinks there are no Arabs on the road, for the panic would be explained before his party had galloped many miles."

At that moment, I saw the Bashi Bazooks suddenly halt; and again the same terror-stricken muleteer lifted up his voice, and exclaimed, "Aman, aman! Arab, Arab! choch guelieur!—lots of them are coming!"

Intent as we were in watching our friends in front,

we had neglected to look towards the rear. We now turned, and our hearts sank within us.

It was a magnificent, a terrible sight. At least two hundred wild horsemen of the desert were coming on at full speed, their white garments streaming in the morning breeze, their lances quivering high over their heads, and the dust like a vast cloud enveloping them. Soon we heard the thundering tread of eight hundred hoofs, and then—as they devoured the space between us, and each warrior could be distinctly seen —then there arose a yell which seemed to rend the sky. In another moment they were upon us. We had thrown ourselves on the earth, and our paralyzed tongues could scarcely utter the "Aman," when, amidst the brandishing of spears, the kicks and screams of mules, and the loud jabber of screaming and guttural Arabic, I found myself stripped almost to the skin, mounted on a baggage mule, with my face to the tail, and carried with my comrades, at a painfully quick pace, I knew not whither.

As we rode off, I had full opportunity of watching the Bashi Bazooks who had come as our escort. At the distance of a thousand yards we saw the puffs of smoke from their pistols; they executed some menacing movements, and made as though they

were about to pursue. Presently about a dozen of the Bedouins wheeled round and galloped towards them, on which they turned tail, and fled over the hill, and so we saw no more of them, while the handful of Arabs rejoined the main body. Miserable as I was, I could not but admire the wiry forms and clean limbs of the Arab mares around me, no less than the centaur-like figures which showed me finer horsemanship than I had ever dreamed of. Amongst these poor-conditioned, but fiery steeds, all of which were mares, was one dark bay, much fatter than the rest, and the only one that showed any signs of distress. She was evidently a magnificent animal, but not in galloping condition. Her rider pushed on in my direction, and exclaimed,—

"Yah Hakeem Bash, kef kefuk?—oh, doctor! how is your health?"

I started;—I had heard the voice before.

"Mashallah quèiss ketheer—she is a beauty, Hakeem Bash!" exclaimed the rider, patting the animal, which he rode without a saddle.

Conviction burst upon me—it was the Arab guide, and he was mounted on the pasha's favourite charger. The rascal grinned with delight as he saw I recognized him, and treated me to a pantomime of the alarm of the preceding night, which called down

roars of laughter from the youngest of his companions. We rode on in miserable plight for three hours, and then we halted awhile, as some of the mules, heavily laden as they were, showed signs of distress. We were on the banks of a brook, so the animals were well soused with water, and allowed to swallow a few mouthfuls. I took this opportunity of exchanging a few words with Moosa Effendi, who had been equally anxious to speak with me.

"For God's sake," said he, "declare yourself a Frank, and call me your servant, or your dragoman, anything but an Osmanli, or they will cut my throat to pay off some blood feud. Call yourself an English hakeem—these Arabs prefer the English to all Europeans, they get so much money out of English travellers. Say I am a Greek dragoman, and we shall then both be safe: or stay—I forgot you don't speak Arabic—I will then tell all the lies for you; only you assent to them."

I agreed, of course, to this plan, and the first use I made of my dragoman was to address the chief of the party, and ask him to allow us a little more clothing to protect us from the sun. The chief, a grey-bearded, wiry old plunderer, at once let us have each a shirt, and some rags which we wrapped round our heads. The Arabs, having made an excel-

lent booty, gained without resistance on our part or loss on theirs, were in great spirits, and rather inclined to be generous than cruel. Seeing the mule on which I had ridden before the attack with my saddle still on, I mounted him without ceremony, and was not prevented. Being now protected from the sun, and having regained my comfortable saddle, my spirits rose; I became cheerful, and disposed to take the best view of matters, and asked Moosa Effendi what he thought would be the end of our adventure.

"We shall be taken," said he, "no doubt, to Faruk's head-quarters, which are probably at no great distance, and then we shall be held to ransom. He will fix a price for the pasha to pay for us."

"Then I presume we shall be released as soon as the pasha sends the money," I answered.

"No doubt we shall," said Moosa; "but when will that be? I fear me the pasha values a single piece of gold more than both of us together."

"But he will surely be bound in honour to ransom his own people?" I remarked.

"You speak a foreign language, which to us Osmanlis is incomprehensible, though you translate it as far as you can into Turkish. You may well say 'honour' (22), for you know there is no such

word in our language; I can with difficulty catch the idea, and I am sure the pasha could not do so. He will simply look to his interests, and if either you or I are of such consequence to him as to be of money value, I suppose he will pay the price. If, however, we don't represent in gold what the Arabs demand, we may remain with them till they are tired of us; and my hopes rest chiefly on our uselessness in the desert. I trust they will soon feel the burden of two citizens who can neither ride nor plunder."

This view of the case was not encouraging. We were in the hands of a horde of half-naked barbarians, who had already been rough, if not cruel, and were leading us into a captivity the hardship of which might be terrible. However, there was now no help for it, and I could not but indulge the hope that the pasha would very much miss my services. I knew he was attached to me, as to a favourite dog or horse. I amused him, and latterly he had even sought counsel of me in administrative matters, and I had been a most efficient medium in his negotiations with Armenian bankers and others; besides, I had certainly been of medical assistance to him. How I hoped he might fall ill!

I was roused from these reflections by our arrival

at a small Arab village on the banks of the Tigris. The men, who were settled agricultural Arabs, and therefore looked down upon as slaves by the free Bedouin aristocrats, came out to meet us with joyful shouts, while the women raised the shrill tehleel (23), or hallelujah,—a wild quavering shout produced by a rapid closing and opening of the mouth. Without a moment's delay the loads were taken off the mules, rafts were formed of inflated skins tied to the branches of trees, and on these the loads were carried safely over to the right bank of the river, which might be termed Bedouin territory. The *fellaheen* worked hard in this service, while the Bedouins, stripping themselves, and rolling up their clothes, which they placed on their heads, swam across the river with their horses. One of the rafts was brought to us, and we were embarked under the care of a fellah, while his comrades swam the mules across the stream.

We now turned our heads due westward, and travelled over a vast prairie. Despite my captivity, I was enchanted by the scene. The grass grew luxuriantly: in some parts we actually waded through a sea of herbage; in others, farther from a stream, and where the grass was short, flowers in abundance enamelled the sward with gorgeous

colours. The scarlet anemones seemed to make a field of blood, while anon the yellow camomile presented a carpet of cloth of gold, and from time to time my eyes were enchanted by tulips of gorgeous hues, and my senses soothed by the sweetest perfumes from smaller but more fragrant flowers.

After crossing the river, all danger of immediate pursuit was at an end; so we travelled gently, and about noon halted at a desert spring to recruit. We were regaled by a mouthful of black unleavened bread, which was not improved in flavour by having been carried on the person of an Arab for many hours; but we were ravenously hungry, and so ate the morsel without scruple. Our horses and mules were allowed to feed for about three hours; and our captors slept, not, however, without having taken the precaution of tying their prisoners together in pairs, Moosa and myself being coupled in this manner.

About three o'clock, the Arabs arose, and performed the "assur," or afternoon worship, and then loaded the mules, and, relieving us of our bonds, said, "Ercoob—mount;" so we journeyed on, still in a western direction. We presently gained the summit of a gentle acclivity, and our little army showed signs of joy and excitement as they gazed into the distance. At first I could see nothing, but, by-and-

by, I became able to make out what appeared like small dark spots on the horizon—and these were the black tents of an Arab encampment.

In another hour we saw numerous horsemen galloping towards us, followed by sundry men and lads on dromedaries, all of whom joyously welcomed our captors, and curiously scrutinized the wretched-looking prisoners they had brought. As we reached the encampment, women, children, and dogs came out in swarms, and raised their shrill voices in loud pæans of triumph. We rode straight towards the largest tent in view, the dwelling-place of the Sheikh Faruk. I detected his name on the tongues of the Arabs, from time to time; and there always seemed an air of sadness in the face of the speaker on such occasions.

We halted, and the loads were piled up before the tent, while a vast and motley crowd stood at a respectful distance. Presently the curtain was raised, but no one appeared outside. I saw, however, that we were scrutinized by some one from within. We soon learned the meaning of this mystery; for our old acquaintance, the Arab guide, called me to the tent, Moosa following. We entered, and found a man of middle age, whose beard was just streaked with white, laid on the floor upon some sheepskins.

A dark-eyed woman, whose nose was ornamented with a large silver ring, set with turquoises, and hanging over her mouth, and whose only costume was a blue robe, squatted near the sheikh, ministering to him. Faruk was sick, and the tribe mourned. For ten days he had not mounted his mare. Four or five grey-bearded elders were seated around him, bidding him be of good comfort, for that Allah would raise him up again, to the confusion of his enemies.

Mijwell, the young chief who had conducted the expedition against the pasha, now came forward, and addressed the sheikh.

"Yah Sheikh," said he, "Yah Faruk, look. I have brought thee the spoils of the basha; I have chased the hanzeer—the Osmanli pig—into Mosul; and I have captured his horses, his baggage, and his people, for ransom. Yah Faruk, open thine eyes, and thy children will rejoice. See, here is the father of all hakeems, the sage of sages, who can see inside thy belly, and set thy liver right again."

The sheikh opened his eyes, and feebly said, "Enta hakeem?—art thou a doctor?" and stretched out his hand to me.

I took the hand, which was hot and dry; I looked into his parched mouth. He was burning with fever. I now called on Moosa to translate for me, and

desired that I might have access to the medicine-chest, which was amongst the baggage, and then I promised to cure the sheikh. I knew that the most precious drug of all, quinine, would act like a charm on the vigorous constitution of this child of nature. I soon prepared for him a dose, which I presented.

The sick man roused himself, and took the cup. He murmured something, in which I caught the word "Osmanli," and hesitated.

"La, la—no, no—Ingleez," cried several voices.

The sheikh then exclaimed, solemnly, "In the name of God, the compassionate, the merciful!" and swallowed the draught, and murmuring the word "mur—bitter," laid his head on his pillow.

All that night I tended my patient, and, towards morning, had the satisfaction of seeing him sink into a deep sleep. He followed my instructions like a child, and seemed, stranger as I was, to trust me implicitly.

At midday on the morrow he was himself again, though very feeble. I carefully fed him with the broth of mutton, prepared under my own directions.

"Hakeem," said he, "Allah has sent thee to give me life; but tell me, how is it that thou and thy brother, being English, do travel with the Osmanli?"

I saw that Moosa had already assumed the character he had intended, and so it only remained for me to support it.

I answered, "Thou knowest, O Sheikh! that the English are the great supporters of Islam. Is it, then, surprising that we should travel with the Osmanli?"

"I have heard," he answered, "that the English worship the unity of the Godhead, even as do we, and that thus it is they support Islam against those that worship many false gods. I would, however, that they withdrew from the Osmanli; for these are accursed of God, they rob the poor man of his children for their nizam,* and they addict themselves to foul crimes. Verily, they are worse than unbelievers, and may God curse them for everlasting —them, their wives, and their little ones; for they are the brood of the pig. O Hakeem! withdraw thyself from the Osmanli; for 'he who introduces himself between the onion and the peel doth not go forth without its stink.'"

"Yah Sheikh," I replied, "thou speakest the words of truth—the Osmanli are the least of the sons of Islam, as the Arabs are the first; for surely your

* Nizam, regular soldiery. The sheikh alludes to the conscription.

Prophet (God favour and preserve him!) was an Arab; but the Sultan has power and wealth, and men come from afar to serve him, even as do we, thy servants."

"Surely gold corrupts all dwellers in cities," said the sheikh. "Ilhamdullillah! we Arabs live in the desert, and serve no man; and when we find gold on the person of our enemies, we scatter it abroad."

"Yah Sheikh," said Moosa, who interpreted, "look, we are clothed in rags, and our raiment is locked up in these boxes, now in front of thy tent. Suffer us to change these dirty clothes for clean ones."

"O man!" answered the sheikh, "thou art clothed even as the best of my followers; but thy ways are not our ways, and thy wants are not our wants. Be it, then, even as thou wilt—clothe thyself with fine linen; thou art welcome, both thou and thy brother, the hakeem, whose skill cometh of God; for he hath rescued my body from the grave."

This most seasonable kindness of the sheikh was at once acted upon. Our own baggage was given over to us, and we were made comfortable. On the following day, the sheikh, restored to much of his former health, though still feeble, sat at the door of his tent, and distributed the spoil of the Turks. I was surprised at the equity of the division, and

the good-humour shown at the awards to the numerous parties who were concerned in the capture. Some valuable horses of the pasha and his followers were naturally the most coveted, and these were, without a murmur, taken by Faruk, who, on receiving them, at once gave them, as a free gift, to the bravest and poorest of his followers. There were numerous articles the use of which was utterly unknown to the Arabs: amongst these were some opera-glasses, which were broken to pieces from curiosity; some costly watches were begged by a pedlar, one of those adventurous men who trade with the Bedouins, passing from the encampments to the towns, and who are privileged and protected as they wander from tribe to tribe. A Bedouin boasts that he can make anything useful which he finds on a caravan. The shirts of fine linen were apportioned to the women; the embroidered uniforms were cut to pieces, and the morsels hung as ornaments round the saddles of the horses; coats, and even trousers, were divided amongst the numerous naked boys, who quickly tore them up, and wrapped them round their heads as turbans; while the trunks were used for storing rice and salt. In an hour, the spoil had been distributed to a hundred hungry savages, and the pasha's wardrobe was scarcely to be traced amongst the tribe.

In a short time we found ourselves considered more as guests than prisoners. We were allowed to be at large in the camp, and to walk wherever we liked—an indulgence of which we largely availed ourselves.

An air of perfect pastoral tranquillity reigned throughout the encampment. Camels, sheep, and cattle, each flock under the care of some lazy keeper, were seen straying to considerable distances; but near the tents were tethered the most valuable mares and horses, while young foals were, here and there, domesticated in the tents themselves, with naked children feeding or toying with them. Withered beldames, with grizzly, matted locks, and wrinkled, parchment skins, almost black by exposure to a series of Mesopotamian summers, were seated at the doors of their tents spinning camel's-hair, while they scanned the white-skinned strangers with their piercing black eyes, gleaming with savage wonder and curiosity.

After our rambles, we returned to the sheikh's large tent, in a corner of which we all slept, and where every evening the chief men of the tribe, and strangers from other tribes, were assembled, discussing Arab politics, wars, treaties, and alliances. Sheikh Faruk was a fine, patriarchal-looking man,

who had, no less by his birth than by his diplomatic skill, gained an immense influence throughout the nomad population of Northern Arabia. Like the patriarch Job, we might say, "there had been born unto him five sons and twelve daughters. His substance also is seven thousand sheep, and three thousand camels, and five thousand yoke of oxen, so that this man is the greatest of all the men of the East." His daughters and sons, indeed, were like arrows in his quiver. The latter formed a wall of spears around the honoured head of their father. He had nursed them in their infancy, and he now saw them pitch their tents around him, and take to themselves wives, and raise up seed after him.

We are apt to despise the half-civilized state of the ignorant nomad; but I have sometimes doubted whether he has not the best part of this life, in the enjoyments of a glorious desert heritage. Faruk, like Israel, had still his Benjamin and his Joseph. I could not but admire a straight, clean-limbed youth of fourteen, full of animal spirits. His features were as beautiful as those of a young girl; his full, well-formed lips disclosed teeth of wholesome regularity; and from his dark eyes gleamed, by turns, the fire of the young Arab, and the laughter-loving fun of the light-hearted boy. This youth was ever to be seen

by the side of his sire, who was proud of him, as of one skilled in all that an Arab esteems. He was, in truth, an accomplished horseman, and, young as he was, could hurl the javelin with more truth and vigour than most upgrown men. But the same mother that bore him, a favourite wife now dead, left, but three years ago, another boy, who was Faruk's little Benjamin, the child of his old age. He was a sweet, prattling infant, and the father's heart was wrapped up in him.

One half of the sheikh's tent was curtained off from the rest by a partition of reeds and camel-hair cloth, and in this half dwelt the harem and family, into which I was not unfrequently called to prescribe for the ailments, real or imaginary, of the Bedouin beauties and their dusky brood. Each woman wore a silver ring, set with turquoises, and fixed in the cartilages of the nose, from which it hung over the mouth. Many of them also wore massive silver rings round the wrists and ankles; and these ornaments had a very pleasing effect, contrasting as they did with the dark skin. A long blue shirt was their only garment, with a kerchief tied round the head. My first patient in the harem was the sheikh's daughter Ayesha, a girl of sixteen, and the most beautiful creature I had yet seen in the desert. Her

pretty, straight nose was ornamented with the large silver ring, which hung over a perfect little mouth, somewhat spoiled, however, by the under-lip being stained blue. The lustrous eyes of the maiden had an expression of great sweetness and modesty. A single blue garment added, by its simple drapery, to the exquisite grace of her movements. I stretched out my hand to feel the pulse, when a deep blush of pudency spread over the face of the young Ayesha, and, turning away her head, she threw herself into the mother's arms, hiding a blushing face in a parent's bosom.

One evening, two of Faruk's sons arrived, after an absence of three days. Striking their spears into the ground, they leaped from their mares, and entered the chief's presence, kissing his hands. They then seated themselves in the circle of elders, chiefs of tribes, and guests, who, to the number of thirty, had disposed themselves around the tent, and opened their budget of news. These youths had been reconnoitring on the left bank of the Tigris, and had seen two thousand Hytas, or Bashi Bazooks, with a battalion of infantry and two cannon. The word "cannon" produced a sensible impression on the company, for artillery is the great object of terror to the Bedouin. One of those big screaming balls

of iron will scatter the bravest group of horsemen, whose courage and skill are useless before the dreaded guns.

The two young men were closely questioned by each of the brave warriors, and their answers were precise and to the point.

"In which direction were they marching?" was inquired.

"They were last seen precisely on the spot where the basha's baggage was seized, with their faces northward," was the answer.

"They cannot contemplate any cutting off the tribe from the desert. If such had been their intention, we should have heard of them from the south," remarked an old warrior.

"And yet they mean mischief," said Faruk.

"Yah Sheikh," said Moosa Effendi, "the purpose of the soldiers is clear, and I will tell it. Know, then, that the harem of the pasha is following him, and was some days behind us. Surely it is for their safety that the pasha sends out his men and guns. Thou hast made the pasha tremble in his dreams, O Faruk!"

"The musafir (guest) speaks the truth," exclaimed several of the company.

"Nevertheless," said Faruk, "it is not well to be

too near even the wounded wolf. Behold, our flocks and our herds have eaten up the best of the grass, and it is now time to move. To-morrow we will pass to the westward of the Sinjar; and if the brood of the Osmanli hog (the curse of God be upon them!) move in that direction, the Yezidees will see them from afar, and we may combine to cut them to pieces, in spite of their cannon and their far-shooting rifles. The basha has already been warned of the sharpness of my sword—'the wise may learn with a wink, the fool with a kick,'—and he may want another lesson. He is not content with ruling slaves, his arrogance may tempt him too far. 'If God purposes the destruction of an ant, he allows wings to grow upon her.' Inshallah! the basha may try to fly, and we will be there to see his fall."

"Inshallah! Inshallah!" was echoed on all sides, and the assembly broke up to prepare for the morrow's march.

CHAPTER XIII.

DESERT LIFE—HUNTING AND HAWKING—MILITARY MOVEMENTS —AN ARAB POET.

I WAS awakened in the morning by the lowing of oxen, the braying of asses, the bleating of sheep, and the loud cries of herdsmen. I sprang from my hard couch, and hastened to assist in the preparations for departure that were going on around me. Tents were being struck, and camels laden, under the protest of the loudly-complaining animals, who groaned and screamed as each burden was placed on their backs.

Upon the women devolved the heaviest work, helped by the few negro slaves who belonged to the wealthiest of the chiefs, and were treated as members of the family. The great lords of the tribe, who had a plurality of wives and some few slaves, never touched a burden with their fingers; but leaving all the rough work to the inferior members of the household, they mounted and rode forward.

The great dames, too, though less exempt than their lords from the drudgery of labour, naturally did little more than superintend; while the humbler families, consisting of husband, wife, and children, with perhaps one ox or ass, worked more equally.

In a marvellously short space of time, the whole nomad city, comprising about ten thousand souls, was moving, like a vast sea of men and animals, towards the west. The horsemen, most of whom were distributed on the flanks and rear, presented an imposing spectacle of the best wild lancers in the world, mounted on steeds many of which were marvels of speed and endurance, as well as of equine beauty, and, at this spring-time of the year, in their best condition, owing to the abundance of grass.

But the strangest sight of all was that presented by the singular contrivances for carrying the women on the backs of the camels. At a distance, the animals, as they moved across the plain, looked like gigantic birds, with wings outspread; and when half a dozen or more of these were travelling abreast, the effect was striking. Great skill had been shown in loading the animals. The camels carried the tents and bulkier baggage of the wealthy; but the poorer man had often nothing but an ass on which to place his wife and child; another put his small family on

the back of a cow, a lean and agile beast, unlike the sleek European animal that grazes in fenced fields; while the poorest of the poor marched with their whole possessions on their backs.

The Bedouin arms were neither costly nor varied. The sheikhs carried the long spear of bamboo, the national weapon, often adorned with ostrich feathers, and which they wielded with singular skill and grace. They also wore the curved sabre, and not unfrequently a pistol. There were two or three hundred men armed with the ten-grooved rifle, but the rude and often imperfect lock, and bad powder, modified the efficiency of that formidable weapon; while many men and boys carried the javelin, or club.

We two prisoners, or, as Faruk called us, "guests," mounted on our original baggage horses, rode with the sheikh, and his elders and sons, in advance of the main body. The fresh, invigorating air of the desert made me cease to wonder at the rapid recovery of my patient, still less at the strong, wiry forms of those who passed their lives on these plains. The sheikh's son, Emin, carried on his wrist a falcon; and we had not ridden far before he was launched at an obara, or small bustard. The noble bird gyrated upwards to a vantage height above his quarry, and then shot down like a bullet, bringing to the earth the dead bird,

which Emin gently abstracted, feeding the falcon on a portion of the liver.

Thus, during the long journey, did we cheat ourselves of all sense of weariness; the bright sky, the fragrant and spicy odours, the brilliant flowers, were a lasting source of enjoyment; while from time to time the herds of gazelles, the flocks of large bustards, a glimpse of some strange animal, and, perhaps, the supposed track of a lion or panther, would furnish occasion for excitement, or objects for the chase.

A day's quiet march brought us to the lake of Khatounieh, near the Sinjar mountain, and here we rested for the night, encamping some hours before sunset, that the animals might feed. We were visited by a deputation of the Yezidee inhabitants of the mountain, who brought partridges, and the young of the ibex, or wild mountain goat, as tokens of good will. They were a grim race of warriors, these adorers of the Evil One, and there was a truce now between them and the Bedouins (with whom the Yezidees are often at war). Unlike the Arabs, they all carried well-made rifles, and knew how to use them, and they were dreaded by their enemies.

Some sheep were now slaughtered in honour of our guests, who feasted in the tent of Faruk. All the chief men of the tribe met at the banquet, which

consisted of huge bowls of rice, boiled, and thoroughly saturated with grease. Upon the white masses were placed big morsels of mutton, and the head, brains, and delicate parts were put in a little hollow of the rice, to be served to the most distinguished guests. Great decorum was observed throughout this entertainment; too many never sat down to one bowl, but after each had eaten his fill, he arose, and the sheikh called to another to take the vacant place; and so on until the lads, who had watched the feast with hungry eyes, fell upon what remained, and the dogs regaled themselves on the bones and crumbs.

The Yezidees swore vengeance on the Osmanlis, and promised that, should the latter venture to follow the Bedouin, the worshippers of Satan would sally out from their mountain fastness, and menace the communications of the Turks, and so make their desert march a dangerous one. Caval Yussuf, the spiritual chief of the mountain, and Sheikh Faruk, the prince of the Shammar, thus swore eternal amity, and concluded a treaty of alliance against their common oppressors.

On the morrow, our march was resumed towards the deep and narrow river, the Khabour, which we reached by sunset. Here we considered ourselves comparatively safe from Ottoman pursuit. It would

be easy enough for cavalry to follow us, but these the well-mounted Bedouins feared not, as they had far larger bodies of better warriors; but the objects of their greatest dread, the guns, would have to be conveyed across two rivers, not to speak of smaller streams, and some difficult country. Then, in case of a very superior force, aided by the Yezidees, attacking the Ottomans, the guns might be lost, which would be disgraceful to the arms of the Sultan.

The morrow of our arrival on the banks of the Khabour was spent in crossing that stream, during which operation a large force of well-armed horsemen returned upon our track, to act as a *reconnaissance en force*, and from this again went light parties of twos and threes to watch the movements of the Turks. The whole of the tribe, the camels, oxen, sheep, horses, and asses, the tents and provisions, were securely conveyed across the river, and we now found ourselves safely reposing in the richest pastures. The grass near the water grew luxuriantly, the horses waded up to their bellies in fields of wild barley, and the cattle and camels yielded us their richest milk and butter.

The safety I have spoken of was, however, only comparative; besides the formidable force of warriors

who observed the Ottomans and their dreaded guns, other hardy and cunning scouts were despatched to the westward, to patrol the banks of the Euphrates, and watch the movements of the hereditary enemies of the Shammar, the Aneyzee Bedouins, who roam over the Syrian deserts, and who have gradually, in concert with Turkish misgovernment, laid waste the fair plains of Syria, until in two places they encamp near the sea (24). The movement of Faruk towards the west would doubtless be reported to Abdurrhaman, the sheikh of the powerful tribe of the Aneyzee, and it was scarcely doubtful that Turkish emissaries from Mosul would excite the chief to attack us—an easy task, since the Aneyzee and Shammar are ever at deadly feud. Our right flank would then require to be guarded, and for this purpose Zeid, a cunning and grey-bearded Bedouin, was despatched with fifty horsemen to patrol the left bank of the Euphrates, and check the movements of the rival tribe. He did not require to be instructed to take advantage of any good thing that Providence might send him, and on the following day three or four of his men came into camp, driving before them a score of animals, comprising two camels, three horses, and several oxen, which they had captured from a small tribe living on the opposite side of the Euphrates,

who had imprudently encamped on our side of the river, tempted by some rich pasture, and who were pounced upon by the hawk-eyed Zeid.

The arrival of the plunder was greeted with the noisiest Arab welcome, and the loud tehleel, or hallelujahs, arose from the jubilant lips of the dusky women, whose husbands had thus proved their skill and valour.

Two days were tranquilly passed in the midst of the most perfect pastoral scenes. Sheikh Faruk sate for hours daily at the door of his tent, administering even-handed justice between man and man, and at the appointed hours leading the prayers of all who happened to join the ever numerous circle round him. He would then mount his favourite mare, and, surrounded by three or four of his sons or sons-in-law, and a score of lances besides, would ride out to some eminence, to survey the country, and to fly his falcons, or run his greyhounds. On one of these occasions, when I accompanied him, we came upon a herd of wild asses, and after an exciting gallop, in which, mounted as I was, my hosts left me far behind, they captured a beautiful young wild ass, on which we feasted the same day.

After the feast, a poor and ragged camel-driver entered the tent, exclaiming, "Salaam Aleïkum!"

The solemn answer, "Aleïkum salaam!" came from every mouth.

"Yah Faruk," said he, "shall I repeat thee a poem on the death of thy father, Sofuk, slain by the foul Osmanli? I have recited the story in the tent of thy enemy, the Sheikh of the Aneyzee, and he gave me a horse. Yah Faruk, listen!"

"I listen," said Faruk; "let us hear thy poem, O camel-driver!"

The man advanced a little from the circle, and, seating himself in front of the sheikh, began in a low monotone to recite the virtues of the open-handed Sofuk; describing him as a marvellous horseman—"a horseman amongst horsemen, a rider amongst the Arabs, a cavalier amongst the sons of the Shammar. He rode a mare whose progenitors, famous in the provinces of Nejd, were blessed by the Apostle of God, Mahomed (upon whom be peace)—a mare whose limbs were strong and yet elastic, like the stem of the young palm-tree. Her body was round and well proportioned, even as those of the fairest maidens of Nejd, and her skin shone like the surface of the lake Khatounieh under the beams of the moon; her eye, too, was gentle, soft, and loving, even as the eye of the Arab maid; and the courage of the mare was perfect, even as that

of the sheikh of sheikhs, her master; and her rage in battle was terrible, even as that of the lion in whose skin sticketh the broken lance of the hunter. Lo! the name of the mare was Nasib, and she was of the pure blood of the Saghlowi.

"Lo! Sofuk led his armies into the wilderness, and his horses drank of the waters of the Barada and Awaj, the rivers of Sham (Damascus), while those of the Aneyzee were thirsting in the desert of Es Zaffa.

"Lo! Sofuk turned his horses' heads from Sham, and he traversed the deserts of Sinjar, and he crossed the broad waters of the Tigris, and he called unto the Osmanlis at Mosul, and menaced their harems; and the Osmanlis sent out hytas*—hytas of the tribes of the Kurds, and hytas of the Turkomans; but few returned, and those with their faces blackened, and many watered the earth with their blood; for Sofuk, the father of the Shammar, was terrible; Sofuk was invulnerable; Sofuk was a man of war; and the Osmanli trembled at the name of Sofuk."

Thus did the poet continue, while the dark eyes of his audience flashed with pride and exultation, as each daring deed of Sofuk, the ideal Arab hero, was

* Hytas, irregular cavalry. Bashi-bazooks.

described in the rich and glowing language of the desert, a language not second to Greek itself in power and affluence. As the poet, in loud tones, described a sudden onslaught, led by Sofuk and his brave sons (some of whom were listening), the audience carried their hands to their swords, and could not refrain from a shout of triumph.

Then followed praise of the boundless hospitality of the sheikh; how he slaughtered hecatombs of sheep to feed the hungry and the strangers who never turned from his tent with empty bellies. "Amongst the guests came Mahomed Agha, the Osmanli, and ten of his followers." Here a groan of rage and grief burst from the audience, and the poet paused.

"Mahomed Agha was an Osmanli, the son of an Osmanli, and he came and ate with Sofuk. He ate bread and the flesh of sheep, and he and his followers were filled. And he wiped his mouth, and said, 'Bismillah! I was hungry and am now fed. I will depart with my followers.'"

"'Go in peace,' said Sofuk; "but suffer me to ride with thee an hour, and then we will embrace, and part in peace, O Mahomed Agha!'

"And the sheikh mounted, with but six of his chosen ones—Osman, Zeid, Slosh, and three others who are in paradise.

"And so did Sofuk and his six followers ride out with Mahomed Agha, the Osmanli, and his ten well-armed men. And, behold! they rode one hour's journey beyond the farthermost herds of the tribe, and there they halted, and they embraced. Sofuk kissed Mahomed, and the Osmanli spoke sweet words of peace and friendship, and so did Sofuk utter the words of peace. And, lo! he and his followers turned to depart. And, as the face of the sheikh was towards his camp, and his back to the Osmanli, the thunder of firearms was heard. The pistols of the accursed Osmanli were pointed at the backs of the brave warriors, and they fell under the fire. Lo! the souls of the Arabs fled to Paradise. Let us thank the All-Merciful that Sofuk is with our Lord Mahomed (may God favour and preserve him!) in the blessed meadows with the crystal streams, and with the glorious houris that live for ever in paradise. For God, whose name be exalted, hath said, in the Excellent Book, 'Verily, to God we belong, and verily to Him we return.'" (25.)

As the poet recounted the true and tragic fate of the renowned Sofuk, the audience listened in the stillest silence, their heads sunk down; the tears coursed down the cheeks of the roughest warrior; and, at last, Faruk hid his face, and turned away to weep.

And there was a moan throughout the tent. The poet remarked, with evident pride, the effect that his rhapsody had produced on the assembly of warriors. Faruk was soon himself again, and rewarded the bard with the gift of a horse; and so he went away rejoicing.

On the morning following this remarkable scene, I observed a movement in the encampment; and when I rushed out from my tent, I saw in the distance a large body riding off towards the east. I inquired of my neighbours, and could only get, for an answer, the word, "Osmanli;" so I concluded the Osmanli were upon us; and I feared that Mijwell and his force had met misfortune at the hands of the pasha's Bashi Bazooks. I presently found Moosa, and we both asked for Sheikh Faruk; but he had ridden out with the horsemen I had seen going eastward.

We at once saddled our sorry steeds, and followed, but the quick walk of the splendid Bedouin mares was so superior to our pace that we could barely keep them in sight. At last they disappeared over the brow of an elevation, and we were nearly half an hour in reaching the spot where we last saw them. When, however, we gained the summit of the hill, the scene that met our eyes at once dispelled all our ideas of

an Arab defeat. Sheikh Faruk was returning with his horsemen, and with the whole force that had been absent so long, and they were bringing with them a large booty.

In front of the cavalcade was a herd of oxen, with camels, and asses, which had been driven from some villages in the neighbourhood of Jezirah; for Mijwell, while watching the Turks, had not been neglectful of his material interests; and, having ascertained that the main object of the Turks was to escort the pasha's harem, he despatched part of his force to plunder a district not yet visited by Bedouins, and had thus reaped much spoil. Meantime, the sly chief had lured a part of the Turkish force across the river by a cunningly-devised story, told to the Turkish commander by a pretended spy, to the effect that there was a small Bedouin encampment within easy reach, from which the fighting men had departed on an expedition. The Turks, being thus drawn into an ambuscade, were pounced upon by a much superior force, and nearly all cut to pieces, or drowned in the river, the Arabs only losing two men, and one valuable mare.

There were great rejoicings that day in the camp of the Shammar: the women gave the returning warriors their shrillest welcome, the captured cattle

and camels rewarded the courage of the heroes, and Faruk gave a grand feast the same night, at which numbers of sheep were consumed, and mountains of rice and butter devoured by the hungry heroes, who were glad to repose their wearied limbs, and feed their sinewy mares in the rich pastures of the Khabour.

Day after day passed, and neither Moosa nor myself were over anxious to escape from our captivity. The spring climate was perfect, the mode of life novel and interesting, and our host and his followers hospitable. Thus we allowed time to slip on, expecting daily that some overture would be made by the pasha to ransom us, or that we might be exchanged for some unhappy members of the tribe, who, we heard, were in the prison at Mosul.

When the grass was well eaten in one place, we moved farther down the river into new and richer pastures. For a few days everything was clean and wholesome, and we revelled in a wilderness of vegetation fresh from the hand of Nature. But the multitude of animals soon caused the grass to disappear, and spoiled the fragrant freshness of the turf; so another movement brought us again into new pastures, and amongst the sweet smell of flowers and spicy herbs.

I often wandered forth, with two or three riflemen,

in pursuit of game, and enjoyed the study of nature in the desert. The river was narrow and deep, and its channel divided by numerous islands, covered with dense jungle. Here we found wild hogs, but my comrades seldom molested them, as their flesh was unclean; occasionally a wanton shot would be fired at an old boar as he swam to his hiding-place. But, besides these animals, there were beavers, and these being in great request, on account of their glands, which are supposed by the Turks to possess an aphrodisiac property, and are sold for almost their weight in gold, are threatened with extermination at no distant period. The jungle, moreover, swarmed with francolin, or black partridge, which made the river-side vocal every evening by their crowing. The vast plains offered other objects of chase: at times the grass would be peopled with migratory quails, affording a pleasant addition to our food. The bustards were of three different species—the great bustard, a noble bird, larger than a turkey; the obara, or middle-sized bird; and the lesser bustard;—at each of which we flew our hawks.

Not unfrequently we met with large herds of wild asses, but they were too fleet of foot (except the very young ones) to be overtaken by the swiftest dogs or horses. The gazelles were often chased, as were the

numerous hares, and we made no account of hyænas and porcupines, which lived together in holes in the rocky chasms that here and there stretched across the plain.

North of Bagdad the lion is rare; yet once the noble beast was hunted to death by a troop of our people, when out on a "ghazoo," or plundering expedition. This victory over the king of beasts cost the Arabs dear, as he severely wounded a valuable mare.

Thus joyously passed my so-called captivity: and the reader may imagine that I desired nothing better than to cast in my lot with these sons of Ishmael. But such was not the case; the habits of a civilized life are too strong to be easily broken through; the instincts of a settled existence are as invincible to a citizen as are the reverse to the nomad. The child of the roaming savage, when caught young, and trained amongst a settled race, will one day escape to the woods, and, casting off his clothing, will herd with some wild race. So would the civilized man, lingering in the desert, long to return to the walled city, and to the habits of his kind; and thus did I begin to feel at last impatient to resume my career, and so determined to make some attempt to rejoin the Turks.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE DERVISH—A DANGEROUS PLOT—A SUDDEN DETERMINATION—FAREWELL TO THE DESERT.

WITHIN certain limits, no restraint was put on our movements by our Bedouin captors; but we knew full well that any attempt to escape would be futile, unless we stole some swift mares, and this seemed impracticable. My medical services were in constant request—not that there was much serious illness, but these savages, especially the women, were as fond of being doctored as the most civilized dwellers in cities. I was welcome wherever I went, and often amused myself by straying into a tent, and conversing, in my very imperfect Arabic, with the inmates.

On one occasion I stumbled on the strangest figure I had yet seen amongst the Shammar. He was a man in the full vigour of life, dressed in dirty rags scarcely sufficient for decency. On his head he wore an old Persian cap, and over his shoulders the skin of a gazelle. Around his neck

was hung a huge chaplet of beads. In his right hand he carried a battle-axe, and in his left the shell of a Seychelle cocoa-nut. He was seated on the ground, apparently in deep contemplation, while from time to time he uttered the word "Hak," in an abrupt, loud voice. He was a wandering dervish, who, in travelling across the desert from city to city, had sought hospitality with the Shammar.

Presently he turned his keen eyes on me, and I fancied I saw in him a likeness to some one I had known before, but who that was I could not recollect. He exclaimed, "Yah Hakeem, listen, and be wise in time: 'There is no God but God, and Mahomed is the Apostle of God.'" A murmur of approbation from the bystanders followed this speech, and I quietly withdrew, fearing an exhibition of fanaticism on the part of the lawless dervish.

I thought but little of this rencontre; but on the following day, Moosa suddenly entered the tent where I was conversing with two or three Arabs, and, seating himself, contrived, unobserved, to bid me meet him in an hour, at a certain place on the river-side, where a high bank screened a few yards of ground from observation. There was such an air of mystery and caution in Moosa's manner of making this appointment, that I fully expected to hear some-

thing of the last importance; nor was I disappointed, as the sequel will show.

Before Moosa had finished an animated conversation in Arabic, I contrived quietly to withdraw from the company—an easy feat, as I was a dumb member of the society, owing to my imperfect knowledge of the language. I sauntered idly towards the place of rendezvous, carefully looking behind me to see that I was unwatched. I then lay down on the edge of the bank, and quickly slipping over into the hollow, to my dismay, nearly dropped upon the dervish, hiding in the same place.

I drew back, uncertain what to do, when the man seized me by the skirt of my coat, exclaiming in Turkish, "Fear not, Hekim Bashi; sit still; I am thy friend."

"I fear not, O Dervish!" I answered. "I came but to drink of the water of the river; suffer me, then, to leave thee to thy meditations."

"Yok—no, Hekim Bashi; sit, sit; rise not; Moosa is coming," said the dervish.

I was dumb with astonishment, and fearful of opening my mouth, lest I might commit myself; and while in this state of uncertainty, suddenly Moosa slipped over the bank, and, without being disconcerted at the presence of the dervish, seated

himself, and at once plunged into the object of our meeting.

"Look here," said he, "the pasha sends this scrap of paper, sealed with his signature. He tells us that the dervish Abdullah is charged with a message from him, and is in his confidence. We are to listen, and be instructed by Abdullah the Fakir."

On this the dervish rose, and peeped over the high ground behind us to see that there were no listeners; —our hiding-place commanded the opposite side of the river. He then sate down, and thus spoke in Turkish :—

"Look at me. I am the dervish Abdullah, the Fakir, the servant of God. I have no money—I spit on it; but I am an Osmanli, and I hate the Bedouin. I am the friend of great pashas and viziers, and when their wisdom fails they come to Abdullah, the son of Murad. I am the friend of Nasreddin Mahomed Khan, of Herat; I am beloved of Mirullah Khan, of Khorassan; and surely I am the councillor of Dost Mahomed, of Cabul, whose child I saved when it was withering under the evil eye. Now am I come to Arabistan, and have met with Hafiz Pasha, who is the man after my own heart; and lo! I found him sick and in trouble, and his face was blackened, and he was uneasy, even as he who rideth

on a jackass-saddle with a needle in it; and I asked him, 'Where is the flea that biteth thee?' and he answered, 'Lo! the dog Faruk, the sheikh of the Shammar, hath blackened my face, and I would fain be avenged on him.'

"And I said to Hafiz, 'Look on me: I am a dervish, a servant of the All-Merciful; and I knew that the Bedouin dog had bitten the Osmanli lion, and that two of his servants were even now with the Arab in the desert. Therefore it is that I am come to help thee by my counsel. Fear not that the sheikh will escape thee: "the corn passes from hand to hand, but comes at last to the mill," so will destiny drive the Arab's neck under thy foot.'"

The dervish went on, in an animated manner, to detail a scheme by which Sheikh Faruk might be drawn into an ambuscade by the temptation of plunder. The pasha counted on the dervish, Moosa, and myself to aid him in the scheme, and he had evidently made such preparations as to insure the destruction of the whole tribe by grape-shot and musketry placed in ambuscade. Moosa appeared almost as enthusiastic as the dervish, and was fertile in suggestions improving upon the pasha's plan. As for myself, I could see nothing but difficulties. The sheikh was as inured to traps as any old city rat, and

he was far better served with spies and scouts than the pasha. I felt sure that an attempt on our part to lure him towards any ambuscade, the details of which he would probably have learned beforehand by means of his spies, would only recoil upon our heads. I urged these objections, but in vain. Moosa was eager for the plan, and gave a hint that perhaps my religion stood in the way of my serving the Osmanli. I was stung by this reproach, and thought it wiser gradually to appear convinced; so at last we had arranged every possible detail, and had charged the dervish with the whole plan: then, as night came on, we bade adieu to the holy vagabond, who started at once for Mosul, to carry out the bloody plot for the destruction of the main body of the Shammar.

When once again I found myself alone with Moosa, he exclaimed, "God love thee, Hekim Bashi! 'when thou seest a wall inclining, run from under it.' We must depart at once."

I stared in astonishment, and answered, "Then what about the dervish's plot, and how are we to aid the pasha?"

"Man, are you also mad?" exclaimed Moosa; "see you not we are 'in a narrow lane, and the ass is kicking?' We have never yet been in such peril. Our pasha is mad; anger hath blinded his eyes.

Faruk cannot be hurt, but we shall be destroyed. The plot of the dervish is worthy of a delibashy"—(madhead).

I listened with astonishment while Moosa went over the objections I had urged, and added others of his own; and I asked why he had apparently been so eager, a little while ago, to carry out the plan?

"Man," said he, "let me rather ask why you put us both in danger by openly objecting to it? The only way was to enter into the scheme, and thus get rid of the dervish. Now the field is clear, and we can work for ourselves. We must do our utmost to escape before any suspicions can fall upon us. We can then tell the pasha that Faruk has gone off to Arabia, and that all our persuasions to get him into the ambuscade were unavailing; or, if the worst come to the worst, we had better tell Faruk of the plot before he suspects we are in it, and in the course of time try to escape to Egypt, and begin life anew. We might do worse."

I confessed myself an ass in not having seen through and adopted Moosa's apparent consent to the plan, and I felt ashamed in being thus outwitted by a Turk. It was evident that the pasha was blinded by rage, and did not take into account the extreme difficulty of entrapping one who had been

inured to ambuscades all his life; as for ourselves, his Excellency could hardly be expected to modify his plans in any way, so as to be careful of our lives. The danger, however, was imminent; so we anxiously consulted together as to the best course of action. Various plans of escape we proposed and rejected. Although apparently free, we well knew that in a desert republic, such as this, every man is devoted to the sheikh, and every man knows his policy. It was notorious that we were prisoners at large, waiting to be ransomed, so that any attempt to escape would be frustrated by the vigilance of every member of the tribe. We had no money wherewith to bribe, and no very accurate knowledge of the country and landmarks. What was to be done? We both pondered deeply and anxiously on our position, and at last came to the same conclusion. We would go boldly to Faruk, and ask for our release, telling him that it was in vain to look for ransom from the Turk. Having thus determined, we retired to our tent and slept soundly.

We proceeded on the morrow to the sheikh's tent, and found him seated, as usual, amongst the elders of the tribe. It was most difficult, if not impossible, to confer in private with Faruk, nor did we see the necessity of secrecy; so Moosa, being fluent in

Arabic, was the spokesman; and he lifted up his voice, and pleaded for our release, while Faruk and the elders listened. He argued that we, being Franks, would never be ransomed by the Turks, were we to remain in the desert all our lives; that we belonged to another nation and tribe, having no alliance with the Osmanli, and no feud with the Shammar.

"Yah Faruk," exclaimed Moosa, "we have eaten of thy bread, we have slept in thy tent, we are thy guests, and in nowise thy enemies; it is a shame for an Arab, still more for a chief of Arabs, to treat a guest with aught but courtesy. The prophet Mahomed (God favour and preserve him!) hath commanded us to show hospitality. Faruk, thou hast obeyed this injunction to the full; spoil it not, then, by asking us, who are guests, not enemies, for a ransom of gold. Wilt thou that we pay thee money for thy bread and thy milk, like the keeper of a khan? God forbid!"

"Usta'fr Ullah—God forbid!" was echoed throughout the company, and then Faruk opened his mouth, and spoke,—

"Had you been Osmanlis," said he, "I would have bound you with cords, and fed you with bread and water, until your weight could not have broken

the back of a foal a month old, and I would have kept you two months for a ransom; and then, had it not been forthcoming, I would have sent your two heads to the basha, as a peace offering. As it is, you are my guests, and though we found you herding with the Osmanli, between your people and mine there is no feud. Go in peace."

"Yah Faruk," I said, "we have eaten thy bread, we are thy friends; suffer us to take a message of peace to the pasha. Why should there be eternal blood between thy people and the Osmanli? Surely, there is space in the land for both?"

"Hakeem," he answered, "thou speakest of what thou understandest not, and, therefore, thy words are not those of wisdom. Surely, Allah made the horse and the camel; they are good, they carry us to war and to the chase, they convey us across deserts. He made the ox, the ass, and likewise the sheep; they are good, for their flesh can be eaten, and the ox tilleth the ground. He made also the wolf and the hyæna; but who shall say that they are good, save to thrust with the lance, to trap, and to slay? Verily, their flesh is unclean. Likewise did He make the Osmanli to be the object of our spears and our swords; but even as the wolf and hyæna they are foul beasts, and useless, either dead or alive. Wilt

thou look for reason or mercy from the Osmanli? What saith the sage: 'A harlot doth not repent, and water in a jar doth not become sour milk.' Wilt thou carry a message of peace to the hyæna? Lo! he will turn and rend thee. If, however, thy soul hungereth for a message from me to the basha, tell him I will some day visit him with the best of my tribe, and I will give his harem to my negro slaves, and his blood to the dogs."

"Yah Sheikh," answered Moosa, "silence is gold between thee and the pasha, and speech would be as the jingle of a camel bell; suffer, then, thy servants to be silent."

We rose to depart; the sheikh rose too, and walked with us out of the tent to where his mare and our horses were standing, with half a dozen horsemen ready to mount.

"Ercoob—mount," said Faruk; and we all sprang into our saddles, and rode eastwards. The morning was fresh and balmy, the air vocal with the songs of numerous larks, some of which were warbling overhead, while numbers flitted about us in the grass, where, too, the active jerboas bounded like miniature kangaroos. The herdsmen were seen, in the distance, driving long lines of camels; and sheep and cattle, in tens of thousands, covered the country far as the

eye could reach. The graceful Arab maids, in their simple costume of one blue garment, were coming in groups from the river, balancing on their heads the water jars, and carolling their simple ditties. Parties of horsemen, mounted on the best blood of the desert, were issuing forth on distant expeditions, to spy out the position and movements of hostile tribes; while, nearer home, the women at the tent doors were grinding corn, churning butter, or milking camels and cows.

I sighed as we rode away from this scene of quiet and tranquil beauty, which I left with regret. At last we reached the summit of a "tell," one of those huge mounds, the grave of buried Assyrian cities, which cover these plains; and here Faruk drew bridle.

We turned towards the encampment, and saw from our elevation a vast city of black tents, skirted by the winding river.

"Shoof — look," said Faruk, addressing me, "there is my home, and there live my people. O Hakeem! should ever the sting of sorrow drive thee from the city, come to thy friend Faruk, and he will pluck it out from thy flesh. Should the sword of persecution wound thee, leave the foul city of the Osmanli, which stinketh as a dunghill, and flee to

the desert, and thou wilt find in me a friend. I will teach thee to wield the lance and sword, thou shalt ride a mare of the Saghlowi, and if thou wilt but say, 'There is but one God,' surely I will give thee a maiden of my tribe, to grind thy corn and suckle thine infants. Go in peace."

"Be iman Illah—in the faith of God," was echoed from mouth to mouth, as each Arab bade us adieu.

On this, the sheikh embraced me, and the rest of his followers did the same; and so, with a heavy heart, I parted from Faruk, the noble sheikh of the Shammar.

In three days we were in Mosul, having struck the Tigris, and floated down the river to the city on a raft, which we hailed on its way from Jezireh.

We landed at the meidan of Mosul, opposite the pasha's palace, a large, whitewashed, ruinous building, in front of which were some troops at their drill. We at once proceeded to the presence of his Excellency, who could not disguise his astonishment at our sudden appearance, when he expected we were working out his plot with the Arabs. Moosa hastened to deprecate his wrath.

"O Pasha!" he said, "it is in vain to lay a trap for the wolf already gray. Before the dervish had reached Mosul, Faruk had taken alarm: he

is off to Nejd. Wallah, we saw him start; he felt sure you were about to march against him. These Bedouins are everywhere; every day their spies come from Mosul, bringing reports of your Excellency's preparations. At last, Faruk sent off your slaves without ransom, to allay your Excellency's wrath. We did our utmost to persuade him to go to the point indicated by the dervish, but in vain; he laughed, and said he liked to live where he could see a day's march around him. And so he sent us off here just as he started for Nejd."

The pasha's beard bristled with rage; he rapidly inhaled the smoke from his pipe, and nervously fingered his beads until he was calm enough to speak. He then examined us carefully as to the habits of the tribe. He was intensely desirous of destroying them, and writhed under the humiliation inflicted on him by this Arab — this half-naked barbarian. Despairing of ever bringing these people to fight in a regular way—in other words, to expose themselves to be pelted by the shot and shell of artillery—the pasha was bent on some form of treachery. He asked me if I thought it would be impossible to surprise them, and I answered that I saw no difficulty in doing so with a light corps, mounted on delools, or trotting dromedaries, which

could take one or two tremendous forced marches, and fall upon the encampment when the fighting men were embarrassed with their families, tents, and cattle; but that I felt sure that any force encumbered with artillery would find such surprise impossible. I added that it did not appear to me the Bedouins had any regular military system of vedettes and outposts; and at night they were unprotected, save by their wakeful dogs, but that they were always encamped far more than a night's journey from any military force; and in the earliest dawn there were roving parties of horsemen in all directions, scouring the country on the backs of camels, and peering from the tops of hills, with eyes that rivalled telescopes. Moreover, they had spies in all the towns—pedlars and vagabonds, who daily brought news, and enjoyed, in return, the free and boundless hospitality of these nomads.

The pasha was struck by my description, and replied that a light corps, capable of surprising so large an encampment as that of Faruk, was not to be found in his pashalic. He might send a large force of hytas; but what were they but Arabs themselves? only not half such good horsemen! and Faruk could, doubtless, on an emergency, send ten men to his one.

"Nothing but artillery," said the pasha, "can be used against this son of a burnt father; and with that I will some day blow him to pieces, inshallah."

"Inshallah," was echoed by myself and Moosa, and so the consultation ended.

CHAPTER XV.

A Letter from Constantinople—Osman Bey—Dr. Krasinski—Marie—The Dervish.

In Mosul I recommenced town life, but how different was it from that of the northern cities of Trebizond, Constantinople, or Salonica! Here the language, manners, and customs were Arabic, instead of Turkish (or rather Græco-Turkish, for the conquered people have impressed their stamp on their conquerors throughout the empire of Roum). Here I saw no hybrid European costumes, save on the persons of the pasha's officers; the magnates of the city rode through the narrow streets in ample oriental robes and imposing turbans, while the varieties of costume comprised those of the Persian, the Kurd, the Arab, the Turkoman, the Jacobite Christian, and the Yezidee. The bazaars were mean and ruinous, and to these the Arab drove his camels, laden with salt from the desert; the Kurd his mules and asses, bearing gall-nuts and goats' wool, to barter with the

fat, turbaned merchants, who humbly gave the wall to the Kurdish chief, as, heavily armed, he stalked through the market-place with his following, bristling with pistols and broad Persian daggers.

I was soon installed in a small house in the town, not very far from the palace of the pasha, who seemed inclined to admit me fully to the same place I had held in his favour at Trebizond. I had not been many hours at my new quarters before a number of letters were brought to me, which were some months old. Among these my eye caught the well-known handwriting of the tahlimji, and my heart warmed towards the dear old man and his family, and my hands trembled as I broke the seal, and longed, yet dreaded, to hear of Leonora. I was disappointed as I read through the brief missive. The mother and daughter were well, and begged to be remembered to me, but there was no line from either of them; the tahlimji had hoped to hear from me, but had been disappointed; perhaps I had written, and the letter had been lost; such accidents happen not infrequently; at all events, he felt sure my heart was unchanged. "But," he added, "we now hear you have gone to Mosul. May every blessing attend you! I have never been so far in the interior of the country, but I have a very dear friend in that city, and I have

written to him to bid him make your acquaintance; he is of your own profession, too, though a much older man, and belongs to a brave and unfortunate nation. He is a Pole, and his name is Krasinski; I have not seen him for sixteen years, and he was then a young doctor beginning life, as you did, in Constantinople. Ah! my friend, how time flies! Fifteen years seem to me like fifteen days. The brave young Stanislas was overcome, as you were, by a bright pair of eyes on the Bosphorus, and he married a young Greek girl, Rhallou Mavroyeni. She was indeed a beauty, and as good as beautiful. I flatter myself that my Leonora is not unlike her, at least not unlike what she was fifteen years ago; for you know, my Giuseppe, that beauty fades, but goodness endures. There was much that was sad and grievous in the match. Old Mavroyeni swore an oath that Krasinski, a Catholic, should never have his daughter; but love prevailed, Krasinski stole her away by night, and she has been dead to her family ever since. The Greek priest anathematized her, but Rhallou, like the Jewish maiden Ruth, said to her young husband, 'Whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God;' and so she was received into the bosom of the true church, and she is now a Catholic. I rejoice

to think that you will be near Krasinski; no European can be content to remain always buried amongst Turks and Asiatics; their ways are not as our ways; there are doubtless brave and good men amongst them, but there are few who can sympathize with Europeans. I foretel that you and Krasinski will be bosom friends, and I pray you to reproach him for his neglect of me. I have not heard from him for years, though I must have written the last letter."

There was much to make me melancholy in the reflection that a month of travel lay between me and Leonora, whom I still loved, but with a hopeless passion. I often pondered on her charms, not the least of which were a naïve innocence and love for me. I sometimes regretted that I had ever seen her, for what is more painful than a burning and unsatisfied desire of the soul!

In the evening I spread my carpet upon the flat roof of my house, and revelled in the cool breezes that were wafted from the Tyari mountains, the border land of Persia and Turkey, where live a brave and persecuted race of Christians, all but exterminated by their Moslem rulers.

The city of Mosul being built on a slope, on the right bank of the Tigris, the houses command a view of the vast plains of Assyria, bordered by mountains.

The horizon is bounded by these snow-clad heights, whose nearer and lower hills gradually climb into those stupendous icy solitudes which reflect through the rarefied air, in various and indescribable shades of colour, the last oblique rays of the setting sun. From the city to the first range of hills there is a broad expanse of alluvial plain, broken by huge tumuli, the chief of which is the large mound of Kouyunjik, covering the ruined palaces of Assyrian monarchs, and long lines of walls.

On this vast level are seen the streaks of roads, or rather tracks, converging from different villages, and on these roads I watch the various travellers, who, having halted during the heat of the day, are now busily working their way to the city. There I see the Kurd, with his peculiar garb, singular enough to be distinguished, though dimly, in the distance, driving home a long line of mules, hung with bells, and laden with the precious galls. Halting at the end of the bridge are a troop of hytas or irregulars (called bashi bazooks in the Turkish provinces), the brilliant colours of their motley and picturesque costumes distinguishing them from a troop of village Arabs squatted near them. A long line of camels is coming slowly over the rickety bridge of boats, the only passage into the town. Over the plain are scattered, here and there,

little groups of black Arab tents, ruined and broken remnants of tribes, picking up a wretched existence on the outskirts of the city.

The twilight is short when the sun is setting, but the air is balm itself, and animal life seems, for the brief moment, to spring up, as from a state of torpor, when the glare of day is gone.

While quietly contemplating the placid scene before me, my eye is arrested by something nearer, on the roof of a neighbour's house. A beautiful figure has stolen from the veiled seclusion of an Eastern home. She comes gracefully stepping on the terrace. A rich shawl envelopes her slender waist, and loose silken trousers almost hide the yellow tips of her slippers. Her jacket glitters with gold embroidery, contrasting with the sober richness of the velvet. On her fair brow hang bright gold coins, which glitter in the golden hair that falls behind in long plaits, reaching to her feet. Her movements are graceful and light as those of the gazelle. She steals gently to the parapet, and curiously peeps into the street below. But like a timid fawn, always on the alert, she starts at my cough, and casts a frightened glance around her, disclosing a pale and lovely face, illumined with large blue eyes, which soon catch the stranger's gaze, and she

darts down into the regions below, where I may not follow.

Soon the closing day is obscured by the dark veil of night, which first confuses, then swallows up the various figures of the landscape. I hear the constant baying of the dogs breaking in upon the stillness of the night, and the glorious firmament of stars lights up a scene, less of earth than of some other existence, which our limited senses can but imperfectly conceive. In the East we retire early, so my servant soon spreads my bed on the terrace, and I lie down to dream of home and of Leonora.

A few days sufficed to introduce me to all the new associates with whom I was now to live in this distant city of Assyria, but great was my astonishment, and not unmixed my satisfaction, when a new arrival walked into my room, and I recognized the well-known bronzed face of Osman Effendi, whom I had last seen at Salonica.

"Oh, Hekim Bashi! buon giorno," he exclaimed, shaking me by the hand, alla franca, "how is your kef; good, is it not, please God?"

"Welcome, welcome, Osman Effendi," I exclaimed; "bouyoroon, sit down; how glad am I to see you!" and so I called for pipe and coffee, while Osman made himself comfortable.

His manner was decidedly changed; he treated me with unusual respect, and talked about his private affairs, humbly begging my interest with the pasha, as he had heard I stood high in his Excellency's favour, and that we were "'kardash guibi'—like brothers," as he expressed it.

I gently deprecated any such intimacy with his Excellency, and declared I was but the least of his devoted servants, but I took care to do this in a tone that conveyed the exact reverse of what I asserted.

Osman Effendi, or rather Osman Bey (for he was now caimakam or major of his regiment), had been sent to Mosul on some special military service, the nature of which he did not explain to me. I ventured to ask what became of the Bulgarian prisoners I had left at Salonica.

"Oh! those ghiaours nearly all died; but a few were saved by some Frank elchie," answered Osman; and then he proceeded to congratulate me on the certain prospect I had of becoming rich.

"'Né diurseniz'—what are you talking about?" I answered. "I am only a poor hekim, living on about two thousand piastres a month. What can I save out of that, or who ever heard of a hekim making money?"

"Bosh lakridi—empty talk," said Osman. "In

the shadow of the pasha, who can help growing rich? Nay, without even the favour of his Excellency, money is to be made here. There is a 'Lecht' hekim in Mosul, the artillery doctor, who is very wealthy; so I hear."

"That must be the Hekim Krasinski," I added; "he is the only Polish doctor I know of."

Just then the door opened, and my servant announced the "Hekim Krasinski."

I arose, and greeted a small man, with cold blue eyes, light hair, and long beard and moustache of a pale hay colour.

"I have the honour to salute Monsieur le Docteur Antonelli, n'est-ce-pas?" said the new comer.

I answered by greeting him with a mixture of cordiality and polite deference, and begged him to be seated. I then introduced Osman Bey, and called for coffee and fresh pipes.

I found Dr. Krasinski a lively and intelligent man of the world, and an admirable linguist. In deference to Osman Bey, who only knew Turkish, the Pole dropped his French, and carried on the conversation entirely in the former tongue, and when Osman Bey had departed, Krasinski addressed me in the purest Tuscan, and we conversed freely in that language.

I congratulated myself on the acquisition of a companion so entirely to my taste, and promised myself many a long gossip on European affairs, as a change from the dull monotony of an Asiatic existence.

"I have here," said the doctor, "a letter from a very dear old friend, a most brave and accomplished man, Signor Scarpa. He tells me you are his dearest friend, and he even hints at a nearer relationship. Am I guilty of an indiscretion in congratulating you on having gained the heart of his beautiful daughter? for beautiful I know she is from the report of a European, who passed this way, and who brought me a letter from the signore."

I owned to being betrothed to the signorina, but added that I was too poor to marry, and feared I should have to wait a long while before I could gain sufficient to satisfy my modest ambition.

The doctor cheered me, and spoke in a very decided manner on the hopefulness of my prospects. "You are in favour with the pasha," said he, "and that is everything in Turkey. The Turks are good fellows where they take a liking, only they require a great deal of deference, and constant attention, more than we Europeans like to give. But why should I talk thus?" he added; "for you must

know the Turks well by this time; yet you are a young man, and I am somewhat old, and the experience of gray hairs is always of value."

I hastened to assure the doctor that I should like nothing better than to hear his impressions of Turkish life, and felt but too happy in having so valuable a guide.

"Well," he began, "I cannot say that I have any great admiration for the Turkish rule, however much I might wish to think well of a government whose bread I have eaten so many years. It is impossible to shut my eyes to the fact that extortion, cruelty, and injustice are the main principles of that Government. (26.)

"Look around you. Here is a vast province, watered by magnificent rivers, which formerly irrigated a soil of astonishing fertility, swarming with human and animal life. I need not tell you what has happened since the Turks have taken possession of the country. Hundreds of villages have been swept away, and the process of destruction is still going on. Every bridge is destroyed, and every watercourse filled up, only traces of old roads remain; and, as for the city itself, the walls contain about one-third of the habitable houses that were standing but fifty years ago. Nay, the solitary bridge that spans the

Tigris is but of wood, and is in so ruinous a condition that I dismount whenever I cross it, lest my horse should put his foot into one of the numerous holes." (27.)

"But have you not seen any benefit," I asked, "from the tanzimat, the hat-i-sheriff, and the hat-i-humayoon? Surely there have been three reform bills within twenty years, and the great English statesman, Palmerston, declared in Parliament that no country in Europe had made such advances within the same period." (28.)

The doctor smiled, and said that he should certainly not take any English statesman as an authority on Turkish matters. "True it is, that no country in Europe has made so many paper reforms; indeed, that fact in itself is a ludicrous instance of weakness, for all these reforms have been promulgated at the direct bidding of foreign powers; but we know that these firmans are simply intended for the European papers. The existence of some of them is not even known in the provinces, much less are the provisions carried out."

I confessed that I had already seen much oppression exercised towards the agriculturists, especially the Christians, who were cruelly ground down by lawless extortions. "Still," I added, "I have not

much sympathy with them, for they are a mean race." (29.)

"A mean race, indeed! when did not tyranny produce meanness? A man must bend or die when he has no social or political rights. Imagine a Christian here with a wife and family. Suppose him to have the spirit of a free European, of a Frenchman, or Englishman, and suppose him to be the victim of some grievous wrong. He might resist, and choose to fight to the death, as far as he personally was concerned; but when he knows that resistance can only bring certain destruction, not only on himself, but on those dearest to him, he surely may be pardoned for averting the blow by kissing the hand of his tyrant, and deprecating his wrath by every possible means. But I deny that the Christians are meaner than the Turks themselves. Nothing can be more abject than a Turk who is striving to conciliate a superior, either to avert punishment, or to gain some advantage. The fact is, that an Asiatic despotism demoralizes all classes."

"But do you really think, then, there has been no improvement in the empire of late years?" I asked.

"There have, undoubtedly, been great changes,"

replied the doctor, "but as certainly no improvement; for what the country has gained in one respect, it has lost in another. The old provincial tyrants, the deribeys and hereditary pashas, have been swept away, and the government has been thereby more centralized. But centralization, in a country without roads, is one of the worst of evils; moreover, the hereditary pasha took pleasure in the prosperity of his province, whereas the Constantinopolitan pipe-bearer now appointed, daily expecting to be removed, has but one idea, and that is, making a purse. He must *eat*,* and his subordinates are not slow to follow his example. In the course of a year or two his exactions are such that his ruined victims call out loudly enough to be heard at Constantinople. Tanzimat Pasha has always some one ready for a vacancy; so the pasha of two years is removed, to make way for another, equally indebted to the Armenians, and equally bound to make a handsome present to Tanzimat Pasha; and so the process of extortion begins anew, with the results you see."

I confessed that the aspect of things was gloomy in the extreme for the subjects of Turkey: "But after all, we are foreigners," I added, "and there-

* To eat signifies in Turkish slang to peculate.

fore, like British statesmen, we had better set aside the question of humanity (30), and look at the Turkish empire purely from a selfish point of view, and endeavour to make the most of things as they are."

Dr. Krasinski fully agreed in this view of the case, and we parted with mutual desires for further intimacy.

I had not been long in Mosul before the pasha gave me an appointment equal to that I had left at Trebizond; meantime, I was constantly about the palace, and managed to have in my fingers the ends of various threads of intrigue of different kinds, most of which were indirectly profitable.

'Osman Bey was constant in his attentions to me, and professed the warmest affection; which profession I took care to reciprocate, as he was a man whose aid I might any day require; nevertheless, in telling him that I had strongly recommended him to the pasha, I did somewhat overstep the strict bounds of truth, as I dreaded the pasha discovering what an unscrupulous and useful agent Osman might become; and so I took care that he should not be employed until I had gained a still firmer seat in my new saddle.

It was not long before I paid a visit to Dr. Kra-

sinski, who occupied a small house close to my own; and greatly was I charmed to find that the pretty maiden, whom I had seen one evening on the housetop, was no other than his daughter Marie, who, with her mother, was dressed in Mosulean costume. Nothing could be more charming than this dress, as worn by Madame Krasinski (*née* Mavroyeni) and her beautiful daughter. The mother's early charms, which had fired the susceptible heart of the brave young Sarmatian sixteen years ago, seemed to be inherited by Marie, who, though still too young to have gained the rounded outlines of the fully-developed woman, had a face of surpassing loveliness, all the more striking as the fiery black eye of the East was wanting, and instead thereof was the soft blue of Northern Europe, with long tresses of golden hair, and a pale, though clear complexion. Nor did the mother present the usual type of the Greek, for her hair was brown, and her eyes blue—a variety in that race by no means rare, and perhaps owing to the large admixture of Sclavonic blood throughout the modern Greek nation.

Whatever might be said about Krasinski's wealth, there were no evidences of it in his modest establishment. His house was scrupulously clean, and

had several European luxuries, such as chairs and tables, forming, in this respect, a favourable contrast to the houses of the natives, but there was no crowd of servants, and no stud of horses; in short, nothing but what a doctor who lived on his pay might be expected to have; so I set down the report of his wealth as an absurd piece of Mosulean gossip.

There was much to remind me in this little ménage of the similar one I had left at Constantinople. It was a remarkable coincidence that I had again stumbled on a family possessing an only daughter; Europeans, too, in the Turkish service. Marie, however, was a great contrast to my own Leonora, though resembling her in a naïve innocence. The former was not half as much developed intellectually; she had none of the force of mind and the dawning intelligence and strength of will that I had already detected in Leonora. The Polish maiden was still a child, ignorant of the world beyond her own home, and clinging timidly to her mother. Madame Krasinski had with difficulty overcome her Eastern education so far as to receive the few friends of her husband; it was no wonder, then, that Marie was shy, for she practically led in Mosul the life of an Asiatic, never venturing into

the narrow streets, or to the meidan, or the end of the bridge, without wearing one of those large cotton blue-checked wrappers, which entirely conceal the person, while the face is covered by a black horse-hair veil, similar to that of the women of Cairo.

By degrees I became familiar with this Polish family, and derived much advantage from the shrewd observations of so sharp an intellect as Krasinski's; and, as I grew more intimate with him, I began to suspect that common report had not exaggerated, to the extent I had at first supposed, concerning his worldly goods. It was evident that he was not altogether a poor man, and I rejoiced in this surmise for the sake of his family. I sometimes led him to talk of the best investments, and he always inculcated the necessity of having the money within reach, in so dangerously uncertain a country, where commercial honour was all but unknown, and where political convulsions might at any time arise.

"But," I remarked, "to profit by the enormous interest of the country, how can you have your money within reach?"

"I would not profit," he answered, "by the enormous interest. I confess I have done so, and have gained what is, for me, a handsome sum; but of

late I have been so impressed with the uncertainty of things in Turkey, that I am content to forego the large interest, and keep what I have well within reach, until I have enough to justify my retiring from the service, and settling in Europe. Suppose, for example, there were a general massacre of the Christians here, who would be able to regain any money put out at interest?"

"A general massacre!" I exclaimed; "surely you don't anticipate anything so horrible and unlikely!"

"How unlikely? It is but a very few years since an event, such as I dread, took place at Aleppo, and you cannot have forgotten the massacres of the Tyari Christians, or, in remoter times, in Scio. (31.) The Christians are growing rich, as did the Jews in the days of their fiercest persecution, and the Moslems, idle and arrogant, look on, and hate the Rayahs for their wealth. But by far the greatest danger exists in the government, which, after all, wields immense power over the people, and can check or excite them at will. The government is as envious as the meanest Moslem of the wealth and importance of some of the Christians. It cannot behead them suddenly, and seize on their wealth, as of yore, but it can easily excite a massacre, and afterwards pub-

licly disown its agents, or even hang and shoot the humblest of its tools."

"But surely the European powers would prevent, or severely punish, such a plot," I replied.

"There are but two European powers of any account," said Krasinski, "now that Russia has been humbled, and these two are England and France. The former, Turkey would look to for protection. England would scold, and her foreign minister would write some severe despatches, but he would practically protect the Turkish government from any retribution that France might meditate; meantime both the press and parliament would ring with denunciations of the Christians, whose vices would be held up to execration, and painted in such exaggerated colours, that men would begin to think the wretches had got what they deserved, and the Turks were not so much to blame after all." (32.)

"But," I observed, "the authors of the massacre of Aleppo, in 1850, were severely punished."

"A small number of the lowest ruffians were sacrificed as a sop to Europe, but the Christians received a satisfactory warning against anything like independence of spirit, and the Pasha of Aleppo, Zarif Mustafa, who was more than suspected of having

gained enormously by the disaster, has since had a brilliant career. He was, in fact, secretly rewarded for the part he took in the affair. (33.)

"If all the consuls acted together for the protection of Christians, doubtless much good might be effected; but the British officials never interfere in local matters, unless any British subject is concerned; and they are encouraged to give in their reports the best account of the state of things, so as to counterbalance the complaints of the French and Russians, and to throw dust in the eyes of the public; for it is an axiom that Great Britain must uphold the Ottoman empire, and maintain its independence, which now leans exclusively on the broad shoulders of John Bull." (34.)

I felt somewhat uncomfortable after such conversations as the above, but gradually the impression would wear off, until Krasinski again harped on the subject, and gave me still more striking examples of the malevolence of the Turks towards the Rayahs, to which fact I could not, indeed, shut my eyes.

It was my habit to wait on the pasha every morning about nine o'clock, ostensibly to feel his pulse, and advise him as to the state of his health, but really to amuse him by all the scandal and gossip I could collect, and to arrange sundry profitable jobs.

One morning I called, as usual, and found him in the best of spirits. He greeted me with more than his habitual cordiality, and beckoned to me to sit close to him, but I only partially obeyed by kneeling on a cushion near his Excellency, for I dreaded losing his favour by anything like undue familiarity.

"Hekim Bashi," said he, "I have something for you to do."

"On my head be it, Pasha Effendi," I answered.

"Ichté—see now, the Arab sheikh, Faruk, and I have become friends; why not? there is room enough for both of us. He is but a poor ignorant Arab, and as long as he keeps to the desert he is welcome to eat the grass thereof with his animals. I can't catch him any more than my greyhounds can catch a gazelle in summer, else I might have punished him. I have then thought it better to make peace, and he has agreed not to cross the Tigris, provided my hytas never molest any of his people. Besides this general agreement, there are sundry matters to talk over, and I think it well that we should meet and discuss them. I have sent the dervish Abdullah more than once to invite this sly fox, but he fears a trap. I have sworn by the sword of the Prophet I would do the man no harm; all I desire is to engage

him to a lasting peace, and so make my villages to prosper."

At this moment the purdeh was pushed aside, and the dervish entered.

"Salaam aleïkum—O Pasha! Hekim Bashi, may your morning be propitious!" saying which, he seated his dirty person on the divan, close to the pasha, and, filling a short greasy pipe with tobacco from his Excellency's bag, began to smoke.

"Né haber—what news, Abdullah?" said the pasha.

"Khosh—excellent," answered the dervish, and then ensued a long pause.

"Pasha," said the dervish, "send away your people, and let the Hekim Bashi remain."

The chiboukjis, in the anteroom, were sent into the outer apartment.

"O Pasha!" said the dervish, "of this there is no doubt; you will never conclude a real peace with this son of a burnt father—this feeder of camels, Faruk—until you see and speak with him. Your words will be like sweet spring grass to the wild ass of the desert, and he will be content to listen and be charmed; and you may so put a bit into his mouth, and a saddle on his back, and you may ride him where you will. I have done much with him, but

there is one who can do still more, and that is the Frank Hekim Bashi. This desert falcon will only come to the lure of the Hekim Bashi, who is supposed to be one of a nation that lies not, and so the sheikh must have the hekim's word before bread can be broken with the pasha. See, I have spoken, O Pasha!"

"Then," said the latter, "the hekim must go once more into the desert, and invite Faruk to come and eat bread with me, and I will sacrifice a sheep to our meeting, and we will have much talk and arrange our differences, and there will thus be peace in the land. Haidi, Hekim Bashi—are you ready?"

"On my head be it, Pasha Effendi," I replied. "Your slave will go to hell if desired; the dust of your feet is even now ready to start."

"Beraber guidekh—let us go together," said the dervish, and so we rose to make our preparations.

CHAPTER XVI.

I RETURN TO THE DESERT—CHOLERA IN THE CITY—THE INTERVIEW BETWEEN THE SHEIKH AND PASHA TAKES PLACE, AND THE RESULT IS HORRIBLE.

THE third day after the above conversation found me, with the dervish Abdullah, once more a guest in the large tent of Faruk. The sheikh had received me with the impulsive affection of a child of nature. He embraced me as a father would his son, and declared that he could die happy, if I were willing to pronounce the profession of faith, and live in the desert.

"Yah Hakeem," said he, "why not come and breathe God's air as He made it, scented by sweet flowers like the breath of angels, instead of inhaling the foul smells of the city? Why not come and ride a mare of the noble breed of Keheilan el Adjus, or Abeyan Sherrak, swifter than the ass of the desert, instead of creeping over the earth on broken-winded hacks? Why not live a free man, instead of bowing the neck to the Osmanli, who is greedier than Ashal, and filthier than the unclean animal?"

"O Sheikh," I answered, "who knows but that my destiny may some day lead me to dwell with thee? At present I cannot; destiny is stronger than our will."

"Thou speakest like a true believer, O Hakeem," answered Faruk; "I will press thee no more. But tell me, my son, what sayest thou to this desire of the basha to see me? Thou art no Osmanli; thou art of a nation which loveth the truth and hateth lies; give me then thy counsel: shall I eat with this Osmanli, or shall I not? I have consented to be at peace with him, but he further wishes a more intimate alliance. I have consulted with the elders of my tribe, and most of them dread the Osmanli, even in the giving of gifts and the dispensing of hospitality, for he is a greater liar than Moseylema; and they bid me remember the fate of my father; but he (upon whom be peace!) was slain by a leader of hytas, a drinker of fellah's blood, a burner of villages; whereas this basha is a man of peace, a man of the pen, and, though I would not tempt him too far, I cannot see the danger of eating bread with him outside the city walls. Speak, O Hakeem! I wait for thy words."

"O Sheikh," I answered, "war is war, and when men draw the sword they drink each other's blood;

but peace is peace, and when the sword is sheathed then do men slay only sheep, that they may eat the flesh thereof, and embrace and live together as brothers. Even such is the desire of the pasha. He has said to me that the desert is thine, with its thousands and tens of thousands of sheep, cattle, asses, horses, and camels; and the cultivated land is the Sultan's, with its corn, and melons, and various fruits of the earth. There is room, then, for thee and the pasha to live at peace; but a truce made between envoys cannot be so firm and lasting as when the two princes of the earth meet together and embrace each other; why not, then, go and eat with the pasha, and be friends?"

"O Hakeem!" answered the sheikh, "the dervish has brought words sweeter than honey from the basha, and they have charmed my ears and taken captive my understanding, and lo! I have consented to a peace; but thou comest to me, and thy words are even as the gentle rain of spring, and so the sweet grass and flowers of goodwill are sprouting in my heart, and I will do even as thou dost desire; and I will meet this Osmanli, but not in the city; no! Wallah, Billah, I will never breathe that foul air; if he desires to see me, let him come only one day's journey, even to El Hather, with but ten followers,

and I will meet him in the open field with but eight of my tribe, and we will eat together, and be brothers ere we part."

"Yah Sheikh," said the dervish, "I swear to thee that Hafiz, the Osmanli, is a true son of Islam; treachery is as odious to his nature as poison is to the bezoar; thou wilt meet him and embrace, and God, the compassionate, the merciful, will bless the meeting, and I, even I, Abdullah the Fakir, will praise the One all powerful, and bless the name of the apostle Mahomed (upon whom be peace!) and I will spit on all Kafirs and idolators;" and the holy man jumped up and began to recite the Fatiha, or first chapter of the Koran; after which we departed on our journey homewards.

When I found myself again before the pasha, I was at a loss to understand the importance he evidently attached to the meeting of the sheikh and himself. He lost no time in dictating a flowery letter to the rival potentate, and having consulted the moonejim, or astrologer of the city, as to the propitious day and hour, Hafiz appointed the Friday following for the meeting, and told me to hold myself in readiness to accompany him.

Before that day arrived I was destined to make an acquaintance which I must mention here, as it

influenced strongly the current of my life. My friend, Dr. Krasinski, was anxiously waiting to call me to a severe case of illness in a wealthy harem. No sooner had I left the presence of the pasha than I was hurried off to one of the largest Mussulman houses in Mosul, to see Rafya Khatoun,* the widow of a defunct Mosulean pasha. For some years this lady had dwelt in the city, in the undisputed possession of all her late husband's riches, which were reputed to be immense. We traversed quickly the narrow streets, preceded by the khatoun's richly dressed servants, who ferociously attacked and beat any unfortunate donkey-boy, or Christian, who might be slow in getting out of the road. We were presently ushered into a handsome court-yard, in which lounged several servants, and then into a large salaamlik or audience chamber, furnished with a divan, carried round three sides of the room, and covered with dark crimson silk, richly embroidered with seed pearls. The walls were of marble, quaintly carved into trees and flowers, and long inscriptions from the Koran. The richness of decoration in this establishment formed a striking contrast to the mean furniture of the palace of the pasha, who, like all the provincial governors in Turkey,

* Khatoun—lady.

regarded himself as a stranger, holding his place on a very uncertain tenure, and who was therefore content to administer his duties in a mean barrack, while his family enjoyed the luxuries of home at Constantinople.

I had scarcely time to remark upon the beauties of the salaamlik, before a purdeh was drawn aside, and the cracked voice of an eunuch summoned us into an inner apartment, where we found ourselves in the presence of half a dozen women, busily engaged in administering to their sick mistress, who, stretched on the floor on a bed of the richest materials, was writhing in mortal agony.

I approached, and looked upon the face of a woman whose age, I was told, was about thirty, but whose features, livid and bloodless, might indicate anything but youth. The skin was drawn tightly over the bones, the blue lips were stretched upon the teeth, and the eyes had lost their lustre. I felt in vain for a pulse, the surface was cold to the touch, and ever and anon a sharp pain extorted a feeble groan. I turned round to my friend Krasinski, and muttered "Cholera!" He started, and turned pale, and then, recovering himself, he aided me in applying such remedies as I suggested.

I found that Krasinski had scarcely suspected the

real nature of the disease, which, some years before, had committed fearful ravages in Mosul, and he was unnerved at the prospect of another epidemic. I aided him, to the best of my power, in the treatment of the case before me, and departed that evening, leaving the sufferer with some faint symptoms of a reaction.

The next day I was called again to meet my friend at the house of the Khatoon, and was not a little gratified on finding our patient decidedly, though feebly, convalescent; her lips had a faint rosy hue, her skin was warmer to the touch, and she was herself more sensitive to external objects. Before I left, however, I was requested to see two other members of the household, writhing in the agonies of the disease, and before night one was dead, and hurried off to the graveyard, and the other in a hopeless state. The cholera had broken out in the city.

It was with a feeling of joyous relief that I obeyed on the morrow a summons to attend the pasha on his journey to El Hather. I longed to breathe once more the pure air of the desert, where cholera as yet had never been, and I regretted that our mission was to be so short.

As I entered the courtyard of the palace, I found my late comrade, Osman Bey, in command of a body

of ten picked hytas, thoroughly well mounted and armed. He greeted me, as usual, with a smile of suspicious cordiality, and told me he had been chosen by the pasha to attend him on his journey to the desert. "So, my friend," thought I, "you have contrived somehow to gain the ear of the pasha, or you would never have been in that position." My short conversation with Osman was interrupted by a chiboukji, who called from the gallery—

"Hekim Bashi, guel—come, the pasha is waiting."

I entered the salaamlik, and found only the pasha's confidential servant, who beckoned me to enter a door that led to the harem, and passing through I discovered his Excellency quite alone with his pipe and beads.

"Bouyoroon, Hekim Bashi," he said, and beckoned me close to him.

He was fully dressed for the journey, save his boots, which were at the door of the salaamlik, in the charge of the chiboukji. There was an indescribable air of satisfaction in the countenance of his Excellency which I could in no wise understand, but of which I had not long to wait for an explanation.

By the pasha's side lay a small case, well secured in a leathern covering. He began to unbuckle the straps, and I hastened to relieve him of this task.

He then drew out of his breast a small purse made of rings of gold, and containing a piece of bezoar stone,* two small keys, and a signet-ring. He took one of the keys, and opened the case, which contained four small phials. He bid me examine them, and I found the contents to be strychnine, arsenic, prussic acid, and morphia. A sensation of horror came over me as I saw these deadly poisons in the possession of a man who could have no possible good use for them, and I awaited with dread the next sentence of the pasha.

"Look, my son," said he, "and choose one of these for the sheikh's coffee; which shall it be?—which is the safest, and the quickest?—speak, Hekim Bashi."

I felt a deadly sickness at my heart, a cold sweat broke out, and trickled down my brow. I answered unconsciously and mechanically,—

"Bilmem, Effendi—I don't know."

"Haidi! Hekim Bashi—fear not, the medicine is not for you; it is only for a dog of an Arab—what harm is there in that?"

"Siz bilirsiniz—you know best, Effendim, but——"

"Anasina, avradina—what dirt are you eating? Are you not a hekim?—is not poison your trade,

* Supposed to be an antidote to poison.

you son of a Kiaffir dog? Haidi!—no trifling with me. Choose the best medicine for the Arab, and let us begone."

I was aroused by fear for my own safety, and so answered,—

"On my head be it, Effendim; I did but reflect; see, here is the most potent, and at the same time tasteless, drug," drawing out the bottle of arsenic.

"Peki—well, then, take charge of it, and let it be ready when wanted; or stay, give it me," and he took the phial, and deposited it carefully in the pocket of his jibbeh, or inner waistcoat.

We commenced our journey, and during that day I had ample opportunity for reflection. I was sick at heart at the part I had to play, and yet felt bound to disguise my feelings of remorse and disgust, and appear indifferent and cheerful as usual, for I felt that I was amongst people whom it would be dangerous to offend. I tried, with tolerable success, to persuade myself that I was about to perform a rather meritorious action; that this Arab sheikh was a pest to the country, and that, consequently, he deserved death; that he would not meet the pasha's forces in fair fight, and so, like the wolf or fox, he might be trapped or poisoned. These reflections dulled the edge of my feelings considerably, and by dint of

dwelling on this view of the question I became almost reconciled to my task.

A few unarmed men had been sent on to the place of rendezvous the night before, so, when we had ridden about six hours, we saw two tents pitched for the pasha and his escort, with some pack-horses close by, and when we arrived there was everything ready for a feast; a sheep had been killed, and a pile of rice was stewing in a caldron.

For some time there were no appearances of horsemen in the neighbourhood, and the pasha showed signs of gloom and impatience. At last Osman, who had been searching the horizon with his telescope, discovered the head of an Arab peering over the top of a hill. By this we knew that Faruk would appear, since his scouts could discover no signs of treachery on our part. The eyes of the Arabs were keen; but, alas! they could not descry that small phial in the pocket of the pasha.

Presently a small body of horsemen were seen on the horizon; nearer they approached, at a steady swift walk; the long lances became visible, and then the countenances of the bronzed warriors of the desert. At the distance of a hundred yards they halted, struck the spears in the ground, and dismounted. The sheikh, giving his mare to an

attendant, advanced alone and on foot. The pasha went forward to meet him. The sheikh exclaimed, in a loud sonorous voice,—"Salaam aleïḳum, basha," to which the pasha responded, "Aleïkum salaam," and they embraced, and kissed each other's shoulders. The pasha then took the sheikh by the hand, and led him to the tent, and seated him on the right hand, and, when seated, recommenced salutations, to which the Arab replied with a grace and dignity all his own.

After these preliminaries, the sheikh called three or four of the best men of his followers, relatives and men of note, and these saluted the pasha, and seated themselves near the sheikh. The latter then caught sight of me, and exclaimed,—

"Yah Hakeem—come, that I may greet thee."

I came forward, and Faruk rose and embraced me, taking my beard into his hand and kissing it. The tears started to my eyes, in spite of a strong effort.

"What ails thee, Hakeem?" said he; "forget not that my tent is open to thee, if ever thy soul sickens of the town. The sight of me recalls the sweet life of the desert; but thou wilt obey thy destiny."

Presently an attendant brought forth a khelaut, or cloak of honour, of scarlet cloth embroidered with gold, and the pasha, rising, solemnly invested the

sheikh with this symbol of the Sultan's good-will, to the delight of the Arabs, who thereupon led forth a horse which the sheikh presented to the pasha.

There was now a bustle amongst the camp followers; two men appeared, bearing between them a huge wooden bowl full of boiled rice and mutton, and the pasha and sheikh tucked up their sleeves for the feast.

An attendant brought an ibrik* of water and a towel, and the pasha turned to wash, and, in so doing, beckoned me to him, and put into my hand the fatal phial.

The feast commenced, the pasha, plunging his right hand into the rice, bade Faruk do the same, and then, from time to time, pressed upon his guest the choicest morsels of the sheep. When the two chiefs were satisfied, their followers were called to partake of the food, fresh hot rice and meat being brought from the kitchen-tent; and while I was eating I overheard the soft and specious assurances of the pasha, who vowed eternal amity with Faruk, while the latter replied in the friendliest tones. The negotiations proceeded satisfactorily, for the pasha promised everything, and the sheikh, whose generous

* Ibrik, a peculiar vessel for water.

nature was touched, seemed ashamed of appearing churlish or suspicious.

The coffee was now called for, and I nerved myself by a strong effort of will to do my part. I disappeared for a moment, and then came forward, bearing in my hand a fingan, or cup, which I presented to the sheikh. He politely pressed it on the pasha, who, with a peremptory courtesy, insisted on giving it to his guest, while I quickly turned to the attendant, and taking another cup simultaneously presented one to each of the two great men, who bowed, placing their hands on their hearts, and drank the sweetened and fragrant infusion.

More conversation ensued, and half an hour passed, during which time I had a foretaste of the torments of hell. At last, the sheikh appeared uneasy, he turned pale, and asked for water, exclaiming,—

"Wallah—my heart burns like hell!"

Just then a cry from one of our own camp followers broke upon my ear, and a lad who had the care of the coffee-cups rushed in upon us, exclaiming,—

"Aman, aman—Hekim Bashi, give me some medicine! I am poisoned!"

"Poison! Allah, Allah!" exclaimed the sheikh; "give me my mare!"

He rushed out of the tent, and mounted his steed,

while his followers raised a wild yell of vengeance. Faruk, deadly pale, turned and looked towards the pasha, and then cast his eyes on me. I know not how to describe the expression of the sheikh's face; it might have been but a look of vengeance or of fright that he threw at me, and it was but for a moment that our eyes met; but I would almost have preferred the shot of a pistol. That glance pierced me like a barbed dart; I could never forget it.

There were shouts, and two or three pistol-shots that rang in my ears as I saw the Arabs ride off panic-struck, for each man thought he was poisoned. I marked the reeling form of Faruk, supported in his saddle by his devoted followers; but I was in a painful dream, though soon roused to consciousness by the coarse exultant laugh of the pasha at the success of his plot. (35.)

CHAPTER XVII.

THE CHOLERA DESOLATES THE CITY—KRASINSKI STRUCK DOWN —AN ORPHAN THROWN ON MY HANDS.

I WAS in a dejected frame of mind when I found myself once more in my house in Mosul, and there was gloom and desolation in the city. As I rode through the dismal streets I constantly heard the frantic shrieks and wailings of the "neddabehs," or public wailing women, mingled with the cries of more real mourners. The "mughassil," or washer of the dead, hurried from house to house on his religious duties, and not unfrequently were the coffins carried past me of men and women who but a few hours before were smoking in the cafés, or cooking in their houses. As I passed through the city graveyards, I saw numerous groups of women wrapped in their dark blue mantles, and squatted on some newly made graves, moaning, sobbing, and from time to time raising loud lamentations, exclaiming "O my master! O my camel! where art thou? O my

lion? O my resource! O my glory! why hast thou left us?" Krasinski took me to see more than one of the notables of the city, whose houses were invaded by the terrible pest. "Is it then true," he asked, "as Osman Bey tells me, that the Arab sheikh was seized with cholera during his meeting with the pasha?"

"Too true," I replied, "and one of the coffee-bearers was also a victim, and a cry of poison was raised."

"That would be sure to happen," replied Krasinski, "and unfortunately all the tribes will believe that the sheikh was poisoned—which, after all, was a more likely event than a seizure of cholera, had not that disease been epidemic."

We presently called at the house of the Khatoon Rafya, and were received most hospitably by the lady, who had almost recovered from her terrible illness. I was much flattered by her evident impression that she owed her life to me. I smoked out of a pipe with a jewelled mouthpiece, and drank my coffee from a cup supported by a "zarf" enriched with diamonds, and when we parted she forced me to take away both zarf and mouthpiece. I had clearly gained the good-will of the wealthy Khatoon.

As I parted from Krasinski, he said to me, "Anto-

nelli, I am jaded and exhausted, and feel far from well: I am full of forebodings, too; may God protect my family! Caro amico, can I confide in you whatever happens?" and the poor man's voice was choked by emotion.

I clasped his hand with warmth, and bade him dismiss from his mind all gloomy forebodings.

"You are simply exhausted from overwork," I said; "your mind is unstrung by the horrors you see around you; it is most natural, then, that you should be inclined to hypochondria. Go, then, eat and drink generously, and take a good night's rest, and leave me to look after your patients."

"Antonelli," said he, "I cannot so easily shake off my despondency. Some terrible calamity is impending; it must be so. God gives so much of prescience to his creatures, that they may not be overtaken by death altogether unawares. Caro mio, I have made certain dispositions in the event of my death. I confide to you my wife and child. I have saved enough money to preserve them from want; let them, then, look to you as a guardian; contrive to procure for them the protection of an European consulate; and oh! my friend, desert them not: this is a sad country for the widow and orphan."

Again I pressed the hand of Krasinski, and im-

plored him to drink freely of wine, and to rest from his labours. He was monomaniacal, and had a firm presentiment of his death. I parted from him with a heavy heart.

That night my sleep was disturbed, and my mind ill at ease. The moment I closed my eyes, the horror-stricken face of Faruk would appear, and startle me from slumber with affright. I tossed upon my bed, and dreamed of home and early innocence, only to be awakened by a change of vision, in which the Arab sheikh played a part. The night was hot, and the fetid air of the city was loaded with noxious vapours. The dogs howled dismally, and I awoke from time to time to fall again into an uneasy slumber. At last a loud knocking at the door aroused me in earnest; I peeped over the roof of my house, and asked what was wanted. A lantern was raised, and I recognized the face of Krasinski's servant. His master was ill.

I hastily dressed, and flew to the aid of my poor friend. He was rolling in the agony of cramp. His features were contracted with pain and horror. The fell disease had seized him, and he, alas! was morally prostrate.

"There is no hope—no hope!" he exclaimed, in a feeble broken voice, as I entered.

"Say not so, my husband! say not so!" answered the terror-stricken wife, and a convulsive sob shook her frame, as she strained her husband to her heart. The beautiful young Marie was kneeling by the bedside absorbed in a frenzy of prayer, with eyes intently fixed on a crucifix on the wall. Her golden hair floated in rich masses over her fair shoulders, and the eyes were red and swollen with weeping. No sooner, however, did I suggest the application of powerful remedies than both mother and daughter, aided by Katinka, an old Greek nurse, busied themselves in carrying out my measures.

I did what I could, but with despair at my heart. From the first poor Krasinski was demoralized and hopeless, and thus it was that nature had no chance of a reaction. The disease ran its course rapidly, collapse set in, and I left him for a short time, gazing with a look of ineffable affection on the wife of his youth, but with eyes whose light was gradually becoming dim. That night Krasinski was no more.

The death of my poor Polish friend brought upon me a heavy amount of work. I found myself the only European doctor in Mosul, and therefore, during this pestilence, more than overworked. The authorities of the city met together to endeavour to stay the plague, and I was consulted as to the best steps

to be taken. My advice as to cleanliness and white-washing was little regarded, the measures were too simple; and I could scarcely advise the only effectual means, namely, to pull down the city, and build it afresh, with wide streets and good drains. The "Mufti," or chief priest, proclaimed a day of humiliation and prayer, and the mosques were crowded with contrite worshippers. The sheikh led the prayers in the chief mosque, in which were assembled the pasha, the cadi, and all the notables of the city. The voice of the sheikh was heard in sonorous tones above the assembly of the faithful, exclaiming,—

"Let us implore the mercy of God, of the great and most merciful God, who is the fountain of life, the quickener of the living and the dead, the spring of hope, and of eternal bounty. Praise be to God, to Him the Immortal, who can stay the plague, and raise up the stricken and the afflicted. Praise Him, glorify Him, supplicate Him."

The whole congregation, most of whom were mourners, thereupon smote their breasts, and raised a cry of "Allah, akbar, ameen, ameen;" while the softas * with one voice began to recite the Fatiha, or first chapter of the Koran:—"Praise be to God, the Lord of all creatures, the most merciful, the King

* Softas, theological students.

of the day of judgment; Thee do we worship, and of Thee do we beseech assistance. Direct us in the right path, in the way of those to whom Thou hast been gracious, not of those against whom Thou art incensed, nor of those who have gone astray." "Ameen, ameen," was echoed throughout the congregation, who smote their breasts, and rent their clothes, in token of sorrow and self-abasement.

Nor were the Christians behind-hand in their religious duties. The Bishop of the Jacoobis, and Mar Shamoon, the patriarch of the Nestorians, as well as the Catholic Bishop, appointed days of fasting and humiliation; and in the small dark churches, whose doors were made purposely too narrow for an animal to enter, lest the Mussulman should stable his ass at the altar, the voice of prayer and intercession was heard, and the odour of incense hourly ascended from the censers.

So overwhelmed was I by my duties to the sick and dying, that I allowed two days to elapse without visiting the widow and orphan of my poor friend. I was then struck with remorse when I received a letter from Madame Krasinski, asking me to call. She said,—

"I know too well how your time is occupied. I cannot expect you to come here, except for some

cause more special than to condole with those whose grief is past all earthly consolation. I have buried my husband, and in his grave lies all my happiness in this world. 'I shall go to him, but he will not return to me;' and yet I wish to live a little longer for the sake of my Marie, whose first great grief has well-nigh overwhelmed the poor child. You are aware that my dear husband has appointed you, his best friend, as the guardian and trustee of the widow and orphan. I wish to show you his testament. He has left us about four thousand ducats, the greater part of which sum is in jewels, easy of transport. I have these and the gold already in my possession. He has also left a handsome legacy to you, for the expenses incidental to your position as our guardian; for, indeed, we must ask you sooner or later to take us to Constantinople, as this is no place for two helpless women, without European protection. I would not, of course, hint at your deserting your present duties for such a journey, but surely this plague cannot last much longer, and when happier days arrive, you may obtain leave of absence, for the sake of the widow and orphan. I shall have less reluctance in accepting your escort, as you will then have the inexpressible pleasure of once again meeting your betrothed, the separation from whom must have

preyed upon your spirits. Indeed, I have observed of late, in your manner, a gloom which I can ascribe to no other cause."

I read this letter attentively, and felt a keen sense of satisfaction, and at the same time of curiosity, at the mention of the handsome legacy; for of late my passion for money had overpowered most other desires. I was just now, however, so busy that I contented myself by writing a hasty note, while the messenger was waiting.

"Madame," I wrote, "as your poor husband, and my dearest friend, was occupied just before his lamented death, so am I at this moment. The weight of his duties has been thrown on my shoulders, in addition to my previous work. You will then pardon my apparent neglect. I will call on you to-day, or to-morrow. I need not add that I look forward with pleasure to the task of escorting you to Constantinople."

During the whole of that day I was intensely occupied. Amongst other cases, I was again summoned to see the Khatoon Rafya, who, having committed an indiscretion in her diet, was ill in consequence, and terribly alarmed at the idea of a return of the cholera. I devoted myself to her, administering the medicines personally, and while thus

occupied, I received a verbal summons to several other patients, amongst the rest to Madame Krasinski. As the Khatoon was still alarmed, and clung to me for help, I really could not leave her until she was not only better, but felt herself so, and then she reluctantly gave me leave of absence, with the strictest injunctions to return within an hour. I was flattered by her evident partiality for me. She loaded me with rich gifts, and her eyes expressed for me more than the natural partiality of a lady for her favourite doctor. In the evening I took my leave, having spent the whole day in waiting on her, and, in doing so, neglected a host of patients.

I now turned my horse's head first towards the house of poor Madame Krasinski (who, during that day, had three times summoned me), composing on the road the weightiest excuses I could invent. I reached the house, and knocked. Having waited some time for an answer to my summons, I listened, and heard convulsive sobs. At length Katinka opened the door. I entered, and found Marie again kneeling by the bed, and on it lay her mother, apparently in a state of collapse. Shocked beyond measure, I approached, and took her hand. She was dead.

I bitterly reproached myself for having been so absorbed in my attendance on the Khatoon, as to

have allowed the wife of my friend to die unattended. Not that any efforts of mine could have averted the sad stroke. If I had learned one lesson in medicine by this epidemic, it was the futility of all remedies in cholera. True, some cases recovered under my charge, but I could not honestly ascribe the cure to the remedies administered. Indeed, my chief rival in the city was a certain dervish, whose patients swallowed pieces of paper, inscribed with passages of the Koran; and numbers of them did, undoubtedly, recover, perhaps as many of his patients as of mine. Still I would fain have been at the bedside of this poor woman, and have promised my protection to her orphan.

And now came the overwhelming idea that poor Marie, young, beautiful, and utterly inexperienced, was thrown upon me, her sole protector. What was I to do? She could not come to my house without being compromised, for I was, after all, a young bachelor, though betrothed.

She, poor thing, was wholly prostrate from grief, and her faithful old nurse, Katinka, was her best friend.

I retired that night to ponder over my cares. Early on the morrow the remains of Madame Krasinski were laid by the side of those of her

husband, in the small Catholic cemetery, and I returned to see Marie, and consult with her and her nurse as to the best course to pursue. I was gratified at the childish confidence of the young maiden. She regarded me as an elder brother, or even father, and showed me, unreservedly, all that the house contained. First of all, she led me into the sleeping apartment, where, for a time, the recollection of her great grief overpowered her, and she threw herself on the bed in a passionate agony of sobbing. I waited, and respected her crushing calamity. After a while, by a great effort, she recovered herself, and, raising a plank in the flooring, exposed an iron box; then producing a key, she opened the coffer, and showed to my eyes a treasure which raised within me the demon of avarice. There were rouleaux of gold, and a casket of jewels. (36). "This," said Marie, "is my father's fortune, and here is his will. Oh! that I could give it all to recall him or my mother for one hour; and she again flung herself on the bed, exclaiming, 'Oh, father! oh, my mother! hear me in heaven—hear me, and let me ask your forgiveness for every wayward thought or word. Oh, Holy Virgin! have pity on me, a miserable orphan! What shall I do in this cold world? Take me to thyself—oh, take me to thyself!' "

I would not interrupt the natural course of the poor orphan's grief, but I sat myself down on the divan, and read poor Krasinski's testament. He had of course left his property to his wife and child, half to the latter absolutely, and half to his wife during her lifetime, afterwards to pass to his daughter. He had named me as his executor, and had bequeathed me a legacy of two hundred ducats for the trouble involved in escorting his wife and child (whom he solemnly confided to me) to Constantinople.

I felt mortified at the smallness of the sum left to myself. The words of Madame Krasinski, "he has left you a handsome legacy," had excited my hopes; but, after all, the fortune, not being above the value of four thousand ducats, would not bear a heavy charge.

After an examination of the treasure, I carefully locked the box, and replaced the board, and then sent for my most trustworthy Mussulman servant, whom I enjoined to take up his abode, with his wife, in the house, and to allow no person but myself to enter it. I then left poor Marie to the affectionate care of her nurse Katinka, and hurried off to the pasha, whose summons had arrived some time before.

I found his Excellency seated in the room next the

harem, which was his place of retirement from the cares of the world. Since his arrival in Mosul, this most private establishment had undergone a thorough change. The two Circassians, whom he had brought with him from Trebizond, had been given away long ago to two favourite chiboukjis, and some fresh beauties had been added to the harem. The village of Sheikh Adi, an obscure place in the mountains of Kurdistan, had contained a Yezidee maiden of great beauty, on whom had rested for some time the eyes of Latif Agha, the commander of the hytas. This man, anxious to curry favour with the pasha, had patiently awaited the moment when the maiden was about to be given to a youth of her own people, and then, having instigated the farmer of the taxes to bring an extortionate claim on the village, thereby causing resistance on the part of the villagers, the crafty Latif pounced down with his troop on Sheikh Adi, dispersed the peasants, burnt down the huts, and carried off his prize to the pasha, whose voluptuous eyes gloated over a remarkable type of Kurdish beauty.

The pretty Ateya had soon recovered from her grief and fright, and had been reconciled to the wondrous luxuries of the pasha's harem. Her rude Asiatic mind had shrunk not from the horrible

mysteries of a Turkish establishment, nor had she thought it unnatural that rivals should share in her grandeur. There were rumours in the household, however, that his Excellency was tired of the Yezidee beauty, and that his familiars were searching for something better.

When I entered the pasha's presence, I found him indisposed, and therefore somewhat alarmed. In truth there was but little the matter; nevertheless, he required me to tell him so with the authority of the doctor; moreover, he wished to hear from me of the progress of the cholera in the city. On this point I had better news to communicate. Most of the cases were milder, and there were fewer of them. I had every reason to hope that the disease had reached its acme, and was now on the decline.

"Inshallah, inshallah. Please God, it may be so," exclaimed the pasha. "God is all merciful, may He give us health, and stay the plague; inshallah."

The pasha made sundry inquiries as to the different notabilities I had attended, expressing great concern for the bereaved families. He then said, "How is the Polish doctor who was ill? Inshallah; he is better?"

"He is gone, Effendim, and his wife too; both are dead," I replied.

"Dead!" exclaimed the pasha; "vai, vai—how did that happen? So good a man too; yazik dur—what a pity! How well it is that he had no children to mourn his loss. Vai, vai—we are all mortal. God is great."

"Effendim," I answered, "there is but one child to mourn his loss."

"Only one child; what is it? Erkek mi, kizmi—is it male, or female?" asked the pasha.

"A female, Effendim," I answered; "a little child about ten years of age."

"Poor little child! and she, then, is thrown on the world. We must give something for her maintenance; her father left nothing, I suppose?" said his Excellency.

"A mere nothing, Effendim," I replied: "the merest trifle."

"Under what consul is she placed?" asked the pasha.

"Wallah bilmem—I don't clearly remember, O Pasha Effendim! but the French, I believe; I will inquire."

"Do so," said the pasha, "and let me know if the child wants money."

His Excellency then spoke of other matters, and offered me the reversion of poor Dr. Krasinski's appointment, until some one was sent from Constantinople. After an hour's conversation I retired, leaving the pasha in better health and spirits.

NOTES.

(1.) The Levantines shake the head quickly from side to side, often without speaking, when they wish to ask you what you want. They toss up the chin, making a noise with the tongue against the teeth, instead of saying no.

(2.) In 1856, the Turks agreed to abolish the haratch, and allow Christians to serve in the army. In lieu of the haratch they have imposed heavier taxes, and still do not allow the Christians to serve. Of late years, a few Christian foreigners have commanded Moslems, but the tahlimji entered the service long before such an innovation was heard of.

"A gallant and able French officer, General Count Hulôt, came to Constantinople about the same time I did, and offered his services, gratis, to lead the Turkish regular army against the Russians. Had they been accepted, the scale of the campaign might have been turned, for Diebitch's blunders, lost on the Grand Vizier, would then have been acted on. The Reis Effendi offered him—a French general who had lost an arm at Borodino, an eye elsewhere—the post of instructor!"—Slade.

(3.) I have known several cases of the most lavish generosity on the part of the Sultan to doctors. About a year before the late Sultan died, he was attacked by marsh fever.

A dose of quinine relieved him at once, on which he gave the doctor a large house worth about ten thousand pounds. All the great pashas, too, sent the lucky doctor presents, according to etiquette on such occasions. It must be understood that the Sultan by no means confines himself to his civil list for the means to be generous. The coffers of the State are always open to him.

(4.) This brutal act I witnessed on the Galata bridge precisely as I have described it, without, however, the assault on the doctor. No one interfered but myself and a friend, who remonstrated.

(5.) This first case of Dr. Antonelli is copied from life; but in the original, the plot of the rival wife succeeded only too well. The child was sacrificed to the jealous rival.

(6.) "The scarlet cap and the well-known garb of a Turkish irregular are the signals of a general panic. The women hide in the innermost recesses to save themselves from insult; the men slink into their houses, and offer a vain protest against the seizure of their property."—LAYARD'S *Nineveh.*

"Besides the wholesale robbery of the great Turks, there is the petty oppression of the little Turks. One of them, with his belt full of pistols, walks up to a rayah's house. He calls out the master, who, perhaps, is the head man of the village, and bids him hold his horse. He walks in, sits down, and makes the women light his pipe. The girls all run away, and hide in the outhouses, or among their neighbours. When he has finished his pipe, he asks for a fowl. He is told there are none. A few blows bring one out—a few more produce wine and bread. What is the source of this insolence? That he is armed, and that he is the only person in the village that is so."—NASSAU SENIOR.

(7.) *Vide* Reports on the Condition of Christians in Turkey from her Majesty's Consuls, 1860, page 60.

(8.) This story is literally a true one, only the scene is transferred from Syria, where it happened, to Roumelia. This act of oppression took place about the time indicated, and I have it on the authority of an American missionary who lived in the neighbourhood. The catastrophe occurred in a village called Yarpooz, or Efsooz.

(9.) The people of the East always call themselves according to their religion. If you ask a Roman Catholic Greek of Albania if he be a Greek, he will answer, "No; I am a Catholic." If you ask an Armenian of the Greek Church his nationality, he will answer that he is a Greek.

(10.) Haiduks. Robbers in European Turkey are so called, and, having been driven to their mode of life by oppression, they command much sympathy from the rural population.

(11.) For a complete history of this horrible affair, *vide* Macfarlane's *Turkey and her Destiny*, the most truthful book on Turkey I ever read.

(12.) This is the simple relation of a fact which came under my cognizance during the *régime* of the liberal and reforming Reschid Pasha.

(13.) In the blue book, entitled "Reports from her Majesty's Consuls on the condition of the Christians in Turkey," the reader will find I have given, almost word for word, a case quoted by the Consul Abbot, page 88.

"Nothing would tempt me to expose my property, and perhaps my person, to the fraud, the injustice, the venality,

and the brutality of a Turkish court. The capitulations alone make existence in Turkey endurable, or even possible."—NASSAU SENIOR'S *Journal.*

(14.) "Too often have those who preside over the misgovernment of Turkey secured impunity by playing one Christian power against another, and escaped from the performance of solemn promises by the rivalry of jealous ambassadors. . . . . If such passions are allowed to prevail, it will not be the fault of the Sultan if the evils of his administration remain uncorrected; it will be the fault of that Christian power which screens and covers the corruption of his officers."—Earl RUSSELL to Sir H. BULWER.

"It is true that the French embassy is jealous and interfering, always striving to influence and to domineer; but so is the Russian, so is the Austrian, and so—eminently so—is the British. If we wish for a canal, England opposes. If you wish for a telegraph, France opposes. If France and Russia wish the Principalities to be united, England and Austria require them to be separated. If you support Reschid Pasha, we support Fuad Pasha. . . . . We neutralize one another, and our influence, instead of raising Turkey, tends to sink her lower. There is no folly, or injustice, or bigotry, in which some ambassador will not support her."—NASSAU SENIOR'S *Journal.*

I would cite, as an illustration of the last sentence, the support the Turks received from the British Government after the bombardment of Belgrade in 1862.

(15.) This is a true incident that happened to a friend of mine while waiting for an audience with the Grand Vizier.

(16.) "'A new pasha,' he said, 'and there is one every three or four years, sends word of his arrival to all the subor-

dinate local officers. This is a notice to all office-holders to be prepared with their bribes, and to all office-hunters to be prepared to outbribe them.'

"'And how,' I said, 'do those who have bribed him get back their money?'

"'By increasing the taxation,' he answered, 'by not accounting for the public receipts, by winking at breaches of quarantine laws, or non-payment of custom-house dues, by selling justice, and through the *corvées*. The last is a fertile source of profit. The pasha is making a progress; the villages in his line have to furnish camels and horses; the nazir requires twice as many, or five times as many, as are really wanted, and is bribed to reduce his demand. If the village is rich, and bribes highly, it furnishes none, and the burden falls on those who cannot buy themselves off. They are forced to travel with their beasts for ten or twenty days, unpaid, carrying their own food and that of their beasts, or plundering it, and are discharged perhaps one hundred miles from home, their cattle and themselves lame and worn out. The amount of tyranny may be inferred from the depopulation. You see vast districts without an inhabitant, in which are the traces of a large and civilized people, great works for irrigation now in ruins, and constant remains of deserted towns. There is a city, near the frontier, with high walls and large stone houses now absolutely uninhabited; it had once sixty thousand inhabitants. There is not a palace on the Bosphorus that has not decimated the inhabitants of a province.'"—NASSAU SENIOR'S *Journal*.

(17.) "The Midjlises are decidedly opposed to progress and good government. When a new governor is appointed, there is generally a struggle for the upper hand. If the pasha be weak, any good intentions he may be desirous to carry out are frustrated, and the Midjlis has its own way in everything; if

he be firm, the Midjlis conspire against him, and they usually have friends at Constantinople, through whose influence they eventually succeed in getting him removed."—Consul CALVERT, *Parliamentary Papers.*

(18.) There is nothing wonderful in a Christian of this region speaking Italian, since there are several Italian missionaries here. I have also met with native Christians of Kurdistan who speak English, which they learned from American missionaries.

(19.) A few years ago, when I was in Turkey, a Kurdish chief revolted in this region, submitting afterwards to the pasha of Mosul, whose march through the unoffending Christian villages was marked by horrible barbarities and wholesale rapine.

(20.) The bektashes are an order of dervishes, who may be termed rationalists.

(21.) "A fine stream collected by a subterranean canal was formerly conducted to it from the eastward, but, as this rendered the village a favourite halting-place for government troops, the inhabitants destroyed the canal in order to be freed from the exactions and insolence of these licensed bandits! They now suffer severely from the scarcity of water, and yet they rejoice that their scheme was productive of the desired effect."—PORTER'S *Five Years in Damascus.*

(22.) The Turks of Constantinople have adopted the expression, "*parole d'honneur,*" when affirming anything incredible.

(23.) *Tehlęel.* This word is actually identical with the

Hebrew *hallel* in hallelujah, hallelu being the second person plural imperative of the word in both languages.

(24.) "This overlapping of the desert on the cultivated plains commenced eight years ago, when the Anazi tribes migrated from Central Arabia, in search of more extended pasturage, and overran Syria. It has now reached the sea at two points, near Acre, and between Latakia and Tripoli."—Consul SKENE. 1860.

(25.) For an account of the tragic death of an Arab sheikh by the treachery of the Turks, *vide* LAYARD'S *Nineveh.*

(26.) "Wherever the Turk is sufficiently predominant to be implicitly obeyed, laziness, corruption, extravagance, and penury mark his rule; and wherever he is too feeble to exert more than a doubtful and nominal authority, the system of government which prevails is that of the Arab robber and the lawless highland chieftain."—Sir H. BULWER, *H. M.'s Ambassador in Turkey.* 1863.

(27.) "When you leave the partial splendours of the capital, and the great State establishments, what is it you find over this broad surface of a land which nature and climate have favoured beyond all others, once the home of all art and all civilization? Look yourself, ask those who live there—deserted villages, uncultivated plains, banditti-haunted mountains, torpid laws, a corrupt administration, a disappearing people."—*Diary in Turkish and Greek Waters*, by the Earl of CARLISLE, p. 184.

"You are going (he continued) to Smyrna and to Greece. When you are at Smyrna, visit Ephesus. You will ride through fifty miles of the most fertile soil, blessed with the finest climate in the world. You will not see an inhabitant

nor a cultivated field. This is Turkey. In Greece, or in the Principalities, you will find comparative numbers, wealth, and population. They have been misgoverned, they have been the seat of war; but they have thrown off the Turk."—SENIOR.

"Vast plains of the most fertile land lie waste on account of the incursions of the Bedouins, who drive the agricultural population westward, in order to secure a pasturage for their increasing flocks of sheep and herds of camels. I have seen twenty-five villages plundered by a single incursion of Sheikh Mohammed Dukhy with two thousand Beni-Sachar horsemen. I have visited a fertile district, which possessed one hundred villages twenty years ago, and found only a few lingering fellahs, destined soon to follow their kindred to the hills ranging along the sea-board. I have explored towns in the desert, with well-paved streets, houses still roofed, and their stone doors swinging on the hinges, ready to be occupied, and yet quite untenanted; thousands of acres of fine arable land spreading around them, with tracks of watercourses for irrigation, now yielding but a scanty pasture to the sheep and camels of the Bedouin."—Consul SKENE. 1860.

"Thus I do not hesitate to say, that Bosnia and Herzegovina, which ought to have been now prosperous, contented, and peaceful, have been turned into discontented, disloyal, poverty-stricken provinces, through the unworthiness of the Sultan's lieutenants."—Vice-Consul ZOHRAB. 1860.

"This road must unquestionably be of Roman origin. . . . All the cities and all the more important villages in this country were at one time connected by well-constructed roads. Over the broad plains, along the shelving mountain-sides, and through the wildest glens, traces of them may still be seen; thus proving that no work, however great, and no obstacle, however imposing, could check the industry or baffle the engineering skill of this wonderful people. What a contrast do the present rulers of Syria present to the ancient

Romans! There is no spirit of enterprise or of patriotism in the Turkish nation. Everything seems to be on the "road to ruin." The large caravanserais along the great lines of traffic, that were built at vast expense, and furnished with many requisites for the safety and even comfort of travellers, are now, without a single exception, fast falling to ruin; even the very mosks, which the piety of their forefathers reared up and adorned, are neglected, and no attempt is ever made to repair them. As to roads, I need say nothing about them; *there is not a public road in Syria.*"—PORTER'S *Five Years in Damascus.*

Since the above was written, a *French company* has made a road from Beyrout to Damascus.

(28.) Lord Palmerston was doubtless sincere when he made this celebrated assertion in the House of Commons. Unfortunately, he judged Turkey by her "hatts," or decrees, and the Turks have long since discovered that a new imperial hatt is an efficacious sop to the barking Cerberus of diplomacy. To judge Turkey by her hatts, however, is about as fair or as wise as to judge a felon by his promises, and grant him a ticket of leave on the faith of his solemn vows of amendment. Experience has taught us the folly of this course, and I would ask what has experience taught us of the Palmerstonian policy with regard to Turkey — a policy which has utterly and shamefully broken down in the sight of all nations? Sir H. Bulwer's new system of hushing up every fact telling against the Turks, and inducing consuls to suppress the truth (a system which was fully exposed by the admirable speech of Mr. Gregory on the 29th May, 1863), has had no better success.

(29.) "'A mean race.' As to the Christians of Turkey generally, Mr. Layard finds in them the vices of slaves, and

the remedy he proposes is to keep them in slavery. He has found a better reception, it seems, as a traveller, in the houses of the dominant than in those of the oppressed races, and it appears not to have occurred to him that fear, as well as churlishness, sometimes shuts the hospitable door."—GOLDWIN SMITH.

(30.) "In Turkey the Christian provinces are only restrained by the pressure of foreign powers from trying to achieve their independence." [These foreign powers being England and Austria.]—*Saturday Review, October* 17, 1863.

The *Saturday Review* is right, I fear, when it fixes the British standard of public morality no higher than what the following quotation exemplifies:—

"The rights and wrongs of the Daimios, the Taepings, and the Syrian Christians, are not very keenly felt by us, or very profoundly examined. We want a Tycoon that can carry out treaties, an Emperor who can make satisfactory arrangements at Pekin for the trade of the Yellow River, a Sultan who can offer a decently quiet life to residents at Constantinople, maintain our telegraphic communications, and keep up the price of Turkish securities. And we do our best to bring about what we want. We offered the most strenuous resistance in our power to the creation of the independent vice-royalty of Egypt, and although we had to see it established, we cut its wings very closely. . . . . We look at the Eastern world solely from one point of view—that of traders in search of a settled government; and if egotism means a practical pursuit of what are our private and special ends, perhaps we are a little egotistical."—*Saturday Review, October* 17, 1863.

"Our Government is not only on friendly terms with the Porte, it is its steady, unflinching, uncompromising supporter. And supporter against whom? Not against the ambition of Russia, or France, or Austria, but against its own quasi-

independent provinces—against the Christians, who are just beginning to feel themselves strong enough to offer some resistance to the tyranny under which they have been ground down for centuries. The whole force of English power and influence is employed not only in protecting Turkey against external attacks, but in maintaining the power of a minority of Turks, be it a third or a fourth, against a large majority of Christians. In this policy we stand alone. Many nations sided with us in our attempts to preserve the equilibrium of European power, and to protect the Ottoman empire from dissolution by external violence. In our present attempt to use the same means for a totally different end, to arrest the internal decay of a barbarous and corrupt power, and to counteract that inevitable law which, in spite of all the apparatus of brute force, subjugates the inferior to the superior civilization, we have no ally, no well-wisher in Europe. The very reasons which are urged with so much force against the imaginary design of accelerating by armed intervention, or in any other manner, the inevitable catastrophe of the Turkish empire in Europe, are equally cogent against our present policy, which is directed with so much constancy and so much vigour in the contrary direction. If we run the risk of anarchy, discord, and confusion, by urging forward an inevitable event before the fulness of time has arrived, we incur exactly the same risk by actively intervening to postpone it when it is about to take place of itself."—*The Times, Monday, June* 1, 1863.

[The editor seems to forget that Austria has lately sided with England against the Christians.]

"En 1840, il y avait encore en Orient une Turquie et un gouvernement turc; en 1862 il n'y a plus en Orient, à vrai dire, de Turquie et de gouvernement turc; il n'y a plus que l'Angleterre et le gouvernement Anglais. Quelques personnes croiront peut-être que, comme j'aime peu la Turquie, je dois

me féliciter plutôt que m'affliger de cette eclipse des Turcs: c'est tout le contraire. Je m'en afflige, parceque nous avons affaire maintenant en Orient à l'Angleterre au lieu d'avoir affaire à la Turquie. Et d'abord il y avait avec lui cet avantage, c'est qu'il pouvait mourir; aujourd'hui il est quasi immortel.

"Il y a un fort honnête personnage de Molière, M. de Pourceaugnac, qui dès que Sbrigani a dit que quiconque s'en prendra à M. de Pourceaugnac aura affaire à Sbrigani, devient plus brave et plus querelleux qu'il ne l'était. C'est en peu l'histoire de la Turquie depuis qu'elle sait que toutes les querelles qu'elle aura, c'est l'Angleterre qui les soutiendra. Depuis ce moment, depuis la bienheureuse interprétation de l'intégrité de l'empire Ottoman donnée par l'Angleterre, depuis que la Porte sait tout ce qu'elle peut tirer de ce mot cabalistique, elle a bravement entrepris la restauration de son ancienne puissance. En même temps que le gouvernement turc s'abandonnait à la facile confiance d'une résurrection dont il n'avait pas à faire les frais, la population Musulmane, se sentant encouragée et soutenue, reprenait sa vieille haine contre les Chrétiens et sa vieille cruauté, de telle sort que Constantinople se trouvait plus hardi et Damas plus fanatique.

* * * *

"C'est là ce qui fait qu'en depit des efforts de Lord Palmerston pour cacher la vérité à l'Angleterre sur l'état de la Turquie, j'espère toujours que la vérité se fera jour, et que l'Angleterre comprendra bientôt quelle politique inhumaine et désastreuse on lui fait suivre en Orient. Elle y gagne la haine des Chrétiens d'Orient, et elle y compromet l'avenir de son commerce. Elle y favorise la corruption, la cruauté, la persecution, et son industrie n'y debite pas plus de marchandises. Elle n'y fait pas son salut et elle n'y fait point fortune."
—SAINT-MARC GIRARDIN.

No wonder that the Moslem assassins of Turkey should

look to England as their protector, of which sentiment on their part there is no doubt. I might cite my own personal experience on this point, and quote from conversations I have had with Turks of all degrees, but the following extract from the Syrian Correspondence is enough:—

"There are two chiefs in Rasheya; one the above-named Khazai Agha-el-Ariam, the other Mahomed-en-Nasûr, whose name is mentioned with horror by all the Christians, as having been the chief instigator of, and chief actor in, the massacre of the 11th June. He came to see me at the house of the other chief, and a conversation ensued, from which it appeared that they still entertained the belief, in common with most of the Druzes, that the English Government must be extremely satisfied with what they had done, for they imagine that any diminution of the number of the Christians will be acceptable to us, as weakening the French influence in the country."—CYRILL GRAHAM, *in Syrian Correspondence*, p. 86.

(31.) I read in the Syrian Correspondence an attempt by Sir Henry Bulwer to palliate the Syrian massacre, when he says,—

"But the misdeeds of a populace should hardly be held as giving colour to the character of a creed or nation, the more especially when it is reflected how many circumstances, apart from religion, told on the late transactions; *and in Turkish history no similar act is to be found.*" (The italics are our own.)

Had the ambassador said, "I read of no similar act in Turkish history," the assertion might pass, as it is sufficiently clear that he never has read Turkish history, not even the contemporary annals to be found in the newspapers. I have not space to refute his excellency, by recounting the "similar acts" of the last forty years. He was at Constantinople, I believe, during the Jeddah massacre.

(32.) This severe denunciation of British policy from the mouth of the Pole is fully borne out in the Syrian Correspondence of 1860.

A perusal of the blue book on the late bombardment by the Turks of Belgrade, will make every honest Englishman endorse the sentiments of the Pole, while he blushes for his country. The following quotation from Denton's *Christians in Turkey* is much to the point:—

"Enough has been written respecting the bombardment of Belgrade which took place in June last year. That the soldiers of a garrison, more numerous than the whole adult male population of the commercial city near which they were quartered, sheltered by the walls of a citadel of enormous strength perched on a promontory commanding the whole of the city which lies on its slope, and mounting on its ramparts more than two hundred pieces of cannon, could pretend that they fancied themselves in danger from the attacks of a small number of shopkeepers, who were without means of offence, must convince every unprejudiced person that it is dangerous to entrust arms of any kind to such soldiers. Be that, however, as it may, after the bombardment occurred, Sir Henry Bulwer, whose Turkish predilections have been sufficiently evidenced by his 'Circular' just quoted, addressed a letter on the 24th of June to the Foreign Office in London, in which, though he endeavours to exonerate the Turks from a considerable share of the blame, yet he admits, 'The Servians were neither, I think, prepared nor disposed just at present to enter upon any serious conflict.' (*Correspondence on the Bombardment of Belgrade*, p. 11.) This despatch was received by Earl Russell on the 5th of July, and five days after this he wrote to Lord Napier, the Ambassador at St. Petersburg, and directed him to state the contrary, and to assert 'that it is evident that Servia provoked the recent conflict at Belgrade' (*Ibid.* p. 17), although he had just received a despatch from

Sir Henry Bulwer alleging the reverse. When this assertion was reported to the Russian minister, it cannot therefore surprise us to read, in a despatch of Mr. Lumley, 'Prince Gortschakoff demurred to the statement that it was evident the recent conflict at Belgrade had been excited by the Servians. He had every reason to believe the contrary had been the case, and that his views would be borne out by the opinion of her Majesty's consul-general in Servia—a gentleman and a man of honour—in whose version of the affair he would place implicit faith.'" (*Ibid.* p. 19.)

(33.) I found this man established as commander-in-chief of the army of Kars (which he had ruined) in 1854. He had risen from the grade of barber's apprentice to the command of an army in time of war, and this army, under him, was defeated by a Russian force at Kurukdéré in 1854. He was afterwards raised to some of the highest posts in the empire.

(34.) This assertion of the Pole was amply proved in the debate on Turkish affairs in 1863.

(35.) When I was in Mesopotamia in 1849 I met a young Arab sheikh whose father, having been troublesome to the Turks, was poisoned much in the manner described. Poisoning is of such frequent occurrence amongst the Turks that some of the most valuable porcelain is purchased on the assurance that it will break on coming in contact with poison; and many pashas carry a drug in their purses which they believe to be an antidote.

(36.) The greater part of the gold in Turkey is hidden away in holes and corners, and thus a vast amount of it is yearly lost to the world.

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